

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

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Our War With Spain

The outbreak of war, which was imminent when the May issue of *Current Literature* appeared, has thus far resulted in serious loss to Spain with comparative immunity to the forces of the United States. By far the most decisive blow inflicted on the enemy during the past month has been the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila, and Admiral Dewey's brilliant and daring handling of his squadron, in some respects surpassing that of Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, has surprised the world and infinitely raised the prestige of the United States navy. To us, who know so well the traditions of our navy, and remember the men whose lofty deeds still fire our hearts, there was no question that their successors would be the victors whenever they encountered the Spaniards, but that the destruction should have been so complete with no loss of life to our side is, considering the number of guns opposed by the enemy in ships and forts, simply astounding. To enable Admiral Dewey to seize and garrison Manila the "Charleston" and several transports carrying troops will shortly sail from San Francisco.

It is only fair to say we believe that our ships and men in Cuban waters will give an equally good account of themselves as soon as they are let loose, but their movements, however, have been greatly hampered by orders from Washington, and there has been little chance for the display of zeal and efficiency, except in capturing stray merchantmen, maintaining a blockade, or in chasing a few gunboats to their hiding place, though, even as we write, it is reported that the Cape Verde fleet, the "ignis fatuus" of the war, has at last been sighted off Martinique, and it is hoped that this annoying and misleading will o' the wisp will, in the next few days, be caught and quenched. We also chronicle the further advices that San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico, has been bombarded and the fortifications practically destroyed, thus leaving Spain with the blockaded port of Havana as her only harbor of refuge.

So far the most serious casualty to our arms has been the damage inflicted on the torpedo boat Winslow, and the death of one of her officers and several of the crew. We cannot but consider this as an unnecessary waste of life and that Commodore Schley's flying squadron, so long held at Hampton Roads, could have been much more fittingly employed in engaging such shore batteries as disabled the Winslow.

It has become evident that to encounter Spain's army in Cuba a much larger landing force will be necessary than was at first supposed, and it has been most gratifying to see the ready response which has been made to the call for volunteers, now assembling from every State in the Union.

One most unfortunate and pitiful consequence of President McKinley's policy of a "pacific blockade," and the consequent delay in seizing and garrisoning a Cuban port, is the probable starvation, ere this, of most of the miserable reconcentrados, whose succor was supposed to be a chief inducement to war with Spain. With short-commons for his own men it will not readily be believed that the Spaniard has suddenly changed his spots and become soft-hearted, or taken thought of the wretches dying at his door. To be sure, it will be said, they would have died in any event and by even a more lingering death, but it is none the less sad to think that no determined effort has been made to aid them by their would-be rescuers.

Although the daily announcement comes to us that Spain "will fight to the bitter end," after all a nation is not to be handled precisely as the disciplined crew of a naval vessel, or as a well-seasoned regiment is held together in the jaws of death. Scarcity of food, political machinations and private ambitions are doing their work of destroying the solidarity of a weakened and degenerate race, so that it may be hoped that one more defeat will convince the Spanish nation of the hopelessness of a continued struggle with the forces of civilization.

The Decadence of Spain

For a quick perception of the difference between what Spain was in the zenith of her power and what she is to-day, the best help perhaps is a historical atlas in which a country and its dependencies are printed in the same color—Spain, for instance, in purple, France in pink, and so on. A glance at such a map of Western Europe in the sixteenth century shows us that Spain then held, in addition to what we call Spain to-day, the present Holland and Belgium, a part of France, large possessions in the present empire of Austria-Hungary; about the half of Italy, and the large islands of Sardinia and Sicily. She thus controlled the greater part of Western Europe, and we are told that her ascendancy "had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war."

In the New World, by virtue of discovery or conquest, she came to hold virtually all South America, except Brazil and the Guianas; on the continent of North America, Florida, all Central America, Mexico, and a large part of the present United States west of the Mississippi River. At the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico she had the great islands of Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti or San Domingo, and Porto Rico. Then, not to go into too much further detail, beside the Canary Islands off the north-western coast of Africa, which she still holds, on the eastern coast of Asia, 600 or 700 miles southeast of Hong Kong, are the rich Philippine Islands, where Admiral Dewey won his great victory on

May Day, and which, until now, she had held for more than four hundred years. Truly this was a magnificent empire—one upon which the sun never set. This was her empire—what is it to-day?

Now, in Europe, she has only her part of the peninsula, and the small adjacent islands. On this side of the water, in the early part of this century, she lost all her possessions on the continents of North and South America, and of the West Indies she holds only Cuba and Porto Rico. Is it to be wondered at that Spaniards themselves say, "Pobre España"—"Poor Spain." Poor Spain, indeed! What has been the matter with her during all the centuries that she should have lost her hold upon life in the strange and awful fashion shown by this unparalleled shrinkage of her possessions?

The trouble with her has been that she has learned nothing; she has not gone forward with the rest of the world; the spirit and policy of her government in the nineteenth century are practically the same as in the sixteenth, when Philip II. tried to crush Protestantism and the spirit of freedom generally in the Dutch Netherlands, the Holland of to-day, and built his Invincible Armada for the conquest of the England of Elizabeth. The strength of Spain then, and as long as it lasted, was supplied and maintained chiefly by the enormous wealth derived from the gold and silver mines of her American possessions; and she used it to do fierce battle against the things for which America, since she has had a history, has chiefly stood—political and religious liberty. Spanish policy, under certain external changes, has, substantially, always been the same—a policy of fanaticism and gross tyranny; and this, combined with the corruption which has followed naturally in its train and become an integral part of it, is the disease which has eaten out her vitals and left her as we see her to-day—a mere wreck of her former greatness.

For the difference between the history of a nation which can learn and which keeps step with the progress of the world, and that of one which learns nothing and lives only in the past, look at England and Spain. Unlike Spain, England has never shown herself too proud to learn, and the lesson her American colonies taught her a hundred years ago she has profited by ever since, and with such effect that to-day there are no more loyal subjects in the world than the people of the English colonies—the Canadians, for instance, whose strong attachment to the mother country strengthens with years, and is justified by the rich prosperity of Canada under the system of home rule which she enjoys with England's full and free consent and hearty approbation. But as colony after colony—Mexico, the several states of Central America and of South America—revolted and broke away from Spain, because she would not grant them equal rights with the mother country, similar representation in the Spanish Parliament, the Cortes, and freedom of trade—almost exactly the things which we had asked of England before the Revolutionary War—Spain learned nothing. She determined to govern the colonies that were left to her with a firmer hand, give them even less home rule, and tax them with still greater severity. Banish discontent and attach colonies to

her by removing grievances? Never! To do this would be to deprive herself of the power to continue to enrich herself at their expense, and what are colonies for if not for the sole benefit of the mother country? So Spain reasoned, and when, at the end of the first quarter of this century, she found, of all her rich possessions in the Western hemisphere, only Cuba and Porto Rico left, she still, with almost incredible blindness, persisted in the course she had always pursued. Of course, under these circumstances, these remaining colonies have proved a source of insupportable weakness to her, and are now threatening her complete undoing. England's colonies, on the contrary, have long been a source of immense strength to her. They all live under free institutions and in the enjoyment of a responsible government, or, where they have not yet fully attained to the latter, they are gradually winning their way to it from one constitutional privilege to another. The introduction to a valuable book, entitled *Her Majesty's Colonies*, made up of a series of original papers issued under the authority of the Royal Commission, and printed during the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London in 1886, was written by Professor J. R. Seeley, Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University. This introduction is a brief review of English colonial history, and it is interesting to note how often in it there is found an acknowledgment of errors made, followed by the statement that they have been corrected. For instance, after speaking of mistakes in early Spanish colonization, the writer says: "The total result is seen in the present state of South America, and it is a result not to be regarded with satisfaction or complacency. Similar mistakes were made only too evidently in the earlier times of our own colonization, mistakes for which we have paid dearly. But the more manifest and glaring of these at least have been repaired, and the shadow of them does not now darken the prospect of the colonies." Again: "More perhaps than any other cause it [undisguised materialism] led to the disruption of the English world by the secession of the American colonies. For so long as they were regarded purely as an instrument for increasing the wealth of the mother country, they were subjected to unjust restrictions of trade, and in other respects treated with such brutal coldness that the link between us would not bear the strain of Grenville's financial policy. This mistake also has been corrected. This way of thinking about colonies has been utterly renounced." Yet again: "By that catastrophe [the secession of the American colonies] the principal results of a century and a half of colonization were canceled for England. What Raleigh planned, what Smith, and the crew of the 'Mayflower,' and Calvert, and Penn, and Oglethorpe created, was lost to us. But the colonizing power and habit and the maritime ascendancy, which had been formed during that period, were not lost, and we threw off with our old colonies most of the evils of the old colonial system. At the same time we learned an invaluable lesson." And so on, repeatedly, in substance, the statement: "We made mistakes, but we learned to correct them and not to make them again," and, as is clearly shown, with most gratifying results in the subsequent his-

tory of English colonies and their relation to the mother country.

When could Spaniards, referring to their government, in matters of home or colonial policy, ever say: "We made mistakes, but we learned?" The spirit of the sentence, to say nothing of its matter, is at once recognized to be utterly out of harmony with the Spanish character, and in this fact, we believe, is to be found the chief cause of the decadence of Spain.

Two Discussions and a Lesson

When Wolf published his famous *Prolegomena* it was taken for granted in many quarters that the final word had been said concerning the authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and that the Homer to whom so many generations had looked as to a glorious personality, summing and expressing all that was greatest and most significant in Greek character and genius, had been relegated to the place of departed shades. For many years it was distinctly unscholarly to hold or to express any definite opinions regarding an individual poet called Homer. Deeper insight into the contents of the Homeric epics has, however, brought about a marked change in the attitude of scholars toward this question. Wolf has left a permanent mark on the discussion, and has made a lasting contribution to its literature; but it is now possible for a scholar to hold convictions about the poet Homer without taking his academic reputation in his hand or blushing at his own credulity.

A similar change has come over the discussion of the relation of Shakespeare to the plays which bear his name. It is depressing to be compelled to face the fact that much the greater number of books put forth to demonstrate the thesis that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare have come from American presses and bear American names. It is creditable to American courage that this is so, but it is doubtful whether it is creditable to the American critical temper. The attempt to transfer the plays which have been generally attributed to Shakespeare to Bacon has been magnificent, but it has been neither scholarship nor criticism. That attempt was doomed the moment it was clearly seen that the ultimate test of authorship is to be found in what may be called the spiritual structure of the plays; their quality of insight, spontaneity, feeling, sense of form and interior as well as exterior beauty.

The Baconian claim has, however, marked the extreme limit of the skeptical attitude toward Shakespeare and has never had the support of Shakespearean scholars of standing. The attitude of many of the Shakespearean experts has been, not skeptical, but agnostic. They have treated the Baconian theory with contempt; but they have also treated with something very like contempt the opinions of those who thought it safe to have views about Shakespeare the man. The scholars in many cases have held that the plays were written by Shakespeare, but that beyond this elementary fact nothing could be safely affirmed. Shakespeare the dramatist has been conceded to the eager throng who love the poems; but Shakespeare the man has been denied them; and when they have expressed a deep desire to touch the great personality behind

the great plays they have been told that such a desire is a kind of uneducated lust for illicit knowledge, and that it is distinctly unscholarly to care for the man so long as you have the work.

But deep human instincts are not wholly untrustworthy after all; and the instructive feeling that the great artist cannot wholly conceal himself is likely to become respectable even in the eyes of experts. The critical study of the Shakespearean works has borne rich fruit; but it needs to be supplemented by another kind of study; the study of the spiritual structure and content of the plays; and the first result of this kind of study is a new application of the personality of Shakespeare. There have been signs in many directions of late years that a reaction from the extreme skeptical tendency had set in and that the world was likely to recover its Shakespeare. Professor Dowden's book was one evidence of that reaction, and Professor Barrett Wendell's another; and now comes one of the greatest of contemporary critics, Mr. George Brandes, and not only affirms his belief in the man Shakespeare, but evokes the personality of Shakespeare from his work in quite masterly fashion.

It is quite certain that the last word is yet to be spoken with regard both to Homer and Shakespeare; but one lesson has been learned, and is not likely to be forgotten—that in dealing with great literature it is necessary to bring spiritual insight as well as critical knowledge to the task, and that extreme and destructive conclusions are often mere halting places in the discussion.

Newspaper Ethics

There is something unconvincing and ludicrous about the coupling of these two words nowadays; as if one were to yoke together an un-"busted" broncho and a solemn ox. But in one sense all industries have their own codes of ethics. The Puritan carried a psalm book in one hand and a wooden nutmeg in the other. The English army proffers a Bible with one hand a sword or an opium-pill with the other. The most orthodox grocer has sand enough to improve his sugar. The most respectable lawyer feels called upon at times to astigmatize the judicial focus. Even the most evangelic ministers feel that points wherein they are personally uncertain should be dogmatically enforced upon certain congregations. And so one may technically speak of newspaper ethics.

The newspaper has brought into the world a new code of morals as well as a new style of writing and printing the language. As the Sophists said that the gods were an invention of the politician to keep the people in order, and as certain modern theorists hint that all our moral ideas are nothing more than a list of rules set up by the strong to keep the weak in subjection—so the newspaper has demolished for itself both of the old beliefs that nothing but the truth should be spoken and that the truth should not be published at all times. Accordingly, it is a commonplace that the best newspaper is never to be implicitly believed, and that all its news that comes to the newspaper's net.

The reporter is sent out now to get a story. If the rumor he is commissioned to hunt down proves to be but a vapor of gossip, he must condense it into

something tangible. If the man he is detailed to interview shuts the door in his face, he must bring back a careful statement purporting to be a verbatim report of an actual interview. No wonder the trained reporter does not carry a notebook! It hampers the imagination.

The newspapers are growing so brazen that they do not hesitate, at times of the gravest moment and of the most inviolate official secrecy, to put sentiments in the mouth of the most close-mouthed executive. They say in flaring headlines: "The President thinks"—so and so; "The Secretary of War has made up his mind"—to this and that, and "The Board of Inquiry will report"—such and such a thing. And this goes on while the actual truth is purposely kept absolutely inaccessible to the public. The correspondents who write these fictions are not reprimanded or discharged, but encouraged. The publishers are encouraged to let the bad work go on by the fact that there are, as Carlyle says, two billion people in the world—mostly fools.

Two stories are in point: A reporter on one of our chief papers was sent to interview a certain President on a matter the President was not at liberty to reveal, or the paper to inquire into. On being told that the information could not be given out, he said: "You know, if I go back without a 'story' I shall lose my place." The President, who had known him for years, said: "If they discharge you, I'll make you a consul." And they did, and he did. If, only, all our reporters could be similarly deported!

Another case quite in keeping with the journalistic commandment, "If you can't find a story, make one up," was typical of the rabid newspaperism that made the Maine disaster doubly horrible. When it was learned that the good ship had been destroyed, reporters were sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and told to ask some officer on duty his opinion. They awakened him at 3 A. M., and his humor was not cordial. When they told him the news, he said, "I don't believe it!" When they interposed, "But the ——— publishes it this morning," he only sniffed: "Well, that proves it false," and refused to say another word.

Did these skilled reporters plod back drearily to report what little had been vouchsafed them? Not they! Their article was printed with great black headlines, and it announced that the officer in question had said that the Maine was undoubtedly blown up by Spanish officials and that if it were an accident the Maine officers must have been criminally careless! Imagine the feelings of this unfortunate wretch, who was roused from bed at 3 A. M., only to have his well-advised reticence published as an impertinent attack on his superiors. He had no redress. The reporters had no punishment. For of such is the Kingdom of Journalism.

Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the golden days on the Pacific slope, is about to publish in Chicago a book, which, in Emerson's phrase, suggests not gold, but bullion. The style of magnificence which the sage of Concord groaned over in the world of fashion makes its appearance in the world of letters.

Bound in covers of heavy golden silk, lined with white brocade of silk, adorned with frontispieces in original water colors, and illustrated throughout its thousand pages in every style known to modern publishing, *The Book of Wealth*, its sponsors say, is to be the most wonderful book in the world—an illustrated summary of all that is best worth knowing of the history of every nation of every era from the dawn of civilization in Egypt to the culture and industrial development which mark the closing years of the nineteenth century in the United States of America. "The object of *The Book of Wealth*," says its author, "is neither to extol personal riches nor those by whom they have been gathered, but to show what wealth has done for mankind, and how, with the aid of wealth, man has improved his condition, has enlarged and refined the intellectual and moral qualities of his nature, developing the arts and sciences, building up cities and commonwealths, and ever bringing into existence and use fresh objects of beauty and utility." The precious pearls of this gospel are not to be scattered before those whose intellectual and moral qualities have not been sufficiently developed by the possession of the great quickening of the higher nature. Patterning after the methods of some of the truly great in the world of wealth the publishers of this work propose to increase its value by restricting its production. Only two editions are to be published, and of these the first, or "cygne noir" edition, is to be limited to 150 copies. Each copy of this edition is not only to contain the twenty-five hundred illustrations in the book proper, but to include ten portfolios, covered with embroidered silk and holding one hundred large-sized pictures in hand-retouched color, etching, and other elaborate processes. The price of a copy is to be \$2,500. The second and less embellished edition is to be limited to 250 copies, and offered at the more moderate figure of \$1,000 a copy. In all, therefore, the book is to be restricted to a new "four hundred," whose selection, it is safe to say, will neither be made on the basis of wealth alone, nor brains alone, but rather in every case of the possession of more wealth than brains. The book is one that might well have graced the library of George the Fourth, when, as Thackeray says, he was spending £10,000 a year for the coats on his back, and altogether was costing England more than "if he had been a manufacturing town or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men." But whom have we now who could and would spend money on such a scale? Perhaps Mr. Bancroft's fellow-resident in San Francisco, who spent upward of \$30,000 for a solid brass fence about his lawn, would wish a copy of the "cygne noir" edition of *The Book of Wealth* for his library. But inasmuch as this millionaire, after keeping a man employed for months at nothing else but burnishing his "cygne d'or" fence, finally had it painted black, even his desire for the exceptionally costly may be sensibly abated. It may be, however, that the publisher knows his business, and that there are four hundred families able and willing to pay the prices asked for this extraordinary book; but, if so, we venture the prediction that a century hence, when first editions of certain ordinary books are selling for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a copy, the first and only

editions of this \$1,000 to \$2,500 book will bring more ordinary prices; in fact, something like the fate of his neighbor's brass fence may await Mr. Bancroft's efforts to dazzle the world of letters.

Progressive Hilarity

One of last year's baccalaureate sermons emphasized as a teaching that increase of knowledge is increase of sorrow. On the other hand, Franklin H. Giddings' *Principles of Sociology* strikes the note of "cumulative happiness in a right understanding." The field of the knowable has grown so enormous, so insignificant a share can be efficiently cared for by any one mind, that to collate the facts making for the demonstration of one or the other of these clashing opinions becomes a task of difficulty. As to increase or decrease of sorrow it is a great deal to be made aware just what it is that is making for sorrow. Thanks to the exploring activity of mind what makes for sorrow becomes better and always better known. And when it is known, sociology, most hopeful of sciences, with a bright face turned confidently toward the future, sets about to inaugurate remedies. The crushing of the helpless spirit through ages beneath masked and dreaded principalities and powers, the awe of unmapped spiritual wickedness in high places, the cruel tyranny of natural forces not understood nor respected, abate when the penetrative rays of the pioneering social sciences are turned upon these social wounds. For example, a psychiatrist asserts that emotion products can be chemically analyzed and isolated. It is known, partially at least, what emotions make for joyous and efficient living. The law-making function of society co-operating with the spontaneous right-mindedness of all classes of people not of criminal desire may, in time, provide relief and remedy for the manufacture of emotions murderous to a happy existence. In our modern life false ideals and wrong-headed ambitions are the tap-roots of gloom and hatred. When social grace and courtesy in the lowliest is valued above money, when the æsthetics of private and public life are presented for the consideration of students rather than the long hackneyed and crowded careers to which their attention is invariably most strongly directed the era will dawn when the city life will be beautiful, inspiring and poetic, and country life radiant with a glorified simplicity. A walk in town will cease to be a succession of nervous shocks from the shrieking insistence of glaring, vulgar and indelicate posters and flamingly adorned vans; it will not hasten a cumulative melancholia from hideous structures and rudely jostling and impertinent encounters. The light of good will, good feeling and bright thinking will shed a grace upon the ugliest features, and beauty will spring up as undimmed by its environment as flowers in the woodland.

Observation of the conduct of the war gives the most interesting indications of advancement in the art of living and dying. Upon its newspaper face the war presents a study in progressive joyousness. Especially apparent has been the play of wit in satirizing bad passions and the generous truthfulness which gives even the devil his due. The gala of the press is reinforced by lavish patriotic decoration. City and country are streaming with flags.

It might be inquiring too curiously to ask why it is so, whether the display is an accurate indication of the simplicity of patriotism. The universality of feeling in like classes makes superfluous any interpretation to itself of that undemonstrative quality in deeply tender and compassionate emotion which shrinks from public display of itself. The warmth and abandon which is flinging hosts upon hosts of flags to the May rain and sunshine would, however, be much missed if the entire population was built of "dismal Massachusetts ice."

However, the soldiers, their wives, their children, or their sweethearts, may feel, it is as good as a play to all the home-stayers. Those who were frightened quickly recovered, and the stimulation to flagging springtime energies has been enormous. The inevitable private griefs are ignored in the general jubilation. We vindicate our conscience, our untrammelled power of initiative in good works, despite the awful fetish of precedent. Some people get killed, yet we say it is the finest of spectacles; it is not ugly, it is wonderfully dramatic, it is an illuminated "fin de siècle . . . danse macabre." Our hearts are too much with Irving and with Don Quixote to be able to hate a foe who at once disarms us with a losing grace. The taciturnity which reports one mule a battle's loss is exquisite tact in warfare. The lust of conquest is more assuaged by the diplomacy of the enemy than by our own victories. Which arts are really conquering? Are they not the arts of peace?

We turn back to the hope of that greatly desired improvement in our conduct as civic neighbors. If we become self-righteous in our international rectitude, let us reflect whether it is so intolerably wicked to starve colonists than it is to degrade and embitter citizens. Whether in countless ways easily indicated we are not always by vast majorities more callous to the sufferings of culture than even Spain has been to those of agriculture.

Meanwhile, through all the effort and struggle and the cost of those higher occasional energies stored in the best men and women the great mass of the people are educated, energized, interested, employed. Happily, vindictiveness and prejudice are eliminated when the contest is like the chastisement of a naughty child by a big man.

A sculptor's fancy has evolved a pretty "Mercury amusing himself." Mercury, now become a great god, king of the town and adoration of the citizens, amuses himself with the printing presses, capriciously illuminating and distorting the history of the time by the startling side lights of his quité mercurial fancy. Half by his intermediation war is conducted as the orchestral accompaniment to the pæan of perfecting life. The observation of it presents a study in progressive joyousness.

"L'aperta guerra gli è secreta pace," concludes a sonnet of Vittoria Colonna—the outward war to such is inward peace. Peace is not precisely the gay, alert, good-hearted reporter's prevailing state of mind. The classic line suggests, however, an accurate analogy. When Spanish difficulties are over, and before, the war on grumpiness, sourness, despondencies, and retreats of like sort, the war which age too often makes on the aspiring energies of youth can wage its salutary battles in type.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Stampede.....Freeman E. Miller.....*Songs from the Southwest Country**

We took our turn at the guard that night, just Sour-dough Charlie and I,
And as we mounted our ponies, there were clouds in the western sky;
And we knew that before the morning the storm by the north wind stirred
Would scourge the plains with its furies fierce and madden the savage herd;
But we did not shrink the danger; we had ridden the plains for years—
The crash of the storm and the cattle's cry were music in our ears.

We drove the herd to a circle; for the winds were calm, and we knew
That somewhere near to the midnight shift the storm-fiends would be due;
We rode the rounds unceasingly, and we worked with an anxious will
Until the cattle were lying down and the mighty herd was still,
And only the musical breathing of the bedded beasts arose
As we rounded the living circle and guarded their light repose.

Then the storm came on in anger; the winds of a sudden turned,
The lightnings flamed through the seething skies, and the prairies blazed and burned;
The thunders rolled like an avalanche, and they shook the rocking world,
The trembling quaked as the storm so wild its banners of blaze unfurled;
The fires flew over the frightened herd and leaped from horn to horn
Till horrible clamors rose and fell in chaos of fear forlorn.

The herd awoke in a minute; but we rode through the flashing ways
And sang with a will the olden songs we learned in our childhood days;
The human voice has a wondrous power, and the wildest beast that moans
Forgets its fear in a dream of peace at the sound of its tender tones;
And on through the blinding flashes and on through the dark and the light,
We rode with the old songs ringing, and we prayed for the death of night.

I never could tell how it happened; there came a tremendous crash,
A wolf jumped out of the chaparral—and the herd was off in a flash!
And Charlie was riding before them; then I saw him draw his gun
And fire at the plunging leaders, till he turned them one by one;
Then the darkness fell—I could not see—and then in the blinding light
My pard went down, and the maddened herd swept on through the savage night!

Him I found where the cattle rushed in the wild of their wandering,
Broken and beaten by scores of hoofs, a crushed and a mangled thing,
And his pony lay with a broken leg, as dead as a rotten log,
Where its foot had slipped in the hidden hole of a worthless prairie-dog.
We buried him there—you can see the stones—and whether we die or live,
We gave him the best of a funeral that cowboy camp can give.

His name? It was Sour-dough Charlie, sir; and whether a good or bad,
We called him that for a score of years—it was all the name he had!
I found a locket above his heart, with a picture there of grace
That showed a girl with a curly head and a most uncommon face;
Hero, you say? Well, maybe so; for I know it is oft confessed
That he's the kind of a man it takes for the work here in the West.

The Three Myrtles.....Blanche Lindsay.....*Pall Mall Magazine*

Three maidens planted each a tree—
A perfumed bush in a pot of stone—
(O myrtle green! with thy shining leaves
Young Love his magical garland weaves.)
They knew that a wedding wreath should be
At the bride's own lattice nurtured and grown.

First Laura, the Baron's lovely heir,
Then the burgomaster's Ruth, her friend;
(O myrtle green! with thy shining leaves
Young Love his magical garland weaves.)
Last Greta, the wench who served the pair
In amity sweet without stint or end.

All three a-many vows spake low,
O'er clasping hands breathed prayer and sigh;
(O myrtle green! with thy shining leaves
Young Love his magical garland weaves.)
The trees grew tall in the warm years' glow,
The maids yet fairer as time went by.

Then Greta plucked one summer's day
A crown of blossom her locks to bind.
(O myrtle green! with thy shining leaves
Young Love his magical garland weaves.)
The bride was fair, and the bride was gay,
The bridegroom poor, yet well to her mind.

But Ruth, whom all folks held so dear,
Waxed pale and wan in the winter snows.
(O myrtle green! with thy shining leaves
Young Love his magical garland weaves.)
They stripped the tree to circle her bier,
And twined each bough on a milk-white rose.

Still Laura sits in her turret gloom,
And dreams of a lover across the sea.
(O myrtle green! with thy shining leaves
Young Love his magical garland weaves.)
But the brave knight lies in an alien tomb,
And hope is like to a withered tree.

*The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

Caliban.....Lloyd Mifflin.....The Slopes of Helicon (Estes & Lauriat)

Caliban sprawls on the slippery beach
Beside the slimy sea;
Freckled, misshapen, a dog in speech,
He clutches the mussels in his reach,
Craunching them greedily.
Of Sycorax, hag, he is the son;
He was littered here as the toads that run
In caves by the sluttish sea;
What could his dam do but pollute
This unkempt whelp—this monster brute—
Weed of the impish sea?

He sprawls on his belly on the sands
Along the swashing sea;
The ape, with his long and hairy hands,
More human is than he:
He swallows the crawling things a-raw,
The crab, and the dead sea-mew;
He eats the jelly-fish all a-fresh—
That mass of clotted glue;
He hankers ever for human flesh;
He gloats as he sights the shipwrecked crew,
For a cannibal is he;
And ever ravenous is his maw
Beside the carrion sea.

His copper skin is blotched and bright,
And of a sickly hue;
Both of his tusks are yellow-white,
And one is broken in two;
Twin rows of teeth run round his jaw;
His bite is death, for his gums are blue;
The film on his eye as he leers at you
Is livid as a snake's,
From the frog's green pool he laps the scum
Within the marshy brakes—
No other spring has he;
And as he writhes with ague numb,
He in his torture howls and quakes
Beside the Python sea.
In the pitch-dark sky the lightnings flash
Above the roaring sea;
The thunders growl, and the black waves dash
Over the rocks with a roar and a crash,
While he cowers low on the lurid sand
Flat by the sulphurous sea.
But more than the waves he fears the wand
Of Prospero, the King.
Sea-calf and a slave,
He licks the foot of the meanest thing,
This slime of the wave—
This beast of a man—
Caliban,
Scum of the filthy sea!

The Battle Flag at Shenandoah..Joaquin Miller..Poems (Whitaker & Ray Co.)

The tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the hill looked down
On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;
And a wide green valley rolled away
Between where the battling armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

And Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless horse, 'mid his troopers still,
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill,
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and to fret;
"There's a battle flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace this Sunday morning!"

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,
"And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red
And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
Swept down, swept swift as spring swallows swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air
Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning.

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
He wound it tight, and he turned in haste,
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed!
Ah! boy, and banner, and all God speed!
God's pity for you in our hour of need
This deadly Sunday morning.

O, deadly shot! and O, shower of lead!
O, iron rain on the brave, bare head!
Why, even the leaves from the tree fall dead
This dreadful Sunday morning!

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might!
Brave Custer is laughing in his delight!
Why, he is embracing the boy outright
This glorious Sunday morning!

But, soft! Not a word has the pale boy said.
He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
With his heart's best blood; and he falls down dead,
In God's still Sunday morning.

So, wrap this flag to his soldier's breast;
Into stars and stripes it is stained and blest;
And under the oaks let him rest and rest
Till God's great Sunday morning.

"Traitor's Gate".....Alice D'Alois.....New England Magazine

Under the shadow of London's Tower,
Arching out o'er the water's brim,
Stands a portal, of evil dower,
With rusted bars and an aspect grim.
Around its base the river's slime,
Green and dark from the ebbing flood,
Clings, like a record of shameful crime,
Of long, long years defiled with blood—
When the river carried a human freight
Under the arch of the Traitor's Gate.

Under it passed the good, the brave,
The wise in council, the young and fair;
But hope shrank back from that living grave,
Nor ruth, nor pity entered there—
Where patriot hearts their work laid down,
The soldier fought his last dread fight,
And gentle lives, in sunshine reared,
Were quenched in darkest, saddest night—
While the river mourned for their bitter fate,
As it lapped the steps of the Traitor's Gate.

Under its arch with a moaning sigh
The murky waters ebb and flow;
And thousand careless hearts go by,
Yet few its tragic story know.
But in highest Heaven they ken it well—
That mournful record of blood and tears—
And mark, with joy-lit eyes, the new,
The better things, of these later years;
And perhaps in the books that for judgment wait
They see it written: the Martyr's Gate.

LETTERS OF AN ARMY NURSE*

BY KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY

Headquarters U. S. Sanitary Commission,
Steamer "Wilson Small,"

Off Yorktown, May 12, 1862.

... We had just received, stowed, and fed two hundred and forty-five men, most of them very ill with typhoid fever. The ship sailed at eight o'clock this morning, and will be in New York to-morrow night.

The "Webster" could not get up to the wharf, so the sick men were brought off to us in tugboats. As each man came on board (raised from one vessel and lowered to the second deck of ours in cradles), he was registered and "bunked." In my ward, as each man was laid in his berth, I gave him brandy and water, and after all were placed, tea and bread and butter, if they could take it, or more brandy or beef tea, if they were sinking. Of course, it was painful; but there was so much to be done, and done quietly and quickly, that there was no time to be conscious of pain. But fever patients are very dreadful, and their moans distressing. The men were all patient and grateful. Some said, "You don't know what it is to me to see you." "This is heaven, after what I've suffered." "To think of a woman being here to help me!" One little drummer-boy thought he was going to die instantly. I said: "Pooh! you'll walk off the ship at New York. Take your tea." He was quite hurt that I could ask it; but presently I found he had demolished a huge slice of bread and butter, and was demanding more. Then the doctors made their rounds, and after that, such as were in a condition to be handled were put into clean hospital clothing. Some, however, were allowed to rest until morning.

We did not get them all settled and the watches set till 1 A. M., after which Mrs. Griffin and I packed up, to leave the ship at daybreak.

This is a little boat, headquarters of the Sanitary Commission, Mr. Olmsted, the General Secretary, in charge of the whole transport service, and Mr. Knapp, his second in command, living on board. At present she is filled in every available corner by severely wounded men brought from the battlefield of Williamsburg—wounded chiefly in the legs and thighs. To-day Mrs. Griffin and I are supernumeraries, the ladies on board being sufficient. They all seem easy and at home in their work, as if they had been at it all their lives. I use my eyes and learn, and have taken a hand here and there as occasion offered. Terrible things happened yesterday. Many of the wounded of the Williamsburg battle were found lying in the woods with their wounds not dressed, and they starving. Mrs. Strong saw them, and says it was like going over a battlefield.

May 13.

Yesterday I came on board this boat, where there are thirty very bad cases—four or five

amputations. One poor fellow, a lieutenant in the Thirty-second New York Volunteers, shot through the knee, and enduring more than mortal agony; a fair-haired boy of seventeen, shot through the lungs, every breath he draws hissing through the wound; another man, a poet, with seven holes in him, but irrepressibly poetic and very comical. He dictated to me last night a foolscap sheet full of poetry composed for the occasion. His appearance as he sits up in bed, swathed in a nondescript garment or poncho, constructed for him by Miss Whetten out of an old green tablecloth, is irresistibly funny. There is also a captain of the Sixteenth New York Volunteers, mortally wounded while leading his company against a regiment. He is said to measure six feet seven inches—and I believe it, looking at him as he lies there on a cot, pieced out at the foot with two chairs.

I took my first actual watch last night, and this morning I feel the same ease about the work which yesterday I was surprised to see in others. We begin the day by getting them all washed, and freshened up, and breakfasted. Then the surgeons and dressers make their rounds, open the wounds, apply the remedies, and replace the bandages. This is an awful hour; I sat with my fingers in my ears this morning. When it is over, we go back to the men and put the ward in order once more; remaking several of the beds, and giving clean handkerchiefs with a little cologne or baywater on them—so prized in the sickening atmosphere of wounds. We sponge the bandages over the wounds constantly—which alone carries us round from cot to cot almost without stopping, except to talk to some, read to others, or write letters for them, occasionally giving medicine or brandy, etc., according to order. Then comes dinner, which we serve out ourselves, feeding those who can't feed themselves. After that we go off duty, and get first washed and fed ourselves, our dinner-table being the top of an old stove, with slices of bread for plates, fingers for knives and forks, and carpetbags for chairs—all this because everything available is being used for our poor fellows. After dinner other ladies keep the same sort of watch through the afternoon and evening, while we sit on the floor of our staterooms resting, and perhaps writing letters, as I am doing now.

Meantime this boat has run up the York River as far as West Point (where a battle was fought on Thursday), in obedience to a telegram from the Medical Director of the Army, requesting the Commission to take off two hundred wounded men immediately. A transport accompanies us. But we pay little heed to the outside world, and though we have been under way and running here and there for hours, I have only just found it out. Don't fret, if you do not hear from me. I may go to Washington on a hospital transport, or to Richmond with the army, and you may not hear of me for a week. Let no one pity or praise us. I admit painfulness, but no one can tell how sweet it is to be the drop of comfort to so much agony.

*Selected from *The Cruel Side of War: With the Army of the Potomac. Letters from the Headquarters of the United States Sanitary Commission during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia in 1862.* By Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Roberts Brothers, Boston, publishers; cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

I can give you no idea of the work accumulated into one day. But there were cheerful things in it after all. One thing I specially remember. A man very low with typhoid fever had been brought on board early in the afternoon, and begged me piteously to keep the bunk next him for his brother—his twin brother—from whom he had never been parted in his life, not even now in sickness, for his brother was sick, too, and had come down on the same train. But, alas! in shipping the poor, helpless fellows they had got separated. Of course, I kept the next bunk empty, even taking out of it a man who had been put in during my absence; and all day long the painful look in the anxious eyes distressed me. Late at night, as the last men were coming off the "Elm City," and I was standing at the gangway by Dr. Draper, receiving his orders as he looked at the men when they came on board, I heard him read off the name of the brother! You may be sure I asked for that man, and the pleasure of putting him beside his brother cheered even that black night.

May 14.

... Last evening we parted from all our poor fellows, except Captain Curtis, the extensive hero, who is said to-day to have a chance for life. Our men were put on board the "Elm City," which has been detailed to the Commission. She filled up this morning with four hundred and forty patients, and sailed for Washington. Mrs. George Strong takes charge of the women's department, and Miss Whetten goes with her. I was sent on board this morning to assist them, and remained there till the boat sailed. The "Elm City" is a large river steamboat, with wide spaces on all her decks, where badly wounded men can be laid in rows on cots and mattresses—they could not be put in bunks or berths. She cannot make a sea passage, and is therefore sent up the Potomac to Washington.

It is an immense piece of work to get the patients (many of them very low, or in great agony) on board and into their beds, and stimulated and fed and made comfortable. So much is needed—quick eyes and ears, and, above all, some one to keep severe order in the pantry, or rather the kitchen for the sick food. Mrs. Griffin is magnificent at that. I never saw her hurried or worried for a moment; consequently she saves time and temper, and does the very best that can be done.

You will get little public information from me. I am told we went some way up the Pamunky River yesterday. Mr. Olmsted landed, and went over the Williamsburg battlefield with incredible difficulty and jolting. It is two and a half miles long, with the fences all broken down. The enemy are expected to make a desperate stand at Bottom Bridge—wherever that may be. The army is now making its way along the banks of the Pemunky. Great regret is felt that General McDowell was not allowed to coöperate at Gloucester. The spirit of our men, their confidence in their leaders, their pride in belonging to McClellan and the Army of the Potomac, is splendid, so far as I see it, and everybody says the same. Many fine traits of character come out, such as their self-forgetfulness and tenderness in caring for sick comrades, their endurance of suffering, and even contempt for it. A

poor little boy of seventeen, shot through the lungs, was so unwilling to speak of himself, never murmuring, but roused into excitement on the arrival of the New York papers with accounts of the battles. I began to read to him about the battle of Williamsburg, where he was wounded, but he gurgled out: "Not *that*! I know all about that. What did our boys do *next*?" . . .

May 14.

... If I can write amid all the fun and nonsense that is going on around me I will try to give you a general idea of the state of things here. The "Elm City," filled with wounded men, sailed this morning. The "S. R. Spaulding," a large ocean steamship, is to be fitted up for hospital service; and that appears to be our next work. . . . They have brought back the "Knickerbocker" in perfect hospital order. I've just been over her. They have had her cleansed from top to toe, that is, from the hold to the hurricane deck. The "Knickerbocker," you must know, is a large river steamboat, and is intended for surgical cases. Then they prepared the cots, mattresses and bunks, and made the beds; arranged every ward with all necessary appliances, filled the linen closets with the proper quantity of bed linen, hospital clothing, socks, bandages, lint, rags, etc. (which were packed in cases and bales), got ready the hospital kitchen, stole a stove for it, as far as I can make out, and had all the necessary stores unpacked and moved into places where they would be at hand when needed. These girls must be splendidly efficient. It is not the doing it, but the knowing how it should be done, and handling the whole affair with as much ease as if arranging a doll's house, that delights me.

We are all now sitting idly on carpetbags or on the floor, in a little covered saloon or passage on to which our staterooms open. Our dinner table, the stove, is being removed, and Dr. Ware is improvising a better, with a plank across the railing of the stairs. The moment the pressure is taken off we all turn-to to "be as funny as we can." I am astonished at the cheerful devotion—whole-souled and whole-bodied devotion—of the surgeon and medical students attached to this boat. These young men toil day and night at the severest work, quick, intelligent, and tender. Their business is to ship the men, move them carefully from one boat to another, and register their names and all their belongings; to attend to the dispensaries, keeping them amply supplied with stores; to give medical and surgical attendance, dress the wounds, and often to sit up all night, after working hard all day. Then they turn in wherever a mattress comes handy, take a long sleep, and come out of it refreshed and full of fun—in which we join until the next work comes, and then we are all fresh to work in cheerful concert together. This seems the best way to do the work; nothing morbid comes of it—which is the danger. . . .

Mrs. ———'s mother writes dismal letters, which try her very much—saying, for instance, that a lady must put away all delicacy and refinement for this work. Nothing could be more false. It is not too much to say that delicacy and refinement and the fact of being a gentlewoman could never tell more than they do here.

MORE WAR POEMS

"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin".....Madison Cawein.....Louisville Courier-Journal

Behold, we have gathered together our battle-ships, near and afar;
Their decks they are cleared for action, their guns they are primed for war.
From the East to the West there is hurry; in the North and the South a peal
Of hammers in fort and ship-yard and the clamor and clang of steel;
And the rush and roar of engines, and clanking of derrick and crane—
Thou art weighed in the scales and found wanting, the balance of God, O Spain!

Behold, I have stood on the mountains, and this was writ in the sky:
"She is weighed in the scales and found wanting, the balance God holds on high!"
The balance he once weighed Babylon the Mother of Harlots, in
One scale holds thy pride and power and empire, begotten of sin,
Heavy with woe and torture, the crimes of a thousand years,
Mortared and welded together with fire and blood and tears;
In the other, for justice and mercy, a blade with never a stain,
Is laid the Sword of Liberty, and the balance dips, O Spain!

Summon thy vessels together! great is thy need for these!
Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya, Oquendo, and Marie Therese.
Let them be strong and many, for a vision I had by night,
That the ancient wrongs thou hast done the world came howling to the fight;
From the New World shores they gathered. Inca and Aztec, slain,
To the Cuban shot but yesterday, and our own dead seamen, Spain!

Summon thy ships together, gather a mighty fleet!
For a strong young nation is arming that never hath known defeat.
Summon thy ships together, there on thy blood-stained sands!
For a shadowy army gathers with manacled feet and hands,
A shadowy host of sorrows and of shames, too black to tell!
That reach with their horrible wounds for thee to drag thee down to hell;
Myriad phantoms and spectres, thou warrest against in vain!
Thou art weighed in the scales and found wanting, the balance of God, O Spain!

Cuba Libre.....Joaquin Miller.....Poems (Whitaker & Ray Co.)

Comes a cry from Cuban water—
From the warm, dusk Antilles—
From the lost Atlanta's daughter,
Drowned in blood as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries!
Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

She shall rise, by all that's holy!
She shall live and she shall last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lowly
From the blackness of the past.
Bid her strike! Lo, it is written
Blood for blood and life for life.
Bid her smite, as she is smitten;
Stars and stripes were born of strife.

Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes
Till she could but yearning heed them,
Reach her hands and try to rise.
Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her
Till we scarce could hear a note.
Ah! these rusting chains that bound her!
Oh! these robbers at her throat!

And the kind who forged these fetters?
Ask five hundred years for news.
Stake and thumbscrew for their betters!
Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What reminder
Of one red man in that land?
Why, these very chains that bind her
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise as rose Columbus,
From his chains, from shame and wrong—
Rise as Morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—

Rise a ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified.
Stars and stripes espouse her glory,
Love and Liberty allied.

Maceo.....Lucy Cleveland.....The Scarlet-Veined (A. D. F. Randolph Co.)

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

At Punta Brava hast thou fallen to-day,
Leading thy star through the red carnage-haze?
Upon Spain's lip a Judas smile finds way,
Broadening to laughter and to triumph-lays?
From Punta Brava shall thy star ascend,
O Cuban patriot, thy standard's star
That with great freedom's galaxy must blend
And burn before the dark of nations far.
Shall the Castilian smile from camp to king?
Not while on Brava soil there lives a soul,
Not while the alchemy of freedom's ring,
Married to man, gleams toward one golden goal.
Thy meteor-purpose, Maceo, shall burn
Upon thy comrades' souls, the battle turn!

The Call to the Colors.....New York Mail and Express

"Are you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of thee."
"Here!" from sandy Rio Grande,
Where the Texan horsemen ride,
"Here!" the hunters of Kentucky
Hail from Chatterawha's side,
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer "Here!
Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;
They shall lead their sons to battle
For the flag if need there be."

"Are you ready, California,
 Arizona, Idaho?
 'Come, oh come, unto the colors!'
 Heard you not the bugle blow?"
 Falls a hush in San Francisco
 In the busy hives of trade;
 In the vineyards of Sonoma
 Fall the pruning knife and spade
 In the mines of Colorado
 Pick and drill are thrown aside;
 Idly in Seattle harbor
 Swing the merchants to the tide,
 And a million mighty voices
 Throb responsive like a drum
 Rolling from the rough Sierras,
 "You have called us and we come."

 O'er Missouri sounds the challenge—
 O'er the great lakes and the plain;
 "Are you ready, Minnesota?
 Are you ready, men of Maine?"
 From the woods of Ontonagon,
 From the farms of Illinois,
 From the looms of Massachusetts,
 "We are ready, man and boy."
 Axemen free, of Androscoggin,
 Clerks who trudge the cities' pave
 Gloucester men who drag their plunder
 From the sullen, hungry waves,
 Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,
 Celt and Saxon swell the call,
 And the Adirondacks echo:
 "We are ready, one and all."

 Truce to feud and peace to faction!
 All forgot is party zeal
 When the warships clear for action,
 When the blue battalions wheel.
 Europe boasts her standing armies—
 Serfs who blindly fight by trade;
 We have seven million soldiers,
 And a soul guides every blade.
 Laborers with arm and mattock,
 Laborers with brain and pen.
 Railroad prince and railroad brakeman
 Build our line of fighting men.
 Flag of righteous wars! close mustered
 Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
 Where thy stars are sternly clustered,
 With their daggers toward the foe.

The Soarin' o' the Eagle.....Marion Franklin Ham.....Chattanooga Times
 (To the "Bully Boys" of the Asiatic Squadron.)

Oh we met the Spanish squadron
 In the choppy, China sea;
 With "Old Glory" up above us,
 And our Commodore Dewey;
 And a brace of Yankee seamen—
 (Every fightin' tar a freeman)
 And the way we trounced the haughty dons
 Was beautiful to see.

 We shelled 'em out to seaward—
 And we shelled 'em on the shore;
 And we trained our guns to leeward
 For a hundred shots or more;
 For the rag that hung above us,
 And the Yankee hearts that love us—
 Why we made the eagle hump himself
 And show 'em how to soar.

 Oh the decks was slippin' bloody,
 And the guns was smokin' hot;
 And the center o' the scrimmage
 Was an interestin' spot;

And the beggars kept salutin'
 In a disrespectful shootin'
 Till we sent 'em Yankee manners
 In a dozen ton of shot.

Our ears was full o' cotton,
 And our legs was all a-reel;
 But the Yankee grit was in us
 And our guns was full o' steel;
 And we kept the Greasers hoppin'
 With the shells that we was droppin'
 Till we filled 'em full o' blazin' hell
 From reekin' deck to keel.

Oh, we bored 'em full o' trouble
 As a sieve is full o' holes;
 And we chucked 'em under water
 Like a nest o' drowned moles.
 With the blessin' o' Saint Mary
 And the Yankee military—
 Why, we give 'em twenty volleys
 For the restin' o' their souls.

They fought us square and honest,
 And they spoiled our purty shine;
 And they went down game as chickens
 When we sunk 'em in the brine;
 For while the eagle's screamin'—
 And the stars and stripes a-streamin'
 Why we haint the boys to say it—
 That they didn't toe the line.

Oh, they thought they'd have a bull fight
 With your Uncle Sammy's crew;
 And they figered out that dodgin'
 Was the proper thing to do—
 But they missed their calculation
 In a-sizin' up the nation—
 Cause there haint no room fer Spaniards
 When the eagle soars the blue.

"Off Manilly".....Edmund Vance Cooke.....Cleveland Press

Aye, lads, aye, we fought 'em,
 And we sent 'em to the bottom,
 And you'll say that I'm a-talkin' like a silly;
 I hear your cheers and jokes,
 But, lads, them's human folks
 What is soakin' in the water off Manilly.

Aye, lads, and when we shot
 It's just as like as not
 We hit some mother's heart in old Granady.
 She didn't sink no Maine,
 'Way over there in Spain,
 But she won't never see her laddy's body.

I kin see a black-eyed gal,
 Somethin' like my little Sal,
 What is cryin' out her eyes in old Sevilly;
 There's a widow in Madrid,
 With a pore little kid,
 And his daddy has went down off Manilly.

Aye, lads, aye, we fought 'em,
 And we sent 'em to the bottom,
 And I hopes you won't be thinkin' I'm a booby,
 But that little black-eyed gal,
 What reminds me so of Sal,
 She didn't never do no harm to Cuby.

And if instead of Sanchy,
 It had been "the hated Yankee,"
 Which you know, my lads, is me and Jack and Billy,
 You know who would be cryin'
 Fer us fellers, what was dyin'
 And a-soakin' in the water off Manilly.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*Humor and Pathos of Dickens.....George Gissing.....Charles Dickens**

To write of Dickens at all is to presuppose his humor. The plan of my essay has necessitated a separate consideration of the various features of his work, and at moments it may have appeared that I found fault without regard to a vast counterbalance; but it was never possible for me to lose sight of that supreme quality of his genius which must be now dwelt upon with undivided attention. It was as a humorist that Dickens made his name; and in a retrospect of his life's activity one perceives that his most earnest purposes depended for their furtherance upon this genial power, which he shares with nearly all the greatest of English writers. Holding, as he did, that the first duty of an author is to influence his reader for good, Dickens necessarily esteemed as the most precious of his gifts that by virtue of which he commanded so great an audience. Without his humor he might have been a vigorous advocate of social reform, but as a novelist assuredly he would have failed; and as to the advocacy of far-reaching reforms by men who have only earnestness and eloquence to work with, English history tells its tale. Only because they laughed with him so heartily, did multitudes of people turn to discussing the question his page suggested. As a story-teller pure and simple, the powers that remain to him, if humor be subtracted, would never have ensured popularity. Nor, on the other hand, would they have availed him in the struggle for artistic perfection, which is a better thing. Humor is the soul of his work. Like the soul of man, it permeates a living fabric which, but for its creative breath, could never have existed.

In his earliest writing we discover only the suggestion of this quality. The Sketches have a touch of true humor, but (apart from the merits of acute observation and great descriptive power) there is much more of merely youthful high spirits, tending to the farcical.

One must distinguish between the parts of his writing which stir to mere hilarity, and his humor in the strict sense of the word.

Between Dickens' farce and his scenes of humor the difference is obvious. In Mantalini or Jack Bunsby we have nothing illuminative; they amuse, and there the matter ends. But true humor always suggests a thought, always throws light on human nature. The humorist may not be fully conscious of his own meaning; he always, indeed, implies more than he can possibly have thought out, and therefore it is that we find the best humor inexhaustible, ever fresh when we return to it, ever, as our knowledge of life increases, more suggestive of wisdom.

Both the Wellers are creations strictly humorous. For one thing, each is socially representative, each, moreover, is a human type, for ever recognizable beneath time's disguises. Be it noticed that neither the old coachman nor his son is ever shown in a grotesque, or improbable, situation; there is no cut-

ting of capers, even when they make us laugh the loudest. The fantastic is here needless, nature has wrought with roguish intention, and we are aware of it at every moment of their common life. No one takes Mantalini to his heart, but Tony and Sam become in very truth our friends, and for knowing them, improbable as it might seem, we know ourselves the better. They are surprising incarnations of the spirit of man, which is doomed to inhabit so variously. The joke consists in perceiving how this spirit adjusts itself to an odd situation, reconciles itself with queerest circumstance. In old Weller, it is a matter of stress; his difficulties never too severe, bring out the quaint philosophy of the man, and set us smiling in fellowship. Sam, at ease in the world, makes life his jest, and we ask nothing better than to laugh with one who sees so shrewdly, feels so honestly. Sam cannot away with a humbug—in this respect, Dickens' own child. Put him face to face with Job Trotter, and how his countenance shines, how his tongue is loosed! It is a great part of Sam's business in life to come into genial conflict with Job Trotter. His weapon of mockery is in the end irresistible, and a Cockney serving-man strikes many a stroke for the good of human-kind. Of course, he does not know it; that is our part, as we look on, and feel in our hearts the warmth of kindly merriment and give thanks to the great humorist who teaches us so much.

To survey all his humorous characters would be to repeat, in substance, the same remarks again and again. I have no space for a discussion, from this point of view, of the figures which have already passed before us. But of Mrs. Gamp one word. She sometimes comes into my thought together with Falstaff, and I am tempted to say that there is a certain propriety in the association. Where else since Shakespeare shall we find such force in the humorous presentment of gross humanity? The two figures, of course, stand on different planes. In Falstaff, intellect and breeding are at issue with the flesh, however sorely worsted. In Sarah Gamp, little intellect and less breeding are to be looked for, and the flesh has its way, but I discover some likeness of character. If Betsy Prig's awful assertion regarding Mrs. Harris must be held as proved, is there not a hint of resemblance between the mood that elaborated this delicious fiction and the temperative to the hero of Gadshill? A fancy—let it pass. But to my imagination the thick-tongued, leering, yet half-genial woman walks as palpably in Kingsgate street as yon mountain of a man in Eastcheap. The literary power exhibited in one and the other portrait is of the same kind; the same perfect method of idealism is put to use in converting to a source of pleasure things that in life repel or nauseate; and in both cases the sublimation of character, of circumstance, is effected by a humor which seems unsurpassable.

Inseparable from the gift of humor is that of pathos. It was Dickens' misfortune that, owing to habits of his mind already sufficiently discussed, he sometimes elaborated pathetic scenes, in the theatrical sense of the word. I do not attribute to him

*A selected reading from Charles Dickens: A Critical Study, by George Gissing. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers; 12mo, cloth; \$2.00.

the cold insincerity so common in the work of playwrights; but at times he lost self-restraint and unconsciously responded to the crude ideals of a popular audience. Emphasis and reiteration, however necessary for such hearers, were out of place in pathetic narrative. Thus it comes about that he is charged with mawkishness, and we hear of some who greatly enjoy his humor rapidly turning the pages meant to draw a tear. . . .

Of true pathos, Dickens has abundance. . . .

To the majority of readers it seemed—and perhaps still seems—that Dickens achieved his best pathos in the Christmas books. Two of those stories answered their purpose admirably; the other two showed a flagging spirit; but not even in the Carol can we look for anything to be seriously compared with the finer features of his novels. The true value of these little books lies in their deliberate illustration of a theme which occupied Dickens' mind from first to last. Writing for the season of peace, good-will, and jollity, he sets himself to exhibit these virtues in an idealization of the English home. The type of domestic beauty he finds, as a matter of course, beneath a humble roof. And we have but to glance in memory through the many volumes of his life's work to recognize that his gentlest, brightest humor, his simplest pathos, occur in those unexciting pages which depict the everyday life of poor and homely English folk. This is Dickens' most delightful aspect, and I believe it is the most certainly enduring portion of what he has left us. . . .

For his own fame, Dickens, I think, never puts his genius to better use than in the idealization of English life and character. Whatever in his work may be of doubtful interest to future time, here is its enduring feature. To be truly and profoundly national is great strength in the maker of literature. What a vast difference from all but every point of view between Dickens and Tennyson; yet it is likely enough that these two may survive together as chosen writers of the Victorian age. They are at one in their English sentiment. They excite the same emotion whenever they speak of the English home; none, I think, of their contemporaries touches so powerfully that island note. In Tennyson's glorious range, humor is not lacking; it exercises itself on a theme of the most intimately national significance, and his Northern Farmer will live as long as the poet's memory. Of humor the very incarnation, Dickens cannot think of his country without a sunny smile. In our hearts we love him for it, and so, surely, will the island people for many an age to come.

Style.....*London Spectator*

Style cannot be taught and cannot be acquired by practice, and yet a man may improve his style by care and study. This sounds like a contradiction, and yet it is the final experience in regard to style. He who would understand style and know its secrets, after he has studied the subject and apparently reached the goal of his endeavor feels much as did he who was initiated into one of the ancient mysteries. The would-be initiate heard many tantalizing stories of the wonders which he would see and hear when he was admitted to the sacred com-

pany. He would be given a fresh insight into life, and know and understand clearly things now dark and uncertain. Yet when the neophyte had achieved his initiation his disappointment must have been extreme. Instead of direct truth he was greeted with symbolism. Instead of knowledge he received paradox. He was told, no doubt, the secret name of the god; but when he came to reflect it was only a new name, and gave him no fresh light on the nature of the divine. Where he expected to hear the rule of life and the guide to achievement, he was put off with what seemed an empty paradox, told that he who seeks least finds most, that you must die before you are born, or that it is only possible to gain the true path when you know it. It is much the same with him who tries to fathom the mysteries of style. From afar off they seem real and certain if secret. Though the way may be long and hard, it is clear that those who strive may obtain initiation. As soon, however, as the student of letters has reached the temple, has forced his way in and obtained his initiation, he finds that mystery there is none, and that the so-called secrets are bare and empty paradoxes. He must learn that properly there is no such thing as style, or rather that its esoteric name is thought. He will hear, too, that it is impossible to possess style unless the world of words has been explored and the true meaning of each word understood, and yet that to know the dictionary by heart is useless without an inborn instinct. He will be told that style needs labor, nay, devotion, and yet that labor and devotion ruin style, since style must always be spontaneous. Then he will learn that the gift for style is born in men, and cannot be taught. Lastly, he finds that style is a fairy gift, and that through labor to him that hath is it given, while from him that hath not, labor will take away even that which he hath.

One might suppose that the result of such an initiation must be to make every man of letters who has got far enough to know so much a complete sceptic, or rather necessitarian, as to style. The secret of style is that there is no such thing, or if there is, that it is born in a man, and though it can hardly be improved by pain and labor, it may be destroyed thereby. "Why, then, should I bother my head any more about it? It is clear that one does quite as well by letting the words come out of one's pen, as by taking an infinity of pains to assign them their places." No doubt that is the first impulse of those who are brought face to face with the naked truth in regard to style, just as, doubtless, a similar impulse of indignant disappointment was the first that came to the sincerer spirits when they heard Demeter's secret name—some mere apt assortment of vocables—or were told that the way to reach the valley was uphill. Yet in both cases a little reflection must show that, though there is in a sense no explanation of the mystery and no secret, yet it is quite worth while to have gone through the initiation, and that there still remains much to learn and to do. Though it is literally true that style cannot be taught, and that it is rather a gift than an accomplishment, it is also true that the gift may be judiciously developed and enlarged. Hence the inner shrine of the tem-

ple is not so bare as it seemed at first, but may be profitably examined. The paradoxes, too, and riddling sentences may, if studied, yield something practical, something worth having. Therefore it is worth while to study and to write about style.

The only way to get a good style is to think clearly. Without clear and definite thinking there can be no style worth having. With clear thinking style comes almost of itself. A single piece of human experience will prove this. It is a notorious fact that the dullest and stupidest and most muddle-headed girls and young men, people who are apparently incapable of expression, will once in their lives write well. They can each and all write a good love-letter. If a man or a maid is really and deeply in love, and not shamming, he or she will be sure to write well. The reason is plain—for once in their lives they have something to say. They know what to say, and so can say it. There is no such thing as people being incapable of expressing themselves. They are incapable of thinking. If they could think clearly the words would come. The main, the essential, thing, then, is to have something to say. If you have, style will take care of itself.

Bothering about words and their meaning is no good then, and it is useless to study great models? By no means. The meaning of words is worth thinking about, because there is a reflex action in words. They help us to think, help us to have something to say. They are tools no doubt. But when an intelligent workman sees a new tool, or an old tool with a specially good edge on it, it stimulates him to try a new piece of work or to better an old piece. Hence, though we cannot acquire style directly by "pottering over words," the study of words may help us indirectly by making us think more deeply and more clearly, and so make us more capable of expression. For example, it is worth while to know as many synonyms as possible, because there is really no such thing as a synonym. A so-called synonym is another word not with the same, but with a slightly different meaning. Therefore he who knows all the synonyms for a word may, when he is thinking out a subject connected with that word, clear and help his thought very greatly by being able to fit to it the exactest shade of meaning. There is yet another point where study may help style. The object of a sentence, i. e., a thought expressed in words, is never merely to make a pleasant noise. Its object is double. Firstly, to express or state the thought as clearly and justly and unambiguously as possible. Next, since men write not for themselves but for others, its object is also to convey the thought into the minds of others—to express it, that is, in the form which will give it the easiest entry into other minds. Mere clear thinking would be quite enough to carry out the first object. It is often, but not always, enough to carry out the second. Therefore the writer has in his style to cultivate the art of getting entrance through the barred doors of other minds. He must carry men's hearts by assault. He must, to borrow from South, not merely state the bare need of salvation, but pierce men's hearts, and make them cry aloud, "Men and masters, what must we do?" Now, for this assault on other minds style wants,

besides clear thinking, first of all the power to provoke what Hazlitt called "the extreme characteristic expression of the thing written about." That is, if you mean sapphire you must not hint blue or mumble blue, but call up the sense of translucency and of hardness and of flashing light as well as of blue, for unless you express these also you will not get the extreme characteristic expression of a sapphire, and so get entry for the thought of sapphire into your neighbor's mind. Next, you must remember that everything is not won by force, and recognize that harmony and melody mesmerize men's minds and make them impressionable. Thus the style that wins its way easiest will always be beautiful in sound, and hence the melody of prose. The walls of the mental Jericho fall down before the sound of the lute as well as of the trumpet. Hence no one who would gain a quick and easy reception for his thought can possibly reject the aid of melody—though be it always understood that melody is a melody different, both in kind and degree, from the melody of poetry. Style depends, then, first on thought, secondly on expressiveness, which is however in reality allied to thought, and, thirdly, on melody. The first two may, to some extent, be acquired by mental training; and the last, though it is in its highest expression a gift, may be improved by study. We come, then, back to this, that style in the last resort is a gift, for the power of thought, like the instinct for melody, is born in a man. But the gift is one which can be improved. The possessor, indeed, is, as a rule, impelled to improve it. The man who is born with the gift of style, whatever his lot, will perforce spend his energies in improving it. Abraham Lincoln, for example, was born with this gift. He did not become a man of letters; but for all that, he gradually and consciously, or unconsciously, improved his gift till his style in the Second Inaugural gave forth the thrilling yet sonorous tones of some great organ-pipe. What, then, the initiated scholar hears in the inner shrine of the temple of letters is true. Unless you are born with the gift of style, it is useless to try to acquire it. If you are born with it, it will improve itself even without your conscious care.

The Origin of Impressionism in England.....Quarterly Review

Impressionism is a word, to repeat the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, "in the air" just now. There is impressionist music, there are impressionist pictures, there is impressionist literature, even impressionist criticism. The aim, we take it, of an impressionist is to excite or recall an emotion or a set of emotions more or less familiar to his public. His appeal is to experience, his medium is the feelings, his method a style of suggestion rather than of representation. That such a method has its peculiar fitness we should be the last to deny; but when it is claimed that the whole domain of art is a province of the emotions, it is difficult to be serious; the pretensions, moreover, of modern impressionism to novelty are absolutely unfounded. There were impressionists in the later days of Elizabeth, and, again, impressionists when George III. was King. The first were the outcome of Renaissance riot and Italian influence; the second were part of that reaction against formalism which in religion was evi-

denced by Wesley, in painting by Romney and Gainsborough, and by Dr. Donne, Sterne, and Keats, the lineal fathers of our literary impressionism.

We have mentioned the Renaissance, and in this regard some explanatory comments are needed, for its spirit was not, as is often hastily assumed, a pure revival of Hellenic and Latin influence. To present an action ancestral or mythical, in language heightened yet restrained, was the scope of classical epic and drama; even their lyrical poetry—that offspring of moods—proved, for the Greek and Roman, definite and unsentimental. Their music shunned what Plato called “mixed modes.” Catullus himself, the least classical of the classics—with his strong sense of sunny life every veering toward the absolute gloom of the grave—never discloses undercurrents or backwaters in his transparent ripples of verse. Lesbia’s sparrow is dead; Lesbia weeps; there’s an end. Let Lesbia and the poet live and love together, for the night cometh when no man can live or love. Everywhere, even in his least effusions, there is finality—a distinct statement with what we should now describe as “a moral”—no attempts at hinting things “that do often lie too deep for tears”; still less any endeavors to move us incidentally or indirectly. What is understood by us as the “sentimental” is alien from the classical style. The revival, then, of paganism in the sixteenth century was not of itself likely to stimulate the personal and plaintive side of literature. The classical models were imitated; their license was exceeded; both conduct and opinion were in revolt against the tyranny of priests and the formulas of schoolmen. But side by side with these tendencies was the parallel—in some respects the similar—rebellion of the Reformation, which, whether, as in England, founded on a national protest against foreign interference, or, as in Germany, on a democratic impatience of papal dictation, was consistent in this, that it reasserted the claim to private judgment and restored the Bible to the people. One cannot overestimate the power of our own noble version on English literature; it is hardly too much to say that its largeness of vocabulary was Shakespeare’s.

The license then of the Renaissance Hellenism was leavened and tempered by the liberty of the Reformation Hebraism. Now, the Hebrew genius, from Genesis to Heine, is eminently personal and plaintive. The Scriptures teem with lyrical appeals to the inner life of feeling, of aspiration, of emotion; and their machinery is consequently one of vivid suggestion, of passionate exaltation, rather than of eloquent reasoning or harmonious presentment. To employ the jargon of the schools, the Scriptures are “subjective”; the classics, “objective.” “It” was the theme of Greece and Rome; “I,” of Judea. What Greek or Roman would have imaged death by the silver cord being loosed and the golden bowl being broken when the mourners go about the streets and man goeth to his long home? These are the notes of sentimental impressionism; whereas the darkness covering the eyes of Homeric heroes, the “*Quisque suos patimur manes*” of Virgil, the “*Non omnis moriar*” of Horace, fail to strike or stir the chords of inmost feeling. Both the Old and the New Testaments

are pervaded by a sense of the infinite environing the individual, while the emphasis of the classical accent is, as we have said, finality objectively sublimed. In the personal and plaintive is to be found the method of what we style “Impressionism.” It follows from what we have urged that impressionist writing is a department of sentimental literature eminently adapted for lyrical poetry, or for such prose as lends itself to vivid glimpses of life or nature through the medium of awakened associations. But it is not to be restricted to lyrical poetry. “Here I and sorrow sit,” for example, strikes an intenser note of desolation than pages of descriptive analysis: “I kissed thee ere I killed thee” flashes before us the speaker’s whole complex nature; so does Shylock’s “I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys”; so, again, does Gretchen’s

“Doch—alles, was mich dazu trieb,
Gott, war so gut! ach, war so lieb!”

None the less, however, is it unsuitable for prolonged or sustained employment; it is only truthful, and, by consequence, valuable, where the incompleteness, so to speak, of its statement is counterbalanced by the completeness of its suggestion. The tests, then, of how and when it is used must be applied, and we should never allow ourselves to believe that impressionism is “per se” a royal road to imaginative interpretation or is to be admired as an end in itself.

The Right Reception of Poetry.....A. T. Quiller-Couch.....The Speaker

Wordsworth, in telling us what the mind’s attitude should be toward nature, has told us once for all what it should be toward a work of art:

The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves the mind impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Poetry is not even written by striving. It is not (says Shelley) like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. “A man cannot say, ‘I will compose poetry.’ The greatest poet, even, cannot say it.” Still less can it be understood by striving. As the truth of Newton’s Principia and the truth of Milton’s Paradise Lost are different, so must the attitude of the mind be different to receive them. A man must strive before he can master scientific truth; but for spiritual truth, which is the truth of poetry, he must be prepared (and the discipline is no easier, perhaps) to stand and wait in “a wise passiveness.” We admit that poetry as well as religion has a spiritual message. And concerning religion we admit its spiritual message to be an immediate one; the admission being implied when we exhort men to “become as little children” and accept it passively, docilely, with a clean and plastic mind. The spiritual message of poetry must be received in a similar attitude. It, too, is immediate; and the prepared soul has not to fret and seek after it, but to abide the happy moment and the true footstep.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: JOHN HAY

By F. M. HOPKINS

Colonel John Hay was born in Salem, Ind., 1838. He graduated from Brown University when twenty years of age; studied law at Springfield, Ill., and began practice there in 1861. When Lincoln became President he was chosen Assistant Secretary. Shortly after the war he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Paris, afterward to Vienna, and still later was transferred to Madrid as *Chargé d'Affaires*. He returned to New York in 1871, and joined the staff of the New York Tribune. Upon the inauguration of President McKinley, Colonel Hay was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Colonel Hay's literary career has been a brilliant one. His biography of President Lincoln writes in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, attracted wide attention at the time of its publication in the Century, and stands first among the biographies of the great Emancipator. His *Castilian Days*, rich in history, romance and acute observation, has been generally recognized as the best book on Spain in the English language. Some of his short speeches, delivered in London during the past year, have been models of appropriate thought and elegant English.

Colonel Hay's poetry has brought him even greater fame than his prose. His *Pike County Ballads*, 1871, celebrated in dialect phases of early Western character and as robust, hearty pictures of real life have never been equaled in American literature except by Bret Harte. The collected edition of his poems, 1890, called attention anew to the beauty and finish of his minor poetry. The selections printed herewith have few rivals of their kind in grace and melody. We have refrained from reprinting any of Colonel Hay's dialect poems because they have nearly all appeared at one time or another in the pages of Current Literature, and beside they are known almost by heart by the average American reader.

ON THE BLUFF.

O grandly flowing river!
O silver-gliding river!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious river!
O sunset-kindled river!
Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue
On a summer day that shone here,
When we were all alone here,
And the blue eyes were too wise
To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive river!
O still unanswering river!
The shivering willows quiver
As the night-winds moan and rave.
From the past a voice is calling,
From heaven a star is falling,
And dew swells in the blue-bells
Above her hillside grave.

WHEN PHYLLIS LAUGHS.

When Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzled eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.
In crinkled eyelids hid love lies,
In the soft curving lips I prize
Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.
Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Italian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might,
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:—
"Have mercy, mighty angel—hear my story!
"I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.
"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.
"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."
Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"
But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"
The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.
But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.
She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"
She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."
The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

NIGHT IN VENICE.

Love, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.
We dreamed that ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
I felt—in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
Those breezes warm with bygone lovers' sighs—
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old lovers of Venice in my heart.

CHRISTINE.

The beauty of the northern dawns,
 Their pure, pale light is thine;
 Yet all the dreams of tropic nights
 Within thy blue eyes shine.
 Not statelier in their prisoning seas
 The icebergs grandly move,
 But in thy smile is youth and joy,
 And in thy voice is love.

Thou art like Hecla's crest that stands
 So lonely, proud, and high,
 No earthly thing may come between
 Her summit and the sky.
 The sun in vain may strive to melt
 Her crown of virgin snow—
 But the great heart of the mountain glows
 With the deathless fire below.

WORDS.

When violets were springing
 And sunshine filled the day,
 And happy birds were singing
 The praises of the May,
 A word came to me, blighting
 The beauty of the scene,
 And in my heart was winter,
 Though all the trees were green.

Now down the blast go sailing
 The dead leaves brown and sere;
 The forests are bewailing
 The dying of the year;
 A word comes to me, lighting
 With rapture all the air,
 And in my heart is summer,
 Though all the trees are bare.

THE WHITE FLAG.

I sent my love two roses—one
 As white as driven snow,
 And one a blushing royal red,
 A flaming jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my faith;
 That night I should divine,
 The moment I should see my love,
 If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
 She'll wear my blushing rose;
 If not, she'll wear my cold *Lamarque*,
 As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her: sure
 I had been overbold,
 For on her breast my pale rose lay
 In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
 With smiles divinely tender;
 Upon her cheek the red rose dawned,
 The white rose meant surrender.

IN A GRAVEYARD.

In the dewy depths of the graveyard
 I lie in the tangled grass,
 And watch, in the sea of azure,
 The white cloud-islands pass.

The birds in the rustling branches
 Sing gayly overhead;
 Gray stones like sentinel spectres
 Are guarding the silent dead.

The early flowers sleep shaded
 In the cool green noonday glooms;
 The broken light falls shuddering
 On the cold white face of the tombs.

Without, the world is smiling
 In the infinite love of God,
 But the sunlight fails and falters
 When it falls on the churchyard sod.

On me the joyous rapture
 Of a heart's first love is shed,
 But it falls on my heart as coldly
 As sunlight on the dead.

THE PRAIRIE.

The skies are blue above my head,
 The prairie green below,
 And flickering o'er the tufted grass
 The shifting shadows go,
 Vague sailing, where the feathery clouds
 Fleck white the tranquil skies,
 Black javelins darting where aloft
 The whirring pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance
 The dim horizon bounds,
 Where all the air is resonant
 With sleepy summer sounds—
 The life that sings among the flowers,
 The whispering of the breeze,
 The hot cicada's sultry cry,
 The murmurous dream of bees.

The butterfly—a flying flower—
 Wheels swift in flashing rings,
 And flutters round his quiet kin,
 With brave flame-mottled wings.
 The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,
 The phlox' bright clusters shine,
 The prairie cups are swinging free
 To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,
 In liberal splendor rolled,
 The fennel fills the dipping plain
 With floods of flowery gold;
 And widely weaves the iron weed
 A woof of purple dyes
 Where autumn's royal feet may tread
 When bankrupt summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away
 The prairie billows gleam,
 Upon their crests in blessing rests
 The noontide's gracious beam.
 Low quivering vapors steaming dim
 The level splendors break
 Where languid lilies deck the rim
 Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the east like low-hung clouds
 The waving woodlands lie;
 Far in the west the glowing plain
 Melts warmly in the sky.
 No accent wounds the reverent air,
 No footprint dints the sod;
 Lone in the light the prairie lies,
 Rapt in a dream of God.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

*William Henry Drummond,
Author of The Habitant* A recent issue of the New York Sun contains this brief sketch of William Henry Drummond, author of *The Habitant*, and *Other French Canadian Poems*, from whose pages *Current Literature* has more than once quoted of late:

While on a visit to this town recently Dr. Drummond, who, unlike most poets, is not very willing to talk about his own writings, gave some information about how he came to take the French Canadian "habitant" for a subject, and so "blaze a new track" that had never been tried by anybody else. To judge from the book one would fancy that Dr. Drummond had lived among those people all his life. But the contrary is the case. He is now about forty, and only twenty-five years of his life have been spent in this country. He was born in County Longford, Ireland, and lived later on among the wild hills by the Bay of Donegal.

As a physician he has not lived among the French Canadians, but in Montreal. What country practice he had, was in certain sections peopled by Gaelic speaking Highlanders. But he did meet the real French Canadian on hunting trips, in lumber camps and in the woods. Then he got into the way of using the fellow's own peculiar dialect almost unconsciously. On one occasion a raftsmen in describing a storm stretched out his hands and said: "The wind she blow, blow, blow." That was the nucleus out of which grew the familiar verses that convey so graphically the paradoxical and yet vivid use of English which marks the dialect. The *Wreck of the Julie Plante* was written when Dr. Drummond was very young, and even after it had made a hit in an unpublished condition, for he never had it put into print until recently, he only looked on his verses as an amusement for himself and not as things to be seriously considered. Another of the poems, *Le Vieux Temps* was written with a view to taking the place of a set speech at a dinner. A recent one was composed for a festivity in connection with the visit of the British Medical Society to Montreal. But the mass of them were simply the result of some incident that gave the inspiration and was put down just for the entertainment of the writer himself. One advantage of this method was that the "pot boiling" element did not enter into them. But on the other hand, a number of them were lost in a manuscript form, and, of course, there is no means of recovery.

The dialect used in the "habitant" poems is the result of an effort to set down on paper the speech of the French Canadians when they use English. The inflection of voice of these people is different in certain respects from that of the European French. Consequently, for a proper appreciation of some of the passages it is necessary to have an idea of the way the words are sounded in order that the verses may read smoothly.

For the most part the French Canadians have taken kindly to these studies of themselves and their peculiarities. But a few of the more ignorant of them have objected on the ground that their people were held up to ridicule. That there was no

such intention is manifest to anybody who looks into the book. The conclusion that forces itself on one is that the writer was enthusiastic about the subject, and that he saw only the good points of the French Canadians.

His love of the woods and an outdoor life has given Dr. Drummond the opportunity to keep on adding fresh types to his collection. He is an active member of several of the big Canadian hunting clubs, one of which, the Laurentian, has a large tract of territory all to itself. Perhaps his adherence to the sect of Izaak Walton has something to do with the good temper that pervades his writings. He has the record for the second largest salmon ever known to have been caught with a rod in Canadian waters. One of the advantages he finds in living in Montreal is that excellent fishing grounds are within easy reach of the city. As often as he can he escapes from town and gets into the wilderness. He does not hesitate to say that his idea of paradise is to be able to live as many months of the year as you want to in the woods, with a good library, the right sort of company and the proper fishing tackle. But such possible joys can be indulged in only in fragments instead of continuously, owing to the necessity of being on the spot for professional duties.

Although born in Ireland, Dr. Drummond belongs to a Highland Scottish family. He holds very decided views on the "Scotch-Irish" question, considering the phrase a misnomer. He never fails to point out that as the Highlands were colonized by Celts from Ireland, and as a number of the descendants of these people returned as Scottish colonists to the north of Ireland, their descendants in turn would be more properly designated by the term Irish-Scots.

A writer in the London Academy makes the following comment on Joaquin Miller, and interesting extracts from his new *Complete Poetical Works*:

Nearly thirty years ago London literary society was amused by the apparition of Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. In sombrero and serape, with unshorn locks, and riding boots reaching to his waist, this child of the West cut a sufficiently picturesque figure among our own decorous "biled shirt" bards. He came, he saw, and in the main he conquered. He had detractors, it is true, but the late Lord Houghton stood his friend, and not a few persons bought his poems, and many young men quoted them and dreamed of emigration; and then the Buffalo Bill of poesy vanished as suddenly as he had come, and until the other day he was but a name. A few weeks ago, however, the news reached this country that Joaquin Miller, who has been describing the scenes at Klondike for a New York paper, was severely frostbitten, having been caught in a blizzard, and is now cooped up in the cabin of a little ice-bound steamer on the Yukon River waiting for the liberation which the warm weather will bring somewhere about July. Almost simultaneously Messrs.

Whitaker & Ray, of San Francisco, have forwarded to us the complete edition of his poems, which they have just prepared—a considerable volume of upwards of three hundred double-column pages.

In the notes to this book he partially tells again the story of his English visit in 1870-71, much of which—his pilgrimage to Newstead Abbey, his conversation with Rossetti, and so on—has been already related in his book, *Memorie and Rime*. His new reminiscences are well worth reading. Thus:

"I had taken rooms at Museum street, a few doors from the greatest storehouse of art and history on the globe, and I literally lived in the British Museum every day. But I had already overtaxed my strength, and my eyes were paining terribly. Never robust, I had always abhorred meat; and milk, from a child, had been my strongest drink. In the chill damp of England you must eat and drink. I was, without knowing it, starving and working myself to death. Always and wherever you are, when a bit of hard work is done, rest and refresh. Go to the fields, woods, to God, and get strong. This is your duty as well as your right.

"Letters—sweet, brave, good letters from the learned and great—were so many I could not read them with my poor eyes and had to leave them to friends. They found two from the Archbishop of Dublin. I was to breakfast with him to meet Browning, Dean Stanley, Houghton, and so on. I went to an old Jew close by to hire a dress suit, as Franklin had done for the Court of St. James. While fitting on the clothes I told him I was in haste to go to a great breakfast. He stopped, looked at me, looked me all over, then told me I must not wear that, but he would hire me a suit of velvet. By degrees, as he fixed me up, he got at, or guessed at, some facts, and when I asked to pay him he shook his head. I put some money down and he pushed it back. He said he had a son, his only family now, at Oxford, and he kept on fixing me up; cane, great tall silk hat, gloves and all. Who would have guessed the heart to be found there?

"Browning was just back from Italy, sunburnt, and ruddy. 'Robert, you are browning,' smiled Lady Augusta. 'And you are August-a,' bowed the great poet grandly; and, by what coincidence—he, too, was in brown velvet, and so like my own that I was a bit uneasy.

"Two of the Archbishop's beautiful daughters had been riding in the Park with the Earl of Aberdeen. 'And did you gallop?' asked Browning of the younger beauty. 'I galloped, Joyce galloped, we galloped all three.' Then we all laughed at the happy and hearty retort, and Browning, beating the time and clang of galloping horses' feet on the table with his fingers, repeated the exact measure in Latin from Virgil; and the Archbishop laughingly took it up, in Latin, where he left off. I then told Browning I had an order—it was my first—for a poem from the Oxford Magazine, and would like to borrow the measure and spirit of his Good News for a prairie fire on the plains, driving buffalo and all other life before it into a river. 'Why not

borrow from Virgil, as I did? He is as rich as one of your gold mines, while I am but a poor scribe.' And this was my first of inner London.

"Fast on top of this came breakfasts with Lord Houghton, lunch with Browning, a dinner with Rossetti to meet the great painters; the good old Jew garmenting me always, and always pushing back the pay."

Joaquin Miller's English book, *Songs of the Sierras*, was only moderately popular. Its "literary" quality was disappointing: readers wanted an entirely new note, whereas instead the child of the untrammelled West was found to have read his Byron to some purpose. He did not utter the spontaneous and barbaric yawp that was wished. He was also too fluent, too careless of form. His lines tumbled out, as a waterfall tumbles over a rock. The rush was fine, but individual beauties were lacking. There was no nicety of epithet. People prized the poet for his glow, his generous creed, his simplicity; but few readers turned to the book again, and that is, perhaps, the best proof of a poet's failure. Yet there are haunting passages even in these loose Songs which are not songs at all.

Here is another extract from the new reminiscences:

"Born to the saddle, and bred by a chain of events to ride with the wind until I met the stolid riders of England, I can now see how it was that Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, and others of the saddle and 'meet' gave me ready place in their midst. Not that the English were less daring; but they were less fortunate—may I say less experienced? I recall the fact that I once found Lord Houghton's brother, Lord Crewe, and his son also, under the hands of the surgeon in New York—one with a broken thigh, and the other with a few broken ribs. But in all our hard riding I never had a scratch.

"One morning Trollope hinted that my immunity was due to my big Spanish saddle, which I had brought from Mexico City. I threw my saddle on the grass and rode without so much as a blanket. And I rode neck to neck; and then left them all behind and nearly every one unhorsed.

"Prince Napoleon was of the party that morning; and as the gentlemen pulled themselves together on the return he kept by my side, and finally proposed a tour through Notts and Sherwood Forest on horseback. And so it fell out that we rode together much.

"But he had already been persistently trained in the slow military methods, and it was in vain that I tried to teach him to cling to his horse and climb into the saddle as he ran, after the fashion of Indians and vaqueros. He admired it greatly, but seemed to think it unbecoming a soldier.

"It was at the Literary Fund dinner, where Stanley and Prince Napoleon stood together when they made their speeches, that I saw this brave and brilliant young man for the last time. He was about to set out for Africa with the English troops to take part in the Zulu war.

"He seemed very serious. When about to separate he took my hand, and, looking me all the time in the face, placed a large diamond on my finger,

saying something about its being from the land to which he was going. I refused to take it, for I had heard that the Emperor died poor. But as he begged me to keep it, at least till he should come back, it has hardly left my hand since he placed it there.

"Piteous that this heir to the throne of France should die alone in the yellow grass at the hand of savages in that same land where the great Emperor had said: 'Soldiers, from yonder pyramids twenty centuries behold your deeds.'"

Joaquin Miller's visit ended suddenly. A return of blindness and general sickness disabled him; and the news of the illness of his sister recalled the wanderer home. Since then he has played many parts and published several books.

The following extract also, concerning the methods of work employed by different writers, is from one of the numerous foot-notes in this new volume already quoted by the Academy:

"As to the position of the body when at work that is as you please.

"I generally found George Eliot doubled up on a sofa, her legs up under her, heaps of rugs and a pad on her lap.

"I read that Mrs. Browning always wrote in bed.

"I know that Mrs. Wagner—Madge Morris—does, while Miss Coolbrith writes, she tells me, on her feet, going along about her affairs till her poem is complete, and then writing it down exactly as she framed it in her mind.

"Harriet Prescott Spofford writes on a pad in her lap in the parlor, under the trees with a party, takes part in the talk as she writes, and is generally the brightest of the company. Lady Hardy told me that she could only write with her face to the blank wall, while Miss Braddon, the prolific, showed me her desk bowered in her Richmond Hill garden, where she wrote to the song of birds about forty popular novels. I find that men differ quite as widely in their preference of place and attitude. But it is to be noted that each person has a preference; and this preference must be respected to have your best results.

"For instance, Anthony Trollope, a ponderous man, always wrote standing straight as a post to a high desk, his watch before him, beginning always at a certain moment and ending exactly the same. That watch would have landed me in a madhouse.

"Whittier and Longfellow wrote on their desks with everything at hand and in order, and had perfect quiet.

"I am told that other great scribes of New England were all of the same discipline.

"Bret Harte is equally exacting and orderly. He once told me that the first line was always a cigar, and sometimes two cigars.

"I reckon Walt Whitman could write anywhere. I once was with him on top of a Fifth avenue omnibus, above a sea of people, when he began writing on the edge of a newspaper, and he kept it up for half an hour, although his elbow was almost continuously tangled up with that of the driver.

"As for myself, I can write but in one place and

in one position, and but at one certain time. Yet this may be all a habit. At the same time I must respect this habit of preference to do my work as duty demands. In the first place, then, a good dinner at my mother's table, with all my house, and maybe some friends about me, no newspapers on the place, no mail may be for a week, if the work to be done is important, and all work should be, then to bed with the birds and a full night's rest, my door wide open, my coffee in bed at daylight, then a cigar, if I can find one, and as it burns to the end I begin to write till about twelve, when I dress, breakfast, and then I spend the rest of the day in the fields till dinner.

* * * * *

"My own best stimulant or conception of work with life and action in it, is a strong house, room, woods, the wild, rolling hills. In truth, were you to take all out that has come to me in this way there would be little left worth reading."

The novelist, F. Hopkinson Smith, a reading from whose

latest book appears on another page, is thus described by Roger Riordan in *The Critic*:

The author of *A White Umbrella* and Colonel Carter of Cartersville is at home everywhere on earth. His orbit touches Omaha and Constantinople. In winter he shines from the lecture platform upon the Hyperboreans of Chicago and Council Bluffs; in summer he sketches in Peter Jansen's rowboat upon the lazy Maas, or moors his gondola to the stones of Venice; or, accompanied by his German dragoman and a Turkish policeman in plain clothes, he goes voyaging in a painted caique "adown the billowy Bosphorus." At intervals he builds lighthouses and writes books. His business is pleasure, and it is his pleasure to be busy. There are few men living who have got so much out of life.

His house in Thirty-fourth street, New York, is a sort of "entrepôt" and headquarters, where he stores the spoils of travel, and now and then stays over night. Its staircase is lined with sketches, its reception-room with old brocade; his studio, on the top floor, is full of Chinese embroideries, Venetian mirrors, Mexican pottery, Japanese masks, Turkish rugs, Cuban machetes, Spanish water-jars, and old Dutch copper vessels. By each of these things hangs a tale. This bit of flowered brocade has clothed a statue of the Virgin. It was her feast-day in Guanajuato, and he piously presented her with a new robe, and as piously carried off the old one. Espero has brought him his coffee in this quaint little copper coffeepot upon the Grand Canal; and a Dordrecht waitress has yielded to him (for love, or money, who shall say?) these shining silver plates from her headdress. There are souvenirs of places and people not so far away. There are tiles painted by members of the Tile Club, Chase and Abbey, and others; and, in an ancient cupboard, a set of old china, a legacy from a lady who, once upon a time, entertained weary artists in a condemned canalboat upon the Harlem. In the midst of all this, fancy a man of medium height, still active, though growing stout, with iron-gray hair, close cropped, and gray mus-

taches, looking, at the first glance, like a prosperous French man of affairs. When he speaks, however, this illusion vanishes, for his voice has the peculiar ring and his gestures the illustrative significance which are acquired to the full by no one but the American lecturer. And he is apt to show you the framed bond given by his ancestor, Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, as security for a loan, and the lender's receipts, showing that that gentleman honestly paid his debt.

Though he will tell you that he is an engineer by profession, and practices literature and painting for relaxation, he is most willing to talk about the principles which should govern the artist. He avows his belief in the naturalistic school. As a painter he would almost echo Lessing's cry, "From the eye straight to the hand and the brush." But, though he will not hear of painting dreams, or ideas, or even impressions, he allows imagination to gild the truth, and he dwells on the importance of the point of view, the chosen moment, the passing light, the atmosphere. Truth first, however. Neither Turner nor Ziem have painted Venice truly. Turner's Venice is a city of vision, like the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, beautiful, if you will, but not so beautiful as the truth. As for Ziem, you may haunt the red wall of the Public Garden, at the golden hour of 5 P. M., from year's end to year's end, and never see the wall that Ziem paints, nor the sky, nor the water, nor the trees.

These unprincipled painters have deceived the world, and are responsible for the disappointment experienced by many traveling Americans; and all to no purpose, for the facts are better than their fancies. And, as the painter should paint the truth—with just a "soupçon" of the unreal, so should the novelist draw from life and restrain his tendency to indulge in fiction. Nature is the only source of originality. God is variability. He clothes his tree with a million leaves, each different, each an aspiration. Man would stop at ten. So, in life, the same characters do not appear to all upon the stage. God creates no two Gentlemen Vagabonds. Nature does not do business by sample cards. Let, then, the novelist copy nature and he will be original. But, as we have a faculty called imagination, let it play around and over the crude fact, like an amber varnish over the picture, giving tone, but not transforming the contours.

Of his books, Mr. Smith prefers those which go deepest into facts. The idle reader may choose the sunshine and the pleasant gossip about out-of-the-way places in *A Day at Laguerre's* and *Well-Worn Roads*, or the humor of *Colonel Carter* or *A Gentleman Vagabond*; he has put more of himself and of others into *Tom Grogan* and *Caleb West*. It is his ambition to depict the American workingman as he really is; and there can be few writers so well prepared for the task. He knows the life from within and from without. At sixteen he has helped in a store; for two years he has, as he expresses it, carried his dinner-pail as a day laborer; and, as an engineer and as a business man, he has superintended the labors of others. In *Caleb West*, just concluded in *The Atlantic*, he draws upon his own experience in lighthouse build-

ing, and every character is real, and incidents, when not strictly true, have been invented after the nature.

But even his lighter works are not without a purpose. He sees that materialism is the bane of our civilization. Neither high nor low, the laborer nor his employer have any other end in view than money. All are trying to snatch the same prize, oblivious of the fact that there are others, perhaps, better worth winning. He would show to millionaire and wage-earner alike the beauties of nature and of art; he would have them take time to enjoy the sunshine, to read, to look at good pictures and good statues. He thinks it the rich man's duty, to himself in the first place, and to his fellow-man after, to provide these pleasures; and asks, What shall it profit him to keep his soul in a tin box? For himself, he is not rich, but he has not stinted himself of leisure and pleasure; has not always lived in harness, head down and eyes blinkered. The west, he says, is ruled by women's clubs, because the men will attend to nothing but business; even in the east the man who forms a library, or a collection of paintings, or of porcelains, is a rare exception. Money is power; but if used for no other purpose than to store up more power, some day the accumulated force will wreck the machinery that created it. It has been his consistent aim, in all his work, to lead people to derive profit or amusement from all their faculties; he is a slave who does but one thing; a man's life should be like that of the great world, a scene of varied and changing effort. His own life has certainly answered to his ideal.

Israel Zangwill

Writing in the *Bookman* of
Israel Zangwill, the Rev. Isi-

dore Harris says:

The child of foreign Jewish parents in humble circumstances, he was born in London in 1864, passed his early childhood in Bristol and Plymouth, and returned to spend his youth among those east-end scenes which he has portrayed in *The Children of the Ghetto*. Admitted into the Jews' Free School, Spitalfields—the largest elementary school in the British Empire—he won three scholarships, became a pupil teacher, and, in due course, a full-fledged teacher.

In his first year he conducted a large class of sixty boys, with whom he accomplished the hitherto unprecedented feat of passing one hundred per cent. in the sixth standard. It was a "tour de force" that he put himself to execute of set purpose. He wished to use his success as a lever for protesting against the system of elementary instruction then in vogue. Corporal punishment was not allowed, but was resorted to "sub rosa." He considered that a moderate amount of such punishment was indispensable to the maintenance of discipline. At the same time, he declined to do anything that was not open and above board. His difference of opinion with the management on this question led to his resignation and not a little unpleasantness. He left, without means or "character," the school which now proudly claims him as its own. Thanks to his agitation, which the Union of Teachers recognized by a spe-

cial vote of thanks, the régime has since been modified. Elementary teachers are no longer driven to employ the cane in dishonest secrecy.

His first book, *The Premier and the Painter*, had already been published (in collaboration with a fellow-teacher) while he was still at the Free-School. Though the writers were unknown, and exhibited their literary inexperience by crowding into a single volume enough wit and matter for three of four, *The Premier and the Painter* attracted the approving notice of some discerning critics. He had also at this time written several of his *Ghetto Tragedies*. The editor who, in the earlier stages of Mr. Zangwill's career, bought and published most of his work was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

There was a period in his early career when Mr. Zangwill edited a comic paper, *Ariel*, which he has described as one of those publications which are most appreciated by their free list. One of the *Punch* staff recently told him that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. They were not always successful.

Of course, Mr. Zangwill can now command large prices for his works, but considering the smallness of his output, his remuneration is nothing like as large as might be supposed. As a matter of fact, he does not, like many popular novelists, write for money's sake. He has refused scores of commissions that would have brought him in money and nothing else. While he is writing, he thinks only of his art. But he has to live, and therefore when once his work is finished, he regards it as a marketable commodity for which he is entitled to get as good a price as possible.

In proof of the sincerity of his views, one need only look to his home life, which is simplicity itself. He lives in an unfashionable London suburb, and in a house the visitor to which is at once struck by the complete absence from his surroundings of anything betokening smug prosperity. Horse-riding and travel are the only two luxuries he permits himself, and both are indispensable to his work. A highly temperate liver, he does not even smoke. His library is a barely furnished and untidy-looking apartment, filled with books that are for use and not for ornament. There are no first editions, no leather bindings; but his collection contains the best and most serviceable things that have been written in three or four languages, and a preponderance of works on metaphysics, of which he is a close student.

The only books one misses from the shelves are the author's own works, of which he can never keep a set; they are either begged, borrowed, or stolen. As for papers, they litter the whole room, and overflow into an adjoining one. Drawers are stuffed full of letters from all sorts of eminent people, many from professionals who write to say how the reading of *The Master* has helped them in their life-work. A large, battered trunk is crammed with press cuttings. Letters and cuttings are in the sublimest confusion. Every two or three days there is a clearance of the papers that accumulate on the writing table. The mantelpiece is loaded with the spoils of travel. A cabinet and a few other pieces of antique furniture are not his. They have

been collected by his brother, Louis Zangwill ("Z. Z."), who lives with him, and often writes his novels at the same table.

In this connection it may be mentioned that so far from having made the reputations of his two brothers, Louis and Mark, both the novelist and the artist have suffered from a relationship which has overshadowed them. People naturally rush to the conclusion that there cannot be three clever men in one family, and they attribute whatever publicity the younger men may have attained to the influence of their brother. Louis Zangwill had to adopt the pseudonym "Z. Z." to save confusion. In his reviews of books in the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Cosmopolis*, Israel Zangwill felt constrained to ignore his brother's works out of deference to a censorious world. This was hardly fair to "Z. Z.," but "Z. Z.," who has now set up as a critic on his own account, threatens to repay him in kind.

As to Israel Zangwill's methods of work, they may be described as irregular. He writes in great spurts of industry, which are preceded by weeks in which he can do nothing except read and study. When this feeling has worn off, he begins to grow restless. Then he takes up his writing again, and never puts it down until he has finished. He requires frequent change, and finds a long stay in London depressing.

Mr. Zangwill has done a deal of lecturing in various parts of the world. Within the past twelve months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland, and Ireland.

Elizabeth A. Vore writes to
Mrs. J. Torrey Connor Current Literature as follows

of Mrs. J. Torrey Connor:

Mrs. J. Torrey Connor, the clever young magazine writer who has recently gone as special correspondent for Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly* to Mexico, is one of the most successful and promising of the younger writers of California. Mrs. Connor lives in Los Angeles, where she has a pleasant home. Her success along literary lines has been rapid and is watched with great interest by those who appreciate good literature. Her specialty is descriptive writing, but she has written many bright bits of verse of an exceedingly graceful character, three volumes of which have been republished. The last, a recent publication, *In the Footsteps of the Franciscans*, is a dainty little souvenir book of a distinctive Californian coloring. The verse is some of Mrs. Connor's best, and republished from *Munsey's Magazine*, *Demorest's Monthly*, and other Eastern and Western magazines. She is an untiring writer and illustrates much of her work herself. In addition to a long list of accomplishments she is also a successful song writer, having written the words for a number of popular songs, the composer being her gifted young sister-in-law of Oakland. Mrs. Connor is of a very vivacious, sunny temperament, and is a favorite in society. As if all this were not enough for one woman, the gods have blest this clever young writer with unusual beauty, and she has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women in southern California. Mrs. Connor is the sister of Mr. Eugene Torrey, the well-known California artist.

A VICTIM OF SPANISH TREACHERY

[The following is an extract from an old book, *Reminiscences of Fifty Years*, by Mark Boyd, published by the Appletons in 1871.]

On leaving the Consulate, to commence our walk, I observed a collection of people near the door, which kept increasing, all staring at me in a manner to which, as an humble subject of Queen Victoria, I had been unaccustomed; yet, there was a benignity of expression in every countenance that made the microscopic view of which I found myself the object, the reverse of disagreeable. "Ah, I see that, to become a great man, all we have to do is to be a traveler." My facetious friend the Consul—as I discovered—said I might as well occasionally raise my hat to the majesty of the people—an injunction I carefully followed out. Up to this point I was chiefly a source of attraction to the "hoi polloi," when I observed little knots of well-dressed people, as we passed through the Alameda, viewing me with an expression of respect and deep interest extremely puzzling. My more numerous and more humble beholders, on one or two occasions, appeared anxious to cheer me. This, probably, the presence of some police authorities alone prevented, but with the others there was a disposition to melancholy imprinted on their countenances, and an evident desire to avoid everything like obtrusiveness toward one whose thoughts they concluded at that moment to be steeped in painful reflection. I said: "Consul, what does all this mean? The kingdom or province of Granada seems to have very few tourists, for I have never met, in either Austria or Russia, where travelers are minutely scanned, any curiosity, or whatever you choose to designate it, in the least to be compared with what has occurred during the last two hours." This elicited a smile from the Consul, who said he would explain all to me when we got round the next corner. I was naturally impatient for the elucidation. It appeared that my passport the previous evening had been extensively read and keenly inspected by the Spanish authorities, and an immediate conclusion arrived at that I was a brother of poor Robert Boyd, who, in 1831, threw himself into the political scale with General Torrigos, in opposition to Ferdinand, and whose party were betrayed, forty-nine in number, and shot on Sunday morning, December 11, 1831.

To those who have entered life since that bloody morning in 1831, some particulars in connection with the murder of Robert Boyd may be interesting. I may prelude them by stating that the victim of Moreno's treachery was a member of an ancient family in the north of Ireland. He, it is said, made large personal sacrifices (as much as £5,000) in the fitting out and equipment of the ill-fated expedition which fixed its rendezvous for a short time on neutral ground at Gibraltar. General Moreno was the confidential agent of King Ferdinand, and was looked upon as the perpetrator of his most barbarous cruelties. It is beyond all doubt that he decoyed Torrigos and Boyd, with their companions, to the Spanish shore, by forwarding to them letters

at Gibraltar, stating that the district of country around Malaga was ready to rise. A letter of Moreno's was known to be in possession of a respected gentleman in London, in which letter he went so far as to point out the spot for landing, and the precise ground which his future victims should occupy on reaching the shore. The party consisted of forty-nine persons, General Torrigos, Mr. Boyd, and several ex-ministers and members of Cortes and officers of rank. Moreno lost not a moment after their capture in dispatching to Madrid, in the most private manner (in order to prevent the interference of the British Consul) an express bribed to extraordinary alacrity by the promise of a great reward. Moreno, who resolved on the destruction of Boyd, said nothing of any foreigner being among the prisoners, though he had in his hand the list with the name and designation of Mr. Boyd. The dispatch had not been a moment sent off from the farmhouse where the party were surrendered and taken, when Moreno had the individuals of which it consisted huddled together in the refectory of an old convent, loaded with chains, and tortured. No trial of any description took place. On the Saturday evening after the capture, which took place on a Tuesday in December, 1831, Moreno received a warrant from Ferdinand, for the execution of the whole of the individuals so inhumanly kidnapped; and next morning he had them all shot under his own eye. Food was refused them for the eighteen hours after the warrant was received, which preceded the execution. They were brought out in a fainting state. The first party, consisting of twenty-five persons, including General Torrigos and Mr. Boyd, and the most eminent persons, were forty-five minutes under the hands of the soldiers; after the first volley was fired, the second party, consisting of twenty-four persons, were fifty-nine minutes under their hands. The bodies had been previously stripped by convicts, and after the execution, with the exception of Mr. Boyd's (which was claimed by the spirited British Consul, who placed with his own hands the flag of England over it), they were cast into the scavenger's cart, and carried to the Campo Santo and thrown into a ditch, within two hours of this terrible butchery. Moreno gave a splendid public breakfast to the hell-hounds by whom he had been assisted. For this savage exploit, Ferdinand promoted Moreno to the rank of Lieutenant-General and made him Captain-General. He continued a favorite at court until the Queen became regent, during Ferdinand's life, when she, greatly to her honor, immediately after assuming the reins of government, forbade him her presence, and also prohibited his appearance at Madrid. He was placed for months under the surveillance of the police at Seville, but, after the death of the King, he made his escape on horseback and joined Don Carlos in Portugal. He afterward came to a merited end, having been shot by his own men.

Robert Boyd met his fate like a brave man. The last words that passed his lips were, "Life's fitful fever will soon be o'er."

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

How to Play Golf. By H. J. Whigham. Herbert S. Stone & Co.; 12mo, illustrated; \$1.50.

Mr. Whigham on Golf

"Ten years or more ago," says W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen in *The Book Buyer*, "appeared the first edition of Sir Walter Simpson's delightful classic, *The Art of Golf*. Since then the golfing world has been favored with some half a dozen other weighty manuals upon the subject, written by eminent authorities, both amateur and professional, and now Mr. H. J. Whigham, of the Onwentsia Club, of Chicago, and twice amateur champion of the United States, sums up the united wisdom of the decade in *How to Play Golf*, a hand-book that is intended especially for American players, and more especially for the American duffer.

"Now, if there is any prime, great secret in the art of driving a golf-ball, there are any number of despairing golfers who would give the very red coat off their backs to know it, but, alas! Mr. Whigham's summing up and Sir Walter's foreword differ by hardly so much as a syllable. Practically, the discussion was opened and closed ten years ago by the genial ex-captain of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers.

"In proof of this assertion it is only necessary to compare what Sir Walter Simpson and Mr. Whigham have to say about the one essential of swing, for all the authorities are agreed that minor differences in stance, grip, and general style are not to be taken into the account. Both Sir Walter and the American amateur champion steadfastly withstand the precepts of Badminton and the counsel of the ordinary professional adviser, and warn the adult beginner against the fatal consequences of the full swing. It is the one great stumbling-block in the path to success, and cannot be acquired by the man (or woman) whose muscles have become set, except through the slow process of gradual development from the half-shot. This is the nub of the whole matter, and it was clearly and convincingly demonstrated in *The Art of Golf*. The principle was ignored by Badminton and the later writers upon the theory of the game, and it has been left to Mr. Whigham to revive it and to make its application so plain that even he who golfs may read. By a series of chronomatographic pictures, Mr. Whigham analyzes the swing used and made effective by Messrs. Fenn, Tyng, and Harriman, a trio of American players who fairly represent the degree of golfing skill that may be acquired by the man who takes up the game comparatively late in life. In every case the swing is properly of the half-shot variety, as may be easily seen by comparing it with the chronomatographic reproductions of Mr. Whigham's own style in driving. Unfortunately the pictures are blurred and indistinct, either through a defect in the recording mechanism or by the process of reproduction, but they are quite clear enough to show the essential features of the style. It is interesting to note that in every case the club has disappeared entirely from view just before reaching the ball, showing that the speed is greatest at the moment of impact. Mr.

Whigham has included Mr. W. R. Betts among his American players, but the latter's swing is both freer and longer than that of the others, and closely approximates the true Scotch style. It is the exception that proves the rule, for Mr. Betts is a much younger man than either Tyng or Fenn, and his swing has been acquired by the natural process of youthful imitation.

"Mr. Whigham also believes in the half-swing for iron play in approaching, and he again corroborates Sir Walter Simpson in warning the novice against the misleading term of wrist shots. 'Above all things, they ought not to be played with the wrist,' says the author of *The Art of Golf*, and Mr. Whigham entirely agrees with the dictum. A quarter or a half shot is not a modification or a segment of a full swing; on the contrary, the player should begin at the other end, with a very short approach, and then go on gradually to extend the capacity of his half-shot.

"As a practical manual, Mr. Whigham's book is sound, and if golf can ever be learned through theory, a careful perusal of its precepts may be expected to bring about satisfactory results. But its principal value is in a negative sense; the beginner is told what he must not do if he ever hopes to play golf and not some other game, which may be amusing, but which is certainly not the royal and ancient sport.

"The miscellaneous chapters make interesting reading, and particularly so the ones on the development of the game in America and the comparison between our players and the crack amateurs of Great Britain.

"The rules of the game, as annotated by the U. S. G. A., are given in the appendix."

The Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Mr. Zangwill's New Book

"Mr. Zangwill's Jewish work," says Joseph Jacobs in *The Bookman*, "has widened in scope since the days when he treated with kindly irony the follies of the community from week to week in a newspaper now defunct. His first artistic presentment of Jewish life was in the *Ghetto Tragedies*, in which he illuminated as by lightning flashes the deeper aspects of the sordid life of the Ghetto. The *Tragedies* were written before, though they were published after, *The Children of the Ghetto*, which absolutely made Mr. Zangwill's reputation as a masterly delineator of a certain 'couche sociale.' He attempted to do in that book what George Eliot had tried to do in *Middlemarch*, describe a whole section of society through the art form of fiction. In his present work he aspires to these higher flights, and has attempted in a series of 'contes' to display the inmost feeling of a whole race, of a whole creed.

"In one sense there can be no doubt of the success of his very ambitious scheme. With marvelous industry and with no small amount of erudition he has packed together into the scenes dealing with the Uriela Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, Spinoza, the

Baal Shem, Maimon, Heine, Lassalle, and Beaconsfield, just those incidents and sayings of their careers which bring out most clearly their Jewish aspects. Those who are familiar with Heine will recognize the ingenuity with which Mr. Zangwill has woven into the monologue attributed to him almost all the characteristic things he said about Judaism and about his own relations to it. So, too, in the account of Spinoza, almost all the incidents of his career are brought into the picture, though it must be owned few of them in relation to his ancestral creed. Somewhat the same might be said of the description of Lassalle, where Mr. Zangwill has been obliged to put himself in competition with Mr. Meredith. Perhaps the most perfect of these studies is that contained in the three or four pages devoted to Lord Beaconsfield. Never before, so far as I am aware, have the secret springs of that curious personality been so suggestively laid bare. The detachment from English life which gave him so much leverage, the mixture of reticence and display, are all traced back to the Jewish element.

"Mr. Zangwill has been equally successful with the other remarkable Jews of the past, with whose names the world is less familiar. The meteoric career of Sabbatai Zevi, who was accepted by the Jews as their Messiah as late as 1666, has never yet been adequately presented in art form, and would have deserved even fuller treatment than that given to it in this book. The almost equally remarkable personality of Baal Shem will come perhaps as even a greater surprise to the outside world, who little know the depths of mysticism which exist among a people generally credited with excessive adherence to practical aims. His followers still exist in large numbers in Poland and Galicia, and form in modern Judaism a sect which may perhaps best be described as a combination of the Quakers and the Shakers.

"Now, these historic Dreamers of the Ghetto are possibly only introduced in order to serve as 'pièces justificatifs' to prove the existence of the Ghetto Dream, which occurs in so many various forms. Remarkable movements for the recovery of the Holy Land as a national centre for Jews led last summer to the meeting of a congress at Basle attended by representatives from all the Jewries of Europe. Mr. Zangwill has here a vivid account of these Dreamers in congress, and shows at the same time that he is not unaware of the practical difficulties and inconsistencies involved in the underlying suggestions. Indeed, it appears to have been Mr. Zangwill's plan to hint at the unreal nature of Israel's Dream in all its forms. The last sentence of his preface runs, 'This book is the story of a Dream that has not come true.' The same idea is vividly expressed in the penultimate chapter of the book, which, to a Jew at least, comes home with the greatest force of all. This imagines another Jew endowed with all the culture of his time returning after many years to the ancestral home in the Venetian Ghetto on the night of Passover, when, according to immemorial custom, the family gather together. While the paterfamilias is going through an old Volkslied, which winds up the service, his prodigal son goes through the course of his spirit-

ual history up to the moment when he recognizes that all ideals—national, religious, and individual—are illusions, and he glides out to drown himself in the canal. Having given up the riddle of life, he gives up life itself. Mr. Zangwill here puts in the most picturesque form the problem that meets all moderns—the worth of the individual life, which is complicated in the case of the Jewish individual by further doubts as to the worth of the communal life of which he forms part. Yet this counsel of despair is characteristically followed by an epilogue in which a modern scribe in Jerusalem looks forward to the time when a new expression shall be given to the religious life which shall recognize the modern spirit and the ancient ideals, and the book concludes with a remarkable hymn to the Yahweh, giving expression to all his new ideals. Yes, Mr. Zangwill is himself a Dreamer of the Ghetto.

"Whether the particular form in which Mr. Zangwill presents his own and other Jews' dreams is that most suitable for bringing them home to the outside world, it is difficult for one who views them from the inside to judge. As is usual with him, he puts so much into each of his sections that it is doubtful whether the resultant impression can be a clear one. It is somewhat difficult even from the inside to gather the exact nature of the Dream which occurs in so many forms throughout the book. Is it the reconciliation of God and Man through the Jew? Then one does not quite see what Lassalle and Beaconsfield, not to mention Spinoza and Heine, are doing in this particular galley. Is it the triumph of Jewish ideals in general that is the Dream? Then, again, the persons of Spinoza and Lassalle have to be accounted for. But it is perhaps the many-sidedness of the Dream that Mr. Zangwill desires to bring out, that many-sidedness which makes the figure of the Jew so enigmatic yet so interesting, whether by way of attraction or repulsion. At any rate, Mr. Zangwill has sufficiently indicated the existence of ideals in the modern Jewry, and that by itself is a novel idea enough to the outer world to justify the existence of his book. The financier, the sweater, and the pedlar do not exhaust the possibilities of the Ghetto; it has always included its dreamers as well."

The Student's Motley. The Rise of the Dutch Republic. By John Lothrop Motley. Condensed, with Introduction and Notes and an Historical Sketch of the Dutch People from 1584 to 1897 by William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, \$1.75. New York and London. Harper & Brothers.

The Student's Motley "It is not an easy matter, at the end of forty years, to say a new or a fresh word about Motley's *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*," writes Lawrence Hutton in *Harper's Magazine*. "Prescott, Bancroft, Sumner, and their peers, and his peers, put upon record long ago their own views concerning that monumental work. That its author was broad-minded, the possessor of all the essentials of a great writer, a man of magnificent powers of dramatic description, of unwearied industry, with a keen perception of the analyses of character, of a clear, eloquent, ready style of expression, and the like, all the reading world has read and knows. N. P. Willis, who found

Washington Irving reading *The Dutch Republic* in 1857, quotes the author of *The Alhambra* as saying, very energetically and with great enthusiasm: 'How surprising it is that so young a man [Motley was born in 1814] should jump at once full-grown to fame, with a big book so well studied and so complete!'

"To diminish the bulk of this well-studied book, while recognizing its completeness, has been the object of Dr. William Elliot Griffis in preparing *The Student's Motley*, just issued from the press. Dr. Griffis, author of *The Mikado's Empire* and of other historical works, has shown in his own *Brave Little Holland* his familiarity with *The Land of Pluck*, as Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge so happily calls it; and in a painstaking, careful, and judicious way he has condensed *The Dutch Republic*; putting it into one compact volume, with copious notes, an excellent index, a biographical sketch of Motley, and an historical study of the Dutch people from 1584 to the present time. He tells us of Motley's years of preparatory reading and research at home; of the five years he spent among the archives of Berlin, Dresden, Brussels and the Hague; of the unwillingness of the publishers to invest their capital in the production of the result of all this labor; of its final issue at his own risk and expense; and of his jumping at once, full-grown, to fame thereby! One paragraph from Dr. Griffis' brief preface is worth quoting, as showing his own literary style, and as proving the value of the work he is introducing to the new generation of thinking men and women. 'Mr. Motley,' he says, 'was essentially a painter and a dramatist. From early childhood he loved color, costume and the brilliant and moving representation of character and action. In the Netherlands, the home of art in Northern Europe, he studied, and was stimulated for his own work before the triumphs of the pencil and the brush; almost as much as by his delving among the manuscripts of the archives. It would be strange, indeed, if Motley had been unique among men in rising above all subjective influences, and eliminating all danger of personal opinion; yet, after all deductions and criticisms, his work on *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* bids fair to remain a classic.'

"As an example of Dr. Griffis' elaborate care may be cited a foot note on page 810. Motley, describing the farewell of the English Separatists from their friends at Delfshaven, wrote: 'The scene of their embarkation has been glorified in later art; and a contemporaneous Dutch artist, in all probability an eyewitness, and one of the Cuypes, father or son, has painted in realistic simplicity the picture of their parting.' The editor calls attention to a short article by Mr. George H. Boughton, entitled *The Earliest Puritan Voyage*, contributed to one of the periodicals as late as 1895, and accompanied by an illustrative print of the picture in question.

"Motley's work should be placed in the hands of all students of the subject of which it treats, a subject which all students, whether of the school or the closet, should study with care; for, in Motley's own words, 'In all the earth there are no peoples who ought to be more familiar with Dutch history than those who speak the English language. Of all

the nations, none ought to be more grateful than the United Kingdom and the United States, since from the Northern Netherlands they have in blood, speech, law, industry, inventions, art and ideas borrowed so much.'"

William Shakespeare. A Critical Study. By George Brandes. In two volumes. 403, 432 pp. Indexed. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$8.00.

Dr. Brandes' Work on Shakespeare

"As we lay down these books of Dr. Brandes," says the *London Saturday Review*, "we feel that praise for the greater gift is indubitably his. He does not startle us with a novel scheme, he adds (it is almost needless to say) nothing to our positive store of fact about the poet's career, his book is in no degree violent or paradoxical. Epoch-making discoveries, founded upon chains of audacious conjecture, form no part of Dr. Brandes' scheme. But his book sums up with masterly lucidity, all that scholarship, in its sanest movements, has contrived to secure regarding the life and aims of the greatest of poets."

"What particularly marks Dr. Brandes' attitude to Shakespeare is his determination to treat him precisely as other great writers are treated by historical and biographical investigators. The assumption, too often indulged of late in England, that what we call 'Shakespeare' is rather a book than a man, is an amalgam of literature mysteriously and almost supernaturally produced, not to be examined as if it were the outcome of a single mind—for this Dr. Brandes has no sort of indulgence. He admits that a biography of Shakespeare is difficult, but he denies that it is impossible. He considers that a close mosaic of all the minute facts which the industry of three centuries has patched together presents us at length with the portrait of a life which is by no means indistinct or abnormally studded with lacunæ."

"The moderation with which Dr. Brandes treats most of the moot questions concerning the movements of Shakespeare is well exemplified by his treatment of the suggestion that the poet visited Italy in the winter of 1592, when the London theatres were closed on account of the plague. The chapter in which he deals with this subject of speculation offers an excellent instance of Dr. Brandes' method. Karl Elze, as is known, vehemently insisted that Shakespeare must have traveled in Italy, and quite an anthology of instances of special knowledge has been collected, especially from *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merchant of Venice*, for the purpose of proving that the poet had walked through Portia's palace at Belmont, and had stood before Correggio's *Jupiter and Io* at Milan. But Dr. Brandes points out with exemplary caution, that scholars have been far too eager to discover confirmation for every slight Italian allusion. Elze, finding that Shakespeare calls Giulio Romano a sculptor, and that no sculpture by that artist exists, far from being abashed, quotes the English poet's praise as another proof of his omniscience, and contends that Giulio Romano must have produced sculpture, because the Divine William says that he did. This is the very craziness of idolatry."

"One of the comparatively few instances in which Dr. Brandes adopts a view in opposition to

the consensus of English opinion occurs in his account of *The Tempest*. He accepts, without difficulty, the theory that this play was written for a private audience on the occasion of a wedding, and that this event was the union of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palatine in 1613. This idea, though propounded in 1797 by Chalmers and supported by Tieck, has not found favor with English scholars. It was revived in 1889 by Dr. Garnett, who brought many and cogent arguments to bear in its favor.

"The translation of Dr. Brandes' extensive work is prepared under the inspection of Mr. William Archer, and mainly by his own hand. It is worthy of all commendation, being in itself graceful and flowing, and yet scrupulously close to the text of the original. It is well that we possess at last a translation so eminently satisfactory of what is certainly the best existing general view of the life and labors of Shakespeare."

The Wound Dresser. By Walt Whitman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

A New Volume of Whitman's Letters

"This series of letters, written by Whitman," says the *Literary World*, "from the hospitals at Washington during the civil war, and now published in a volume bearing the above title, under the editorship of Dr. Richard M. Bucke, one of his literary executors, are a contribution of note and value to our vivid knowledge of the dire scenes which were witnessed at Washington in the days of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg, and the Peninsula and Wilderness campaigns. The pity is that there are not more of them. Full of ghastly and horrible pictures they are, it is true, but the story is told with an infinite tenderness, as would be becoming in a son's letters written to a mother, which was the case of most of these. There is not the faintest trace of the Walt Whitman known to literature in these twenty-nine letters; all the better that they make no pretense of being literature, but are just such unstudied, off-hand, natural, life-like delineations of what the writer saw going on around him in those trying days, and of what he did or tried to do to help those in need. The familiarity of these letters, the artlessness of them, their affectionate—almost fondling—tone, their profound sympathy with the suffering and dying, their minuteness of detail, so that by their light you see the cot and the operating table and the sunken cheek and the glazing eye, their reproduction of the very colors of the tragic movement of which Washington was the centre from 1861 to 1865, give them a wonderful effect, and yet their power is in their simplicity. Several letters of a more public character to New York papers are prefixed to the general collection. There are portraits of the writer and his mother, and the book is printed and bound as it should be."

—It so often seems that the writing of sonnets is a separate gift, and does not imply the possession of "all-round" poetic talent, that the admirers of Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's first work, the book of sonnets, *At the Gates of Song*, from which *Current Literature* has so frequently quoted, awaited the appearance of a volume from his pen of verses chiefly

lyrical, with expectations half fearful that so brilliant an achievement as the former volume should be followed by something less noteworthy. That this apprehension was unnecessary is abundantly proved by the remarkable poem, *Caliban*, quoted from *The Slopes of Helicon and Other Poems* (Estes & Lauriat, \$1.25), on another page of this issue, and the beautiful Ode to the Memory of Keats, quoted also in this number of *Current Literature*. The book is full of delightful lyrics in the writing of which, equally with the sonnets, Mr. Mifflin has well earned the laurels which every lover of genuine poetry is eager to award the true poet.

—"The Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) has published, through Dodd, Mead & Co. (16mo, 75 cents), a little book entitled *Companions of the Sorrowful Way*," says *The Outlook*, "a book which will doubtless meet with a deservedly wide circulation, for many indeed must walk the sorrowful way, and many indeed will be grateful for the companions here described. They help to make the sad way a *Sacra Via* of triumph. We are glad that the publishers have put the author's exquisitely comforting and uplifting thoughts into such practicable form. The clear type will be specially grateful to eyes dimmed by age and perchance by weeping along the sorrowful way."

—"Lieutenant Butt's *Manual of Physical Drill* (Appleton's, \$1.25) is a useful book generally, and not in the army alone," says the *Popular Science Monthly*. "Its object is to systematize physical training in the army and to furnish a practical guide that will enable any officer to give regular and beneficial instruction to his command. Illustration is largely used, as being the simplest mode of description. The exercises are supposed to be controlled by music, of which two schedules are furnished, and are arranged in sets of five each—adapted to other music in many of the drills—and are made to follow one another so closely as to compel the attention of the men and demand concentration of mind upon the work in hand. The work is introduced with brief remarks on the method of instruction, dress, hygiene, bathing, general rules, etc., and includes rifle drill, bar and dumb-bell drill, calisthenics, Indian clubs, running, wall scaling, work with the various articles of gymnastic apparatus, athletic games and contests, and related exercises. The directions are very brief, but plain and explicit. The value of the work depends largely upon the illustrations, a considerable proportion of which are from the life, by instantaneous photography."

—"The good-natured satire of *The Peacemakers* (Lippincott's, 12mo, \$1.25), the latest novel from the unfailing and always brilliant pen of John Strange Winter, is unequaled," says *Lippincott's Magazine*, "by any story we have read, saving perhaps her own *Truth-Tellers*, which it both resembles and surpasses in plot and in treatment. In *The Truth-Tellers* we were convulsed by the unrelenting candor of some orphans from the North who crept under the wings of a maiden connection in London. In *The Peacemakers* the fun is also tipped with the shrewd sting of satire, and the book leaves a deeper impression than is usual with one which offers such unalloyed amusement."

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Maria Christina, Queen Regent of Spain.....Youth's Companion

The most influential personage in Spain, during the present momentous crisis of its fortunes, is the Queen Regent, Maria Christina. The maintenance of peace until recently between Spain and the United States was due in large measure to her conservatism, tact and sagacity in facilitating a change of ministry, and enabling Sagasta to recall General Weyler from Cuba at an opportune moment. She is by birth an Austrian Grand Duchess, a daughter of the Archduke Karl Ferdinand and his second wife, the Archduchess Elizabeth. She was conspicuous in her youth for beauty and amiability, and has shown during her career in Spain that she possesses keen intelligence and sobriety of judgment—the best traits of the Hapsburg-Lorraine house. Alfonso XIII. was born in 1886, after his father's death. His mother has been the Regent during his minority, and although an Austrian by birth, she has commanded the loyal support of her Spanish subjects. If she had been Queen in her own right, she could not have exercised greater power and influence. The education of her son has been her chief care, and she has directed it with homely common sense and maternal affection. She has also faced all the responsibilities of government with courage and firmness. She is a good Queen and a wise woman, and her great ambition is to preserve the monarchy for her son.

The following paragraph about the little King is from the Chicago Record:

Alfonso XIII. of Spain is only twelve years old, and he has so many names and titles that one would think it would make him dizzy to remember them all. No doubt he spent a day or two learning them, as one of our boys would learn the capitals of the Western States. His eight names are Leon, Ferdinand, Marie, Jacques, Isidore, Pascal, Antoine and Alfonso. Besides being King of Spain he has twenty-seven other titles: King of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Grenada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Jaen, of Algrave, of Algeziras, of Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of the Eastern and Western Indies, of India, and of the Oceanic continent. He is an Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol, and of Barcelona, and Lord of Biscay and Molina, and so on. Alfonso is a great favorite with the Spanish people. They call him "el piquenito"—"the little one," and he is cheered wherever he goes.

John Sherman and His Career.....John Russell Young.....New York Herald

Sherman has taken leave of public life—and with him vanishes one of the conspicuous statesmen of American history. It is the passing not only of a dominant figure, but the occultation of a shining name. That of Sherman has been a part of our history from the time when Roger, the shoemaker, signed the Declaration, until John a

month ago folded away the McKinley note of acceptance and slowly passed down the White House stairs.

A tall, spare, somewhat shock headed, stately gentleman, with glittering eyes, a straight, rapid pace, looks ahead as if he saw no one, no interest in faces, a smooth, cogent voice, would rather hear a story than tell one, eccentric in his friendships, but not capricious; steel-like in fibre, steel honed and sharpened down into the fineness of a scimitar, concentrated, conservative, content with one idea at a time and inhospitable to other ideas, material, wasting no thought upon dreams or fairy tales, sees in the world only the fruit of the season, alert in debate, irresponsible and inconsistent in political action, impressionless, intrepid, hard, without formulas or traditions, he retires from public life with the respect of the nation and the affection of a small host of gentlemen somewhat advanced in years who knew him in his prime and honor him for other qualities than his political genius.

Although a radical in politics, Sherman became so from some process of intellectual training and not because of radicalism in thought. Read between the lines, and the character as it appears in public expressions is conservative. There is no imagination—no color. The Sherman world was what he saw. He believed in power, order, authority. Sherman came into Congress in a time of care, Pierce was President. The Kansas-Nebraska issue was burning, and Banks became Speaker, the first of the series of victories which culminated at Appomattox. There were cuter men to greet the young Ohio statesman who at thirty stepped on the stage of national public life. Lewis Cass was in the Senate, and could have told him of Indian wars and how he interrupted the Burr conspiracy; Pitt Fessenden, who had been there in 1841; Benjamin, of Louisiana, afterward Secretary of State to Jeff Davis; John J. Crittenden, also an Indian warrior; Douglas, from Illinois; Hale, of New Hampshire, pioneer of abolition; Hannibal Hamlin, shedding the scales of democracy; Sam Houston, former President of Texas; William H. Seward, John Slidell and Charles Sumner. Among his colleagues were Zollicoffer, who was to go down to death early in the Confederate war; John A. Quitman, furious fighter in Mexico, major-general, who wanted to fight for Cuba; Russel Sage, now in Wall street; A. H. Stephens, to be Vice-President of the Confederacy; Morrill, who remains with us in his eighty-ninth year; Asa Parker, famous Pennsylvania philanthropist; Preston S. Brooks, who was to assail Sumner, and Anson Burlingame, who was to have fought a duel with him on that account, but happily found a career in China; Schuyler Colfax and Winter Davis.

Sherman was a modest, quiet, conservative member. Began on the Committee of Foreign Relations, with Burlingame as a colleague. Then he passed on to the Naval Affairs—serving in all six years—when he was selected as the Republican candidate for Speaker. This honor came with the

Thirty-seventh Congress, the organization of which was the last political battle of the many that had been fought over the slavery issues since the Missouri Compromise. Yes, the last, because the war was coming. John Brown had just been hanged—execution, if one remembers, the Sunday preceding the assembling of the House. The country was in a tumult over the hanging and the causes leading to it. We have all been singing about John Brown's soul in glory, and his going to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, and so on, but there was no glory in the air when the Congress of 1859 assembled. The Free Soil people were upon the defensive, and much in explanation. The Harper's Ferry raid had awakened universal anger. No Republican newspaper defended it. "Brown must have been insane," was the utmost in the way of defence; and a small sum of money was raised in New York for the Brown family, through the herculean exertions of Horace Greeley, by the sale of signed photographs.

The John Brown business swept the country with what leading papers called "the patriotic uprising of the people" against "nigger worshipers and all such cattle who lived upon disunion, anarchy and rapine." There were meetings throughout the North, and much praise given to the brave army of officers who, at the head of a hundred marines, had dug old Brown out of the railway round-house, wounding him, shooting his sons and some others of his people and turning him over to the Sheriff. Poor old Brown had been taken off in a box to his Adirondack tomb, Wendell Phillips and the amiable Miller McKim, of Philadelphia, alone brave enough to keep the ashes company—Phillips, celebrating the funeral rites, prophesying the day when "dear old Massachusetts" would claim the aforesaid ashes as a shrine, for which, among other misdoings, Wendell was to be well mobbed in New York—patriotic citizens, some of them leaders in the draft riots four years later, burning orphan asylums and hanging negroes to lampposts for the execrable crime of being black, assembling in their wrath with a rope for Wendell if he did not have a care. The country was against the Abolitionists, and the successes of the Republicans, in the election of Banks, were swept away in the wrath over Harper's Ferry.

So when Congress assembled and proceeded to organize, with Sherman for Speaker, the Democracy were angry. The country was with them, and we can well see how they could have held the country with but an atom of patience and sense. This, however, was not to be. John Brown had invaded Virginia; therefore all Republicans were insurgents and yearning to pillage the South. A foolish crank had written a book. His name was Helper, and his book, *The Impending Crisis*. Nothing more absurd has ever been penned, and it would have sunk into trunk maker and pastry cook oblivion had not certain Congressmen recommended its circulation. How such things are done may be seen every day in Washington. A crank writes a book—Tom Paine Deified, Mormonism Triumphant, Robespierre Apotheosized—and strikes the average Congressman. "If you want peace and would have me go, sign for my book. It

teems with morality, patriotism, and only needs readers to spread the truth and make my fortune." In this fashion and with others Sherman signed. "It was," as he wrote at the time to his brother, "a thoughtless, foolish, unfortunate act. I never read the book—disclaim all sympathy with it." So when the House assembled, instead of electing John to be Speaker and intrusting him with the gavel of Robert C. Winthrop and Henry Clay, he was questioned about the Helper book. A member from Missouri named Clarkson, leading politician, happily forgotten and but dimly remembered in his time as one remembers the dog that howls all night in the barn, started the ball. Before this illustrious House elected the Speaker let a few questions be asked. We were in the era of insurrection. The dear old mother of commonwealths had been ravished in the night, and, although the chief criminal had been hanged, were there not other criminals, and in that very House? Yea, even a hundred of them, to whom hanging would be a luxury. Had they not recommended this Helper book—this gospel of crime? Did not John Sherman's name appear on the list? And must we condone John Brown's crimes by honoring an accomplice?

There never was a more shameless exhibition than this row over the Helper book. Whatever the thoughts at the time, no one can read that debate without shame. It ran on for days and weeks. Congress would not organize. The President's message was not considered. The public business was arrested. The halls of Congress streamed with vituperation, invective, malignity. The Democratic members monopolized the business; the Republicans, as a rule, silent. They would not defend themselves against accusations of rapine. Sherman would have withdrawn from the contest, but self-respect forbade his friends' assent. This debate followed the war fields and made ready for the war-harvest so soon to ripen. In this debate the Democrats threw away their position. John Brown was forgotten. The felon became a hero. Calumny incensed the South and united the North—and out of that Helper debate—that prolonged, dreary, ignominious, frenzied debate—came war.

Sherman had approved the book and could not be elected. Nor, for that matter, was the election of any vascular Republican possible. The virtue of Republicanism was with Sherman. Charles Francis Adams supported him, and with Adams were John A. Bingham, to whom a pension was voted the other day—a scholarly man; Thomas Corwin, a prince of orators, returned to public life in the silence of old age; Colfax, reserved for a sad fate; Fenton, to be New York's Governor; Morrill, who is the Nestor of the Senate; the venerable Grow, sturdy, hickory-headed, intrepid, Yankee tempered, with Pennsylvania training; Roscoe Conkling, soon to escape from his admiration of Sherman; Thaddeus Stevens, the great commoner, and the three Washburne brothers. All strove to elect either Sherman or Grow. When that was impossible there was a compromise, and Pennington, of New Jersey, was accepted. As the outcome Sherman became chairman of the Ways and Means.

While the political philosophy of Sherman nar-

rowed his horizon to what he saw, and no sympathy with what was above or beyond, so in his personal estimates of men, he was governed by personal considerations. It was obvious that in 1867 Sherman would have preferred Chase to Grant, although every one now sees that Chase would have ruined the Republican party as completely as he ruined himself. Sherman felt that the election of Chase would have been best for the country, as well as for Grant, and never wavered in the opinion that Grant as a civil ruler was a failure. The speech which Sherman delivered in the Senate in 1862, after the battle of Shiloh, in answer to the criticisms of Senator Harlan upon Grant, was a cold defence, and yet when spoken Sherman had his brother to defend and spoke with a knowledge of the genius of the battle, which must have come from his brother. The Senator was undoubtedly conscious of this, as in writing to his brother he said: "You will see from Harlan's remarks that there is much feeling against Grant, and I try to defend him, but with little success." The defence was an apology and a plea for time. Perhaps we should not be too critical, for in the same Congress Mr. Conkling, who was to become the warmest eulogist of Grant, could see nothing in Shiloh but the valor of the private soldiers. The only expressions of enthusiasm over Grant in which Senator Sherman is known to have indulged was when Grant intervened between the General and Secretary Stanton, protecting the General from the consequences of the unfortunate treaty with Joseph C. Johnston. The Senator himself, as appears in correspondence since published, was disposed to disavow, as Stanton had disavowed, the Johnston convention. He would wait and consider before he condemned Grant, even his brother, but it was the swift, angry brother who believed in a brother. This, however, was because Grant was Grant. Sherman did not fail in appreciation. "Grant is a jewel." "The conduct of Grant is deserving of the highest praise. I shall always feel grateful to him." If this feeling had endured in 1880 Grant would have been re-elected to the Presidency and the face of history would have changed.

Pathetic were the Sherman dreams over the Presidency. Upon him, as so many restless spirits, fell the impulse of supreme power. Well, a young man, his party's candidate for the Speakership at thirty, may expect anything. This came to Sherman, not because of any brilliancy of character, any "elan," any of the magnetic sympathetic qualities of leadership which threw Blaine and Douglas and Henry Clay to the front in early life. Sherman had none of the qualities which marked these eminent statesmen. His oratory was conversation, clear cut, compact, but without the oratorical gifts. There are abundant stories of his kindness in private life, of humanity, consideration for friends, devotion to their interests, but he never enjoyed a reputation for these qualities. He was not insensible to preferment, nor the methods of politics. He had no desire to be Secretary of the Treasury in 1868, when Grant was elected for the first time; would, in all probability, have declined the office. But this did not prevent his hinting to his brother the General that he would like to have had the offer of the

Secretaryship. When it came to the imagination of politics Sherman failed. He was an intellectual force in politics, nothing more. Sherman would have made a mathematical President, decorous, old maidish—a Presidency like that of Buchanan, with more nerve, perhaps, because the Sherman character rested upon will. When it came to details of convention management Sherman was never a factor. Delegates talked about him, but never voted for him. There was always a Sherman movement in American politics—because he was a good man to talk about while thinking of somebody else. His nearest approach to the prize was when Garfield was nominated.

Sherman never recovered from this disappointment; was too proud to speak of it, too intellectual to waste time over the failure. He was ever a busy man, successful in affairs, and with many affairs on hand. He is one of the few public men who have grown rich in public life, and by processes honorable above question. It is possible that if he had taken half the pains to advance his political that he did in regard to his personal fortunes he would now be serving his second term. But with all of his force, lucidity, nerve and unsurpassed business capacity, with his unswerving Republicanism, he never reached the heart of the party, never such a devotion as that of Conkling to Grant, Whitney to Cleveland, Proctor to Harrison, and a myriad of political captains to Blaine. He might have lived for an eternity without winning such a following as the 306 gave to Grant in the Chicago Convention.

Sherman could never appreciate this. The least sanguine man in public life—clear headed to a degree—the Presidency had warped his judgment. It was the tarantula in Edgar Poe's story. Once under its influence and you must dance. So in 1888, when there was no chance of nominating Mr. Sherman, he had persuaded himself that the nomination was assured.

We have seen that Sherman was a leader in his youth. He so remained until the end—so growing in power as a legislator that when retirement came his was the most authentic voice on the Senate floor. He was a great finance Minister, and in the Cabinet his influence was salutary. We owe him resumption, the overthrow of the Southern carpet baggers, and it was against his protest and that of Carl Schurz, his Cabinet associate, that Hayes gave way to the Johnny Comes Marching Home business, and deluged the country with back pay pensions. Sherman was always a concentrated force, never scattering his power, nor striving to cover more eggs than he could hatch. Nor did he fail in the State Department because of intellectual weakness. It was not his place—no more than grand opera or piano tuning. To expect from Sherman the settlement of diplomacy amenities or the soothing of the emotions of some legation secretary who had been wrongly placed at dinner, or purring over Monroe doctrine or other diplomatic cobwebs, or the possession of the least interest in foreign or other than domestic relations, was to overlook the very qualities which had made him a leader. He gave the influence of his name and authority to the McKinley administration. It was a self-denying patriotic service. That done and all was done.

THE ANGLER'S PAGE

COMPILED BY BEATRICE STURGES.

"I am, sir, a brother of the angle."—Izaak Walton.

"Angling is a line with a bait at the one end and a fool at the other."—Franklin.

"In angling always have your hook ready, for there are fish when you least expect them."—Ovid.

"Should you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees the monarch of the brook,
Behooves you then to ply your finest art."

—Thomson.

"And yet atte the best he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a sweete ayre of the sweete savour of meede fleures that makyth him hungry. And who soo woll use the game of anglynge he must ryse erly, whyche thyng is prouffyttable to man in this wyse: That is to wytte—moost to the heele of his soule. For it shall cause hym to be holy and to the heele of hys body."—Juliana Berners.

"Give me mine angle, we'll to the river there;
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their shining jaws, and as I draw them up
I'll think them every one an Anthony,
And say, 'Ah! ah! you're caught.'"

—Shakespeare.

"Having lines we proceeded to the Fishing Banks a little without the harbor and fished for cod; but it not being a proper time of tide we only caught two, with which about one o'clock we returned to town."—Diary of George Washington.

"When vernal Airs perfume the Fields
And pleasing Views the Landkip yields,
The Limpid Stream, the scaly Breed
Invite the Angler's waving Reed."

—Old Song.

"Give me, Great Father, strength and health,
A liberal heart, affections kind and free;
My rod, my line—be these my pride, my wealth!
They yield me present joys, they draw my soul to thee."

—Palmer Hackle.

"Man's life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge podge of business and money and care,
And care and money and trouble;
But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair,
Nor will we vex now though it rain,
We'll banish all sorrow and sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again."

—Old Song.

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do
So I can fish and study too.

"And when the timorous trout I wait
To take and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind!

And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise."

—Old Angling Song.

"I suspect that many of those worthy gentlemen who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle-rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his *Complete Angler* several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and, moreover, that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year, but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand and sallied into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixote from reading books of chivalry. . . .

"For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment,' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me and not the passion for angling."—Washington Irving, *The Sketch Book*.

"No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and pleasant as the life of a well-governed Angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling."—Izaak Walton, *The Complete Angler*.

"I tell you, Scholar, I once heard one say: 'I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer or wears better clothes than I do; I envy nobody but him and him only that catches more fish than I do.' And such a man is like to prove an Angler, and this noble emulation I wish to you and all young Anglers."—Izaak Walton.

"I shall stay him (the reader) no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this Discourse; and that, if he be an honest Angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a-fishing."—Izaak Walton.

A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. WM. D. CABELL.

Alphonse Daudet.....Léon Daudet.....Revue de Paris

[M. Léon Daudet has recently commenced in the *Revue de Paris* the publication of his father's memoirs. The work is pronounced a "chef d'œuvre" of tenderness and of psychological insight. For the benefit of our readers we subjoin a few pages.]

His grave is hardly closed, and I set myself to write of him. I do so with a brave heart broken by grief, for he of whom I speak was not only an exemplary husband and father, but he was my teacher, my counselor and my friend. I have never written a line that I did not read to him as soon as written; I have not a thought of which I have not asked him the value; I have not a feeling of which I have concealed from him the strength or the cause.

The very life that I owed him and of which he made me daily realize the dignity and importance; my life which he guided scrupulously, jealously, and which he stimulated by his example, I revealed to him that he might judge and strengthen it.

Even now, that he is no more, and that I walk in this night of redoubled darkness towards his light, it is by the sound of his voice, by the tender fire of his glance that I persevere in my task.

My heart overflows; I will open it. So many beautiful and noble things that he has said to me, vibrate within me seeking expression, that I shall give them forth to his innumerable admirers.

I write for you, young men; for you, old men; for you, men and women in your prime; and particularly for you, the disinherited, whom the world rebuffs, vagabond, unhappy, or misunderstood. It was the glory of this writer that to all others he preferred the humble. It was of their pale flowers that he wove his crown. It was in soothing their sorrows, by word and modest deed, that he closed the circuit of hearts and created a new form of pity for the hard era in which he lived.

I believe that all divined in him a veritable fervor of compassion. He owed to his Catholic blood the love of pardon and of sacrifice. He believed that every fault can be expiated, and that nothing is absolutely irreparable in the face of sincere repentance. So many wretches are the captives of the evil they have done! My father had one supreme argument. He showed himself, stricken in full vigor, sustaining himself by force of will. He used himself as an example, and its force was such that very few resisted it.

Moreover, what inherent eloquence! His words and intonations remain intact in my memory. His tone was not the same when he related some story in free, splendid and precise phrases, and when he approached a sorrow. . . . In the latter case he at first used vague words, whispered rather than spoken, accompanied by gesture of mild persuasion. Gradually, with infinite precaution and delicacy, his effort increased, approached, surrounded the object of his solicitude with a thousand little ties, tangible and intangible, slight and minute network of the heart, amid which the heart soon beat more

quickly. Such was his strategy, and what I cannot convey is the spontaneity, the irresistible grace of these manœuvres, half conscious, half intuitive, of which the final result was to mitigate a distress.

He relied greatly upon silence. In this silence his great words vibrated, and thus gained in effect. I see some, standing before his table, with tearful eyes and trembling hands. I see others, seated, turned gratefully toward him, astonished at so much wisdom. I see him reassuring with a smile the timid, the stammering, or sometimes, while observing the effect of his words, pretending to seek a sheet of paper, his pen, his pipe, his eyeglass on his overloaded table.

The depository of so many secrets, my father kept them all to himself. He has carried them to his grave. Sometimes I suspected certain things, but when I questioned him, he gently evaded me and ridiculed my curiosity. As I emerge from childhood, my father is always before me, proud, and brave, and adorned with his dawning fame. I know that he writes great books, and his friends congratulate him—his great friends whom I call *giants*, who come to dine at his house—Monsieur Flaubert, Monsieur de Goncourt. I greatly like Monsieur Flaubert. He kisses me with a loud laugh, he speaks very loud and strong, striking with his clenched fist upon the table. When they leave they are spoken of with admiration.

Then my education begins, conducted entirely by my father and mother. In this connection I will note just two occasions:

We are in the country, in Provence, with our friends, the Panocels. One beautiful morning all vibrating with bees and with perfumes, my father takes his Virgil, his cloak and his short pipe. We install ourselves on the bank of a rivulet. The horizon of heavenly clearness, with tremulous lines of gold and rose, is accentuated by fine black cedars. My father explains the Georgics to me, and thus poetry is revealed to me. And the beauty of the lines, and the rhythm of the chanting voice, and the harmony of the scenery all penetrate my heart at once. A great happiness takes possession of me. My tears gather. Feeling what is passing within me, he presses me in his arms and shares my enthusiasm. I am intoxicated with beauty.

Again it is evening. I come in from the Lyceum after several classes in philosophy. Our master, Burdeau, has just analyzed Schopenhauer for us with extraordinary power. Black images possess and torture my soul. Truly, I have eaten the fruit of death and of sorrow. By what process did the words of the gloomy thinker suddenly assume such reality in my susceptible brain? My father comprehends my terrors. I have hardly told him anything, but he sees in my looks something too hard for a youth. Then he takes possession of me as before, very tenderly, and amid all his own sad forebodings, he extols life in words never to be forgotten. He tells me of labor, ennobling everything, of

dazzling goodness, of pity, offering always a refuge—finally of love, the only consoler for death, love that I know only by name, but that will soon be revealed to me and will bewilder me with happiness. How strong and intense are his words! Of that life into which I am passing he draws a radiant picture. The arguments of the philosopher fall, one by one, before his eloquence, he victoriously repulses this first and decisive assault of metaphysics. Do not smile, I beg, at my words! Of this little family drama I now understand the importance. Since that evening I have gored myself with metaphysics, and I know what subtle poison has glided therefrom into my veins and those of my contemporaries. It is not on account of its pessimism that this philosophy is dangerous, but because it masks life. I bitterly regret not having preserved my father's talk—it would be a comfort to many.

We frequently went out together. Whenever he could select his carriage at the station it was always the shabbiest, the poorest, the one he thought no one would accept. I recall a very old coachman, driving with difficulty a very old horse, and seated on the unstable box of one of those fantastic cabs usually found stationed at night trains. My father had adopted the sorry equipage and we were sure, on turning into the Rue de Bellechasse, to see it jolting toward us. The old fellow had attached himself to this easy customer, who never found fault with slow movements and soiled appointments. One of the last times that he drove us before disappearing in the gloom of Paris, it had actually occurred to him to write the initials A. D. in red ink upon the panels and windows, thus claiming to belong to him who had pitied him.

A multitude of similar little memories crowd upon my heart. I do not hesitate to transcribe a few of them, so that when you read those great books overflowing with beauty and tenderness, you will know that they were the fruit of a sincere nature, as beautiful in its least impulses as in its long and patient efforts.

Our drives varied little. We used to follow the Avenue des Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. My father loved that splendid slope, which recalled to him so many memories that I could see gleaming in his brilliant eyes always turned towards the picturesque, seizing and placing human nature with magical celerity. If he was more melancholy we went to the Quai de Béthune, where the history of Paris throbs in the old stones warmed by the pale winter sun.

Ah, how my father loved the sun! However weak and pale, it recalled to him his fragrant Provence, a name which changed his looks and brought the blood back to his pale cheeks. "Primitive pleasure—to bask in the sun." . . . "A happy lazybones down there by the Durance!" . . . he would whisper, leaning gently on my arm, looking into the capricious Seine. Then, as though floating in a dream, he would wander towards one of those mirages which made of his smallest talk a perpetual enchantment.

The beginning would be some trivial observation, a ray of light upon a balcony of wrought iron, an illumined window pane, a reflection from the river. Stimulated by a true fancy—no one loved truth bet-

ter than he—he would lean more heavily on my arm, and his imagination would awake. The picturesque alone soon wearied him, he needed the interposition of mankind. A half-open window enabled him to imagine all an interior with the poetic precision of the houses of Holland. The anxious profile of a woman, an old man swallowing his last gulps of light, tenderness, childhood, old age, he divined, combined, evoked all, happy in his own imaginings, lightly scattering his vitality, his wealth of words. "Each of these worthy people," he would say, "inhabits his narrow isle, full of zeal for his own maintenance and for the gratification of his own interests."

During a terrible spell of summer heat, on this same Quai de Béthune, we saw a workman, stripped to the waist, laughing under the vigorous jet of water turned upon him by a street sprinkler. The powerful body, the manly attitude, the bending loins, the stooping neck, the upturned head were the theme of a brilliant improvisation. How he extolled the strength and simplicity of the lives! What great things he said of sculpture, of muscles in the sun, of sweat and water, of the caryatides of Puget, and of this antique vision at the turning of a Paris street.

The curiosity of such a brain was universal, and cannot be easily conveyed. It is the defect of a study of this kind that its scope is necessarily limited. One of my father's qualities was the continuity, the harmony of his thought, the architecture, if one may say so, of his pleasures and pains. Thus it was that, an amateur of words, always surrounded by dictionaries, he loved to examine the successive sloughs of the serpent, all etymological metamorphoses. From this came the accuracy, the clearness of his style. He tested a word by the ear, which, with him, was supremely fine and powerful; by the eye, because, although near-sighted, he was a seer; he considered its age, and tasted it like a connoisseur. For such and such a substantive evokes a whole period; such and such an adjective is of greater historical importance than a manuscript or a suit of armor.

He avoided what was exceptional or affected. Knowing the value of an ordinary word, giving to each term its true meaning, he was an enemy to all contortions of the language, because he knew its structure. It is a folly of our day to think that lucidity precludes depth.

And as he was intent upon regulating his romances or his dramas, he wished likewise to bring his inner life and its manifestations into harmony. A concurrence of knowledge and of light seemed to him essential to this end.

The war of 1870 was a revelation to him. It made him a man. He told how, one evening, when on outpost duty in the snow, he had the first attack of his pains, and also of remorse for the indolence that allowed him to sing, to write light verses, or cursory prose, without serious or continued labor. He had great respect for military display. Regimental music excited him like a warhorse. The title of officer opened his door and his heart. "Those who have devoted their lives are superior to all others," he said. One of the few questions that he would never compromise was patriotism. The "terrible

year" marked for him not his own metamorphosis only, but a change in the nation, in its manners, prejudices and culture. If I praised a German, he murmured sadly: "Oh, the little ones of the conquest!" He seemed to have felt more keenly than others the disorder of that tragic time. He wished that my brother and I, having no recollection of the period, should be faithfully instructed. He collected every work, French or foreign, that treated of the Franco-German war. This very summer, at Champrosay, he recounted to me in detail, his impressions and his resentments. It was a sort of patriotic legacy. He wished that the defense of Châteaudun should be put into verse by some poet, and read and reread in the public schools.

His power of persuasion was such that he made me share his feelings, and he rejoiced in this. I think he loved his sons as well as any man, but he would have given us to the flag without a shadow of hesitation. I reproached him for not having written upon our misfortunes the work of which no one was capable, unless an eyewitness. He shook his head: "Such a recital would not elevate souls. A warlike nation like ours needs to hear the resonance of victory."

This man who had done his whole duty had the grace to be modestly silent about it. But the wound was always bleeding. When Madame Adam came to see him the conversation turned naturally upon revenge. This dear lady and he despaired of nothing.

Death came to claim him the 16th of December, 1897, during dinner. I came in rather late, and found our little world assembled as usual in his study. I gave him my arm to the dining-room, and seated him in his large armchair. He began to talk while taking soup. Nothing in his movements, or in his condition, suggested such a catastrophe when, suddenly, after a brief and terrible silence, I heard a frightful sound—one that could never be forgotten—a sort of rattling—and then another! At a cry from my mother we sprang to him. He had thrown back his head, his beautiful head, already covered with icy moisture; his arms fell to his sides. With infinite care my brother and I succeeded in laying him upon the carpet. In one moment our house held the sad mystery of death, and was filled with moans and prayers, and vain supplications for him who had given us everything, except himself a little longer. The doctors came in haste. Dr. Potain, who loved him, tried every expedient, possible and impossible. Fearful and overwhelming spectacle! A body that had given us life, and that life had deserted in a flash; so much goodness, tenderness, beauty, compassion, so much generous enthusiasm—for us, henceforth, only a memory. . . .

An hour later he lay upon his bed, as beautiful as his image in our hearts, amid stifled sobs and in the immovable glow of the flambeaux. The ties that bound us to him can break only with our death, but they are now buried in his grave. Our memory becomes a tomb preserving his gestures, his words, his looks, his caresses. Love keeps no one here. Virtue keeps no one. Genius keeps no one. But, as shattered and desolate, I bent over his pure brow, I seemed to hear these words: "Be comforted, his example remains."

Dramatic Notes

[At the Vaudeville: *Paméla*, Dealer in Novelties, a comedy in four acts, by M. Victorien Sardou. Critical comments of M. Jules Lemaitre in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.]

Paméla is a play belonging to the same species as *Thermidor* and *Madame Sans-Gêne*. It contains two very interesting situations. The first shows us the little prisoner, Louis XVII., brought from his chamber in the Temple to be exhibited to some pretty, chattering women under the protection of Barras.

The wan, puny child, with swollen knees, brutalized by suffering, terror and solitude, maintains a gloomy silence. But the good *Paméla* is permitted to remain alone with the little one who, encouraged by her tenderness, asks for his mother, learns that she is dead, sobs and faints away. What hard heart could withstand this spectacle? Again, on the evening of the abduction, *Paméla's* lover, the Republican Bergerin, discovers the little King in the laundry basket. Brutus intends to do his duty. But the royal child, half asleep, throws both arms around his captor's neck, and this childish confidingness disarms Brutus, and dissolves by the shock of a very simple sentiment of pity, his abstract and obstinate intolerance. "Bah!" he says, "the nation will not perish because robbed of a child!" and he suffers *Paméla* to carry the little Louis to the conspirators, who are waiting for him at the subterranean entrance.

The rest of the play is given to the story of the conspiracy. We have a morning with Barras, set off by much, perhaps almost too much "local color," and by artificially elaborated anecdotic details.

We see the joiner's shop where the conspirators, disguised as workmen, have excavated an underground passage into the prison court. All is ready for rescuing the Dauphin. The Temple guards have been bribed, and the laundress. This woman is to bring the child out in a basket of linen, but loses courage and slips off at the last moment. All is lost! The kind *Paméla* offers to take her place. All is saved! . . .

There follows a sort of tragi-comic interlude in the underground passage; and the play ends in an operetta, thus providing for the gratification of all tastes. Conventional peasants—really the conspirators—are harvesting on the banks of the Seine. The little King is reposing in a neighboring house. Barras, who has imprudently gone to look for him, suddenly sees himself surrounded by the pretended rustics armed with tools of husbandry. He does not lose his presence of mind, and asks permission to offer his homage to his Majesty, Louis XVII. The child is brought upon a hand-barrow, adorned with leaves and flowers, a sort of rustic shield; and Barras kisses his hand and assures him of his profound, although contingent, devotion.

How is it that, with much wit, charm, variety, ingenuity, indeed, with every quality calculated to please, *Paméla* has not had the dazzling success of *Madame Sans-Gêne*, nor even the success of *Thermidor*?

I will suggest three or four reasons:

In *Thermidor* we find several striking "points";

the chorus of knitting women, the canticle of the nuns in the tumbrel, the convention scene, and others equally telling. The points of *Paméla* are less accentuated. In *Madame Sans-Gêne* there was the First Empire, and there was He! The scenery and costumes of *Paméla* are less noble and less magnificent. Perhaps, too, the moral analysis of the hybrid period of the Directory, however superficial, involves too much irony to permit an audience to grasp it with simple and unmixed pleasure.

The play itself is hybrid. M. Sardou's hypothesis of the escape of Louis XVII. makes *Paméla* neither a historical drama nor a work of pure fiction.

It is possibly true, although not demonstrable, that the royal child was delivered from its dungeon, but only a few curious inquirers believe this; the audience, as a whole, does not believe it, and this distrust prevents it from feeling the moving incidents of the play. Thus *Paméla* offends against the rule so often promulgated and established by our master, Sarcey, that a historical play must not too strongly antagonize the opinions or prejudices of the audience in regard to the events or personages introduced.

There is a sense of disappointment, too. We anticipated a drama of duty and passion; we imagined that the motive of the story would be the struggle between the tender-hearted *Paméla* and her Republican lover. But this struggle is only suggested.

The interviews between Bergerin and *Paméla* seem to be treated by M. Sardou with a certain negligence and ennui, and as if they moved him but slightly.

It is as though the great dramatist had, in the course of his life, pictured so many violent situations, so many tragic conflicts that he had not, this time, the strength to make the necessary effort to put himself in the place of his characters, to conscientiously excite himself over their situation, to enter into their emotions and thus find words to express them with precision and force. There is in *Paméla* a sort of wearied detachment concerning what is the least insignificant feature of dramatic invention—the sentiments, passions and impulses of human souls.

The dexterity of M. Sardou is, however, surprising and admirable. It might be wished that the political schemes and intrigues of *Barras* were further developed. As it is, the *Barras* of M. Sardou is not displeasing to me. He is a puppet, perhaps, but many of the men of the Revolution were puppets. There is no period in which the disproportion between events and men seems so great. I retain, too, a weakness for *Paméla*, an easy figure, but very successful, with a gentleness, courage and tenderness most womanly. The part is played to perfection by Mme. Réjane, and M. Huguenet has delicately reproduced the slightly caricatured portraiture of *Barras*.

*Some New Books **

M. Henry Bérenger publishes a volume containing a number of studies in social criticism, pre-

viously presented in the form of "articles" or lectures. On such questions as thought and action, religion and education, military life, this able young writer has spoken and written strong and useful words worthy of preservation. The book is called "*La Conscience Nationale*," and he opens it with this question: Is there still a French conscience?

Madame la Princesse Cantacuzene has just published a volume of novelettes, entitled "*Croquis Russes*." The title is admirably suited to these graceful tales, thrown off, one after the other by a light and rapid hand. The sketches from nature are truly Russian, and the air of our steppes, the large and free life of our vast, uniform expanses penetrates them with a vivifying breath. The many characters made to move across the scene are full of life. "Suggest, never insist," is the motto of the Princess Cantacuzene, a good motto, wholly congenial to French thought, and peculiarly appropriate to this slight bouquet of fragrant grasses from the Russian steppe.—G. GOLOWINE.

"*Bismarck Intime*," by I. I. Hoche (Innen).—This highly authenticated and most entertaining book shows us the Iron Chancellor as a humorist, and M. Hoche brings us to his opinion that Bismarck is "a force of nature guided by a great destiny." The book contains many portraits and caricatures, and may be regarded as a sort of epitome of contemporaneous European history.

Napoleon at St. Helena; Recollections of Betsey Balcomb (Plon).—Side by side with Bismarck "intime" we have Napoleon "intime," in contrast with the fallen Chancellor busied on his estates, superintending paper factories and mills, the ex-Emperor, General Bonaparte, as Hudson Lowe calls him, thrown upon the rock of St. Helena and amusing himself by tormenting his jailers. Miss Balcomb was fourteen years old when the Corsican ogre was brought to the island where her father was purveyor. The English girl and Napoleon formed an alliance, in which it was evidently the little maid that played the tyrant to the ogre. She shows him to us in a new light, a Napoleon loving children, talking and playing with them. They familiarly called him "Bony"—and, truly, the popularity of Bony among the little people proves the blunder of the poet who declared that "nothing human beat under his heavy armor," for to be loved by children one must love them.

"*Soutien de la Famille*" (Fasquelle).—The last work of Alphonse Daudet is not very warmly commended by M. G. Art in the *Revue Bleue* of April 9. In "*Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*," however, we find quoted at length a brilliant passage from the book—an episode in the corridors of the Palais Bourbon, worthy in style and spirit of the master whom France still mourns.

The same copy of the "*Annales*" (March 27), displays three of Ibsen's women—Hedwige, Nora and Ellida—in scenes skillfully cut from the works of the great dramatist, exquisitely gallicized—as brilliant in their French setting as three sparkling, differently colored gems.

* *Revue Bleue*, April 16, 1898.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

After the Battle.....Joaquin Miller.....Poems (The Whitaker & Ray Co.)

Sing banners and cannon and roll of drum;
The shouting of men and the marshalling!
Lo, cannon to cannon and earth struck dumb!
Oh, battle, in song, is a glorious thing!

Oh, glorious day, riding down to the fight!
Oh, glorious battle in story and song!
Oh, godlike man to die for the right!
Oh, manlike God to revenge the wrong!

Yea, riding to battle, on battle day—
Why, a soldier is something more than a king!
But after the battle! The riding away!
Ah, the riding away is another thing!

*The Poet of June.....Fanny H. Runnells Poole.....A Bank of Violets**

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou Poet, crowned with song's supremest powers.
Who, in that realm from pain and death apart,
Dost link, responsive to our longing heart,
The infinite with some stray chord of ours!
As waiting nature greets the wondrous showers
Bidding a barren earth in beauty start,
Oh, would that we, by thy inspiring art,
Might weave thee garlands eloquent in flowers!
And June is here, Interpreter who fled,
Her halo still upon thy laurelled head
To be divinely bright while ages roll;
Thy pure eyes glow a June day's temperate fire,
A June adagio sweeps thy "living lyre,"
With stately rapture to enthral our soul!

Ode to the Memory of Keats.....Lloyd Mifflin.....The Slopes of Helicon †

I.

Thy voice is as the sound of far-off seas,
And sweeter than the hum of Enna's bees,
That fed on flowers round the milk-white knees
Of hapless Proserpina; or than strains
Or harps æolian, made by murmurous leaves
When elfin airs are going through green lanes
In some enchanted vale;
Or than a song at sunset, 'mid the sheaves,
When troops of reapers, singing, ope the bars,
And the young crescent, with her sister stars,
Stoops low to listen, golden pale—
Sweeter than all these!

And softer than the sound of waters falling
Through dells of El Dorado; or the calling
Of rose-limbed nymphs, at eve, for their god lover
Among the trees Idalian, arching over
Dim avenues whose twilights never change;
Ah, sweeter than all things we may discover,
And strange—

Strange as the song of some unrestful star
That falls above a city, but so far
And high, none hear, save those who watch the skies
A-hunger for the eternal harmonies
That drop from lips of haloed poets dead—

So sounds thy voice o'erhead;
And, listening, lesser bards hear the rapt tone,
Harp sweeter songs, and think the strains their own,
So Orphean-sweet thine are!

II.

Unread may rest thy lays
For many days—
For many weary years;

And yet their echo still is in our ears,
And sounds within our soul,
Like the dim-heard, far-off, faint thunder-roll
Along the evening hills.

III.

Thou wast the Muse's favored one,
Whose syllables were as a benison
To heal our mortal ills.
Thou who didst honey from Hymettus rob,
Thou, in the mind's celestial Parthenon,
Hast filled thy niche, where all about thy lips
The stone glows with white eloquence,
Making the silence throb.
Yet, O sweet poet—thou who liest hence
Under that slab pathetically small,
Like one white lily thrown outside the wall,
Upon the Roman grass—this was thy doom:
Within a callous people's laggard tomb,
Which is henceforth, to us, a shrine,
To lie forgotten long;
Silent those lips of thine,
Nurtured upon Olympian wine,
Wet at the Heliconian spring divine,
And made immortal by immortal song.

IV.

Ærial architect, whose realm was space,
Who in the mind's blue zenith—thine abode—
Reared the transcendent spire of the Ode;
Who built dream-raftered temples, high and strong,
That break life's flat horizon into joy—
The Brunelleschi of the Dome of Song—
A full-voiced poet thou, while yet a boy.
Thy lips true sculptors were, and, gay or grave,
The plastic language took the print they gave;
Apollo touched them, and beyond recall,
Thy speech thereafter ran most musical
Through all its lucent labyrinthine ways—
Through all thy golden lays.
But Atropos, too soon, with sudden shears
Above thee leaned to cut thy thread of years,
And as she cut it, sighed;
Thereat thy name
Died
Into deathless fame!

V.

O weak—yet strong!
Pale Star of later Song,
Across the Atlantic, streams
The glorious splendor of thy beams,
Reaching and dazzling many an eye and ear.
And still thou liv'st. We feel thy joys and ills;
Thy spirit walketh on our sunset hills;
Thy lays yet breathe, to those who still can hear,
Memnonian music from auroral air;
Thy voice is on the peaks, serene and clear;
From Indian dells, or down Ionian dales,
We hear thy harp still sighing Grecian tales
Of deities melodiously forlorn—
We hear—and bless the day that thou wast born.
O Poet of the night, and of the morn,
Bard of immortal woes,
Thou mad'st our world more beauteous and more sweet,
And so we cast our pearls about thy feet
In reverence, with a sigh;
We who love beauty cannot let thee die;
We know thy heart was pierced through with the thorn,
Though hidden by the rose;
We know thy breast was bleeding all life long,
O thou, the Nightingale of English Song!

*G. P. Putnam's Sons. †Estes & Lauriat.

God's Bird.....Katharine Tynan Hinkson.....Poems

Nay, not Thine eagle, Lora—
No golden eagle I,
That creep half-fainting on the sward,
And have no wings to fly.
Nor yet Thy tender dove,
Meek as Thyself, Thou Lamb;
I would I were the dove, Thy love,
And not the thing I am.
But take me in Thy hand,
To be Thy sparrow, then;
Were two sparrows in Holy Land,
One farthing bought the twain.

My Mother.....James Riley.....Songs of Two Peoples (Estes & Lauriat)

I stood to-day in the valley of the years that long had
fled,
Where Memory's golden jewels are linked in a silver
thread,
And I asked my heart's deep beating if the blight of the
Present's wrong
Should crush out all the gladness it knew with the years
of song;
When it followed the winding river that led past the
sloping hill,
And the sun on the far horizon gave gold to the moun-
tain's rill;
When the trees in their bourgeoned beauty to the heav-
ens seemed to pray,
And all around the soul of song held sweet, triumphant
sway?
Should the morn it knew be blasted by the noonday's
burning rays?
By a world that only listens to its own false meed of
praise?
Then my heart, in its treasured fulness, to my spirit thus
did say:
"Soul of my soul, thou'st garnered one joy that shall ever
stay.
"Deep down as the world's foundation, as pure as dream
of the blest,
Is the love the mother bestows upon the child she holds
to her breast.
"She, who guided thy feet unsteady, taught thy little
hands to pray;
She, who pillowed the long, brown ringlets, at close of
the golden day,
"And who gave thee thy first sweet blessing to light up
this valley of tears;
She, thy mother! who, now in heaven, first guarded thy
infant years,
"Her love is as the angel's whose wings are above thee
spread,
Thy guide and guard eternal, wherever thy feet may
tread."

Three Kisses...J. Edmund V. Cooke.....Rimes to be Read (W. B. Conkey Co.)

When first I kissed you, dear,
The moon's bright glory mocked the sun;
And moons! why every star was one;
All men were good and brave and just,
All women fair, and fair to trust,
All happiness was thrall to me,
And all the earth was Arcady,
When first I kissed you, dear.
When last I kissed you, dear,
I scorned all being—save the worm,
To be with you a little term.
The stars had burned to cinders all,

The sky was nothing but a pall,
God was not God, but clumsy Knave,
All earth was but your open grave,
When last I kissed you, dear.

When next I kiss you, dear,
It may be æons hence, and you
Impalpable as Heaven's blue;
It may be soon, it may be here,
It may be on some distant sphere;
But though an atom or a soul,
Unstable dust or perfect whole;
Though nodding violet be you
And I a drop of morning dew;
Though suns may fade and earth may end,
Together we shall meet and blend,
And in that blending there shall be
The Universe for you and me!
And I shall kiss you, dear.

*The Little Dead Baby, Freeman E. Miller, Songs from the Southwest Country**

There's a little dead baby just over the way,
For a little white ribbon hangs down by the door,
And the house that was happy with music and play
Is encompassed with gloom and rejoices no more;
And the shutters are closed and the curtains are drawn,
And the bird by the window is songless to-day;
For the bright of the blossoms went out at the dawn
With the little dead baby just over the way.

There's a little dead baby just over the way,
And a little white coffin all hidden from view;
And a poor little mother kneels lowly to pray
By the beautiful face of the baby she knew;
But the Lord of her soul with a gladness unguessed
To her heart gives a joy that shall anguish allay;
And her faith lives as pure as the blooms on the breast
Of the little dead baby just over the way.

There's a little dead baby just over the way,
And a desolate look never noticed before;
And the children are silent, and tearfully say,
"The baby won't laugh at our pranks any more!"
And the old people walk with a sorrowful tread
As the tears of regret down the faded cheeks stray,
For they worshipped each hair on the bright curly head
Of the little dead baby just over the way.

There's a little dead baby just over the way,
And the hushes of awestricken silences throng
Through the jest of the crowd and the merriment gay
With the rapture and revel of laughter and song;
And the world bows its head with a sorrowful face
Where the stars of compassion their glories array,
While the angels come down full of love to the place
Of the little dead baby just over the way.

Oh, the little dead baby just over the way!
There's a Presence that clothes it with dearness divine;
And I feel in my heart the omnipotent sway
Of the grief I should know if that baby were mine!
And I mourn with the mourning, and ask from above
That the Father will comfort when sorrows dismay,
While my soul is a fountain that flows full of love
For the little dead baby just over the way.

In the Sweet o' the Year.....Sunday Magazine

Merrily piping a carol of mirth,
And of thanks for the life that was dear;
Glad of the breath of the Spring o'er the earth,
Sang a bird in the sweet o' the year.
Singing a message of death as it sped,—
Woe is me for the life that we fear—
Swift from the string flew an arrow, and dead
Fell the bird in the sweet o' the year.

*The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Spain's Area, Population and Colonial Possessions.....New York Sun

Spain's area and population, as they are at the present time, are interesting, in view of the fact that once her possessions were greater than those of any other European power. Her present area, including the Balearic and Canary Islands, each of which is considered a province, is 197,670 square miles. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and all of the New England States combined have an area of 162,065 square miles. Spain is therefore a trifle larger than these States. On the other hand, Texas has an area of 262,290 square miles, so that Texas is 74,620 square miles larger than Spain. The population of Spain is estimated to be 17,650,234, about the same as that of the New England and Middle States named.

Besides the Canary and Balearic Islands Spain holds the colonies of Cuba, area 41,655 miles; population before the war, 1,631,687; Porto Rico, area 3,500 square miles, population 806,708. Total area and population in America, 45,205 square miles and 2,438,395 persons, respectively. Her possessions in Asia are: The Philippine Islands, area 114,326 square miles, population 7,000,000; the Sulu Islands, area 950 square miles, population 75,000; the Caroline Islands and Palaos, area 560 square miles, population 36,000; the Marianne Islands, area 420 square miles, population 10,172. Total area and population in Asia, 116,256 square miles and 7,121,172 persons. Her possessions in Africa are Rio de Oro and Adrar, area 243,000 square miles, population 100,000; Ifui (near Cape Nun), area 27 square miles, population 6,000; Fernando Po, Annabon, Corisco, Elobey, and San Juan, area 850 square miles, population 30,000. Total area and population in Africa, 243,877 square miles and 136,000 persons. The total area of Spain's foreign possessions is 405,338 square miles. The total population is 9,695,567 persons. So that her foreign possessions have an area more than twice as large as her own, and a foreign population nearly half the size of her own. Of course, when she loses Cuba her foreign area will be reduced one-ninth and her foreign population, if the loss of garrison is considered, reduced nearly one-sixth.

A New Version of Stonewall Jackson's Death, Byron Pope, Cleveland Leader*

Both Union and Confederate history records that the famous Confederate General, "Stonewall" Jackson, was shot and mortally wounded by his own pickets on the night of May 2, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va.

In the light of news recently gained during conversation with an old army comrade, I deem it proper to set his story before the world, as it so thoroughly and, it seems to me, so effectually refutes the statements heretofore published. To the truth and accuracy of his statement my informant, John W. Francisco, then a sergeant of Company F, 102d New York Infantry, afterward adjutant of the regiment, will make affidavit should his story be contradicted. Adjutant Francisco is now a resident of Cleveland. His story is as follows:

*Late Lieutenant Third Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery.

"History relates that 'Stonewall' Jackson was with some of his staff and a bodyguard of cavalry, on the night of May 2, 1863, at Chancellorsville, Va., making a reconnoissance along the front of the Confederate lines when he rode outside his own lines and was, by mistake, fired upon by the Confederate pickets, Jackson being mortally wounded, taken to the rear, and afterward dying.

"I was then a sergeant of Company F, 102d New York Infantry, Third Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, our division being commanded by General John W. Geary. We were on the extreme right of our corps, and on the afternoon of May 2 my company, as part of a brigade detail composed of the 102d and 137th and 149th New York, was ordered out on the skirmish line. We marched through the lines of the Eleventh corps and, passing to their left, were deployed in front of our brigade.

"My company's position was on the right, forming on what was known as the Charcoal Pit Road. After posting my men, it being nearly dark, the firing on our right was very heavy, although we were not attacked in our front. After dark our whole skirmish line was used as pickets. About nine o'clock an aide-de-camp rode up to me, saying, 'Sergeant, you are now on the extreme right of the army, and your instructions are not to halt any one coming on you from the front, but to fire upon them at once.' After he left I went along the line of men under my personal command and told them what my instructions were, but I also told them that in my judgment, as the Eleventh Corps had been broken it was more than likely that some of their men might have got scattered in our front, and therefore, if they heard any one coming, not to fire at once but to call me.

"Soon afterward I was called, and taking a corporal with me we advanced to the front and brought back two officers and three privates of our own army and sent them under guard to headquarters. Along toward midnight I heard something moving in our front. It sounded like cavalry, and I started towards one of our boys, one of the 149th New York, to warn him, when, before I could reach him, he fired his piece. I heard a deep groan, a hurried confusion of voices, and the sound of hasty riding from directly in front. I remarked to my man: 'One Hundred and Forty-ninth, you have hit some one, sure.' (By the way, this same man was killed on our line the next morning and died in my arms.) The next day it was my ill luck to be taken prisoner, and after a four-hour march towards Richmond, in company with about four hundred fellow captives, about noon we were halted, when an ambulance and a bodyguard of cavalry came down the road and halted just where I was standing. I asked one of the cavalrymen who they had in the ambulance. He replied, 'General Jackson.' I asked him where he was shot, and when. He replied that it was about midnight the previous night. He further stated that he was one of the General's bodyguard, and that they were outside or between the lines at or near the head of the Charcoal Pit Road, and through a

mistake he had been shot by one of their own pickets.

"I said to him, 'Was there only one shot fired?' and he said, 'Yes.' I then said, 'Your General was not shot by one of his own men, but by one of my men on picket, and the man who fired that shot, one of the 149th New York, is now lying dead alongside the Charcoal Pit Road.'

"I then fully explained the position of our pickets, and he fully agreed with me as to who killed the famous general.

"If any of the members of General Jackson's staff that night, or any member of his bodyguard, are still alive, they will bear me out in this story. I furthermore afterward related the facts to General John W. Geary, our division commander, who coincided with me in my deductions."

Foreign-Language Newspapers in the U. S. Bookseller and Newsman

There are 2,200 daily and 15,000 weekly papers published in the United States, and twenty-three different languages, other than English, are represented in the newspaper press of this country.

There is only one newspaper published in the Russian language in the United States. There are five newspapers, all weekly, in the Portuguese language. Of these three are in California, and two are in Massachusetts, at New Bedford and at Boston. There are four daily newspapers in the Polish language published at Chicago, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Baltimore. Besides these there are seven weekly Polish papers at Chicago, six in Pennsylvania, one at Cleveland, one at Toledo, and three at Detroit. Most of the periodicals in the Spanish language are trade papers, but there is a daily paper in New York, and at Key West is another. There are four Spanish papers in Arizona and twelve in New Mexico.

One Armenian paper is published in the city of New York, and there are two Chinese weekly papers in San Francisco. Five newspapers are published in the Finnish language, two in the mine regions of Michigan, and one each in Illinois, Minnesota and New York. There are two daily Bohemian papers in New York, two at Chicago, and one at Cleveland. There are three Danish papers in Chicago, one in Omaha, one in Racine, Wis., and one in Portland, Ore. The Danish papers are, almost exclusively, designed for circulation among the farmers, and few of them have any city circulation, though there is one Danish paper published in New York.

The indisposition of the French to acquire any other language must account for the large number of French papers published throughout the Union, even where the French population is inconsiderable. There are French daily papers (read chiefly by French Canadians) at Fall River, Lowell and New Bedford, and one published at Woonsocket, R. I.

Seven newspapers are published in the Slavonic language, and of the four in Welsh three are in Utica and its neighborhood. Thirty Swedish newspapers are published, but no daily papers among the number; eleven Norwegian, seven of them in Minnesota; five Hungarian, one Greek, one Gaelic, one Arabic, and eighteen Dutch, nine of which are in

Michigan, where the Hollanders are numerous, one only being published in the East, in Paterson, N. J. There are two Italian papers in New York and two in San Francisco. There are four papers published in the Lithuanian language, and twelve, three of them dailies, in the Jewish jargon. German newspapers are published in nearly every State, and German dailies in nearly every large city.

*The Duellists of the Navy. John R. Spears. History of Our Navy**

At the various civilized ports where the American ships called, the American officers fell in with the officers of the European navies. The Yankees had already shown somewhat of their skill as sea warriors, but in the minds of the European officers they were at best mere plebeians. They were of the people. In short, in the mind of the European officer, they were not gentlemen. The English officers were the chief aggressors in treating the Americans with contumely. Considering the state of civilization at that day, what was an American officer to do?

On a certain night in the month of February, 1803, while the "Chesapeake," the "New York," the "John Adams," and the "Enterprise" were lying at Malta, a number of the officers went ashore to spend the evening. Eventually they gathered at the theatre. While a number of them stood in the lobby there, the secretary of the Governor came in with some friends. He was of mature years and a noted duellist of that day—had killed a number of men, in fact, and his mission in the theatre was to get a fight with one of the Yankee officers. He had openly boasted, it is said, that he would "have a Yankee for breakfast" the next day.

Looking over the group, he selected one of the youngest, Midshipman Joseph Bainbridge, for his victim, and on walking past the group jostled him. As it happened, Bainbridge was at that moment speaking to a shipmate and was taken wholly by surprise. Having no idea that any one would wilfully seek a deadly quarrel, his first impression was that the jostling was accidental. Nevertheless, when the secretary walked away with a jaunty air, Bainbridge suspected that an insult had been intended, and he was just speaking to his shipmates about it when Lieutenant Stephen Decatur happened along. Decatur had had experience in such matters, and Bainbridge at once stated the case to him.

"We'll very soon learn whether it was an accident or an insult," said Decatur, and he was turning away to go in search of the offender when the fellow came past the group from behind Decatur. As he arrived beside young Bainbridge, the duellist said, in a voice that all could hear:

"Those Yankees will never stand the smell of gunpowder." Then he jostled the youngster again and started on, but before he could take a second step he received a blow from the Yankee's fist that knocked him sprawling.

Of course, the duellist challenged as soon as he could get on his feet. Decatur smiled and bowed.

* A selected reading from *The History of Our Navy*, by John R. Spears. Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y., publishers 4 vols., cloth, \$8.00.

Turning to Bainbridge, who was, it should be remembered, a boy of perhaps sixteen, Decatur said:

"Go aboard ship, sir, and give yourself no more concern about this matter. I will attend to everything."

As soon as Bainbridge left the theatre Decatur went aside with the Englishmen to arrange for the inevitable duel. As the challenged party, the Americans had the right to make the terms. Said Decatur when the others were ready to hear him:

"We will go to the beach at sunrise to-morrow morning. There we will place our men back to back, and at the word 'March!' they shall each march two steps and then whirl and fire. There shall be only the one word."

"My God, man!" said the English second, "that is clear murder."

"Pardon me," said Decatur, "your man is an experienced duellist. He has picked out for his victim one of our young officers who has had no experience whatever. By the terms that I propose they will be placed as nearly on an equal footing as is possible. However, sir, if you do not wish to fight in that way, I will take the place of the midshipman and meet your man on the usual terms at ten paces."

And the Englishman chose to fight the boy on the terms named rather than face the experienced Decatur.

So Decatur went on board ship, and taking Midshipman Bainbridge on deck, placed him with a cocked but empty pistol in hand, back to back with a shipmate, and said "March!" Bainbridge marched two steps, whirled on his heel in military fashion, and snapped the empty pistol at his shipmate. Again he was placed in position, and again he marched and turned and snapped the pistol. And from that time on he stood erect and marched and turned, again and again, the whole night through; he was drilled in his duty till he did it mechanically as, and with the accuracy of, a clock that strikes the hour.

And as the sun was tinging the morning sky he was placed back to back with the professional duellist. Both marched at the word and both turned, but because Bainbridge had been trained by Stephen Decatur he turned more swiftly than the enemy, and shot him dead.

Let the reader decide for himself whether that was or was not a fight for the honor of the flag. . . .

An American lieutenant, on going ashore, was publicly insulted by six British officers, who were all challenged by the American, and it was arranged that he should meet one each day at sunrise, should he survive long enough, until he had had satisfaction from them all. For four mornings the American lieutenant rode away to the duelling ground, and each day rode back again, leaving the Englishmen to bring in the dead body of their man. But on the next morning, as he rode out with the fifth, there being no one in the party but the principals, their seconds and the surgeons, a mob of British partisans, well-armed and disguised as highwaymen, came galloping toward them. As it happened, the Englishman was riding a thoroughbred animal and the American lieutenant a worthless scrub.

Seeing the mob coming the Englishman's face paled with anger.

"They are coming to kill you," he said to the American lieutenant. "You take my horse and you can escape them, and we will settle this affair at another time."

Convinced by both the English principal and his second that the mob was really bent on murder, the American accepted the horse, and by hard riding did escape. But after that he did not have the heart to kill the one who had shown himself so much of a man. The Englishman was willing to apologize, and so was the remaining one who had been challenged, and the American, with hearty good will, accepted their explanations. . . .

Of a very different nature from a moralist's point of view at the present time were the duels the American naval officers fought among themselves. The story of the first—probably the only one—fought by the lamented Somers, who lost his life before Tripoli, will serve better than any other to show the spirit of the naval officers of the day.

As related in the United States Naval Chronicle, Somers and Decatur, who were intimate friends, were one day chaffing one another in the presence of some other young officers, and in the course of the remarks Decatur called Somers a fool. Somers, of course, paid no attention to the epithet, for it was said in mere play. But the other youngsters, five in number, took the matter seriously, and the next day refused to accept Somers' invitation to join him in a bottle of wine.

Somers, very greatly astonished, asked why, and they explained frankly that they thought he had failed to show a spirit proper for a naval officer when he was called a fool.

Immediately Somers went to Decatur and related the facts. Decatur said at once that he would give a dinner at which he would explain the whole matter, and place Somers right before his fellow officers, but Somers said:

"They have allowed themselves to suspect my courage. I must convince them that they are mistaken, and my only course is to fight them all."

Decatur acted as second for Somers, delivered the five challenges, and it was arranged that Somers should meet them in succession during one hour. So they gathered at a convenient place and Somers faced his first man. At the word both fired, and Somers missed, but got his own right arm pierced with the bullet of his antagonist.

At this Decatur wanted to take his place, but Somers refused, and stood up and fired at the second man, using his wounded arm. Again he missed and again was himself struck, this time in the hip, the wound bleeding so profusely that Somers was soon too weak to stand. Nevertheless he insisted on having the third man come on.

When the third man took his stand Somers was unable either to stand erect or to hold out a pistol steadily. So Decatur sat down on Somers' left side, put his right arm around Somers' body until he could help support the weight of Somers' right arm, and in this position the word was given. At this shot Somers managed to wound his antagonist.

The whole five were by this time so much impressed by the pluck and persistence of the young

fellow that they made ample apology for having misjudged him.

A Famous Sea-Fight.....Claude H. Wetmore.....The Century

[The following describes the engagement between Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879.]

From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Grau had come to the men in the turret through the speaking-tube from the conning-tower; but when the "Blanco" crowded into the thick of it, and great shot struck the "Huascar's" sides as regularly as blows of a battering-ram, the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer, and when Commander Elias Aguerre ran up the narrow little ladder that led to the tower, he stumbled over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning-tower, and had taken off Grau's head as neatly as if the decapitation had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant F  rre, the Admiral's aide. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube-flap to give his directions; but as he did so the "Huascar" staggered, keeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismounted, and twenty men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery; and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one of the ships—they could no longer make out which, nor did they care—and it was discharged hauled in, loaded, and discharged again.

Once more all was silent in the conning-tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from the well-aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the "Huascar" that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon, took the place, as he did so he called through an aperture, telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries, and sink with her if necessary. Over and over spun the wheel, but the "Huascar's" head still pointed between the Chileans.

"Port! Port, I say!" screamed the commander.

"She won't answer," came back the sullen reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive; the bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

"A shot has carried away the starboard steering-gear, sir," reported an ensign; and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth.

The "Huascar" now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white and red fluttered from the peak. One by one, in twos and in threes, the men in the turret dropped at their posts; and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its

tackle literally choked with dead. The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top, corpses clogged the conning-tower.

With coats and waistcoats off, the surgeons had been laboring in the ward-room upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled down the companionway like so much butchered beef; for there was no time to use stretchers or to carry a stricken comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment became stifling. While they were sawing, amputating, and bandaging, a shell tore into the ward-room, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunates who were stretched upon the table awaiting their turn under the knife, and those who lay upon the floor, suffered no more pain; they were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore away ward-room and stern cabin, and hardly a trace was left of the bulkhead. After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal-bunkers.

Huddled in a passageway near the engine-room were a score or more of non-combatants—stewards, pantrymen and stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns; it was filled with powder smoke, and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the "Huascar" had been struck in a vital spot—her machinery. Suddenly they heard a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little ironclad swayed as if she had struck a reef. Some one passed the word that the maintopmast had been shot away.

There was a cry of "Fire!" and all hands rushed to stations—perhaps two men to a boat's crew, one to a pump gang.

"D—the fire!" shouted Lieutenant Garezon. "Repel boarders!"

They were metamorphosed by this order from fire-fighters into warriors again, and formed a line of bleeding men, their clothing in rags, and, ranged in company front, stokers elbowing marines, pantrymen leveling rifles in union with midshipmen, awaited the coming of a fleet of the enemy's boats, which, crowded with marines, were forcing their way through the water toward the wounded, staggering "Huascar," that lay like a log, motionless.

But fire raged between decks, and flames flared up the after-companionway; and when the boats had crowded around, like threshers attacking a whale that had been struck to the death, the few survivors were compelled to yield to the force of numbers.

An Indian Legend.....Washington Post

Ichthyophobia, defined as the fear of fish, is especially strong in the Navajo Indians, who will not eat fish nor have anything to do with articles made in the shape of fish. The Apache and other tribes also taboo fish, which is accounted for as follows: There was a time when food was scarce and the mountain Indians had a big pow-wow with the river Indians. The result was that the river Indians agreed to kill no deer, but live entirely on fish, and the mountain Indians agreed to eat no fish, but live upon deer. This made food plenty for both.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

The Island of Cuba.....The Watchman

A great deal has been printed about Cuba, and yet the average reader doubtless has a somewhat vague knowledge of the island which lies so near our Southern shores, and is just now the centre of interest not to Spain and the United States alone, but to the nations of the world. From the latest available sources regarded as reliable the following sketch is compiled, in the hope that it may contribute to a clearer idea of the colony whose internal troubles because of oppressive misrule have been so long a source of concern to our Government, and have now brought us to war with Spain.

Cuba lies immediately south of Florida. The meridian of Washington crosses it at its widest part, about 250 miles east of Havana and 200 miles west of Cape Maisi, the most eastern point. The length of the island is about 760 miles; the breadth at the narrowest part, near Havana, is from 30 to 36 miles; at the widest part, in the east, 125 miles. One gets a clearer idea of extent by localizing it. Thus, if Cuba were translated to the latitude of New York, and Cape Maisi were laid down at Sandy Hook, Cape San Antonio would be in the vicinity of Chicago. The distance from the northwest coast of Cuba to the Florida mainland is about that from New York to Albany, while our fleet at Key West is as near Havana as Poughkeepsie is to New York. The area of Cuba is 45,000, or about equal to that of Pennsylvania.

One writer who draws a helpful comparison says that the provinces in Cuba equal in number the New England States. Take New England and elongate the territory, place it in the torrid zone, with Maine eastward and Connecticut and Rhode Island the west end, increase the vegetation and soil and mountains, substitute royal palms for elms, and pineapples for pippins—Connecticut would be the tobacco plantation, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and part of Maine the sugar lands. The eastern end (Maine) is the source of the mustering and march of the insurgents. From hence the raiders have proceeded with their long processions of cavalry through all the provinces, and the Cuban Boston (Havana) has seen the light of the flames that consume the substance of the island, in spite of the large Spanish army and the trench lined with detached forts at short intervals, known as "trochas," drawn at various points across the island.

Cuba, in form a thin, irregular crescent, has a coast line of 2,200 miles, or of nearly 7,000 miles if all indentations are included. About half of the north coast is open, and an equal portion of the south, affording many fine harbors capable of easy defence. The country is in general mountainous, and this physical feature has enabled the insurgents to maintain their struggle against overwhelming odds in the way of numbers and military resources. Like the Vaudois in the Alps in the mastery of position have been the Cuban rebels in their mountain retreats. The Cubitas range, in Puerto Principe province, is the seat of whatever there is of the insurgent government. The Spanish hold the cities and coast towns, as the insurgents are helpless wherever the guns of a warship can be employed or

large bodies of men be massed. The mountains give the varieties of climate and products which make portions of Cuba remarkable. The island is indeed rich. England and Australia are the only islands exceeding it in natural resources, and England would not be an exception were it not for her coal and iron. Doubtless there are vast mineral resources in the mountain ranges, but these have lain unheeded and undeveloped under Spanish rule. Murat Halsted gives this bit of description:

"Under all the disadvantages that misgovernment can inflict, and with a vast share of her soil untouched, Cuba produces, when not wasted by war, about one hundred million dollars' worth of sugar and tobacco annually, and there is a prodigal luxuriance of fruits and forests, while her mountains are reservoirs of minerals, and her rivers and shores swarm with fish. There is no more exquisite feature in any landscape than the royal palms, and the orange trees, never touched with frost, are loaded with golden spheres, and the clusters of bananas cling under feathery foliage, while the green cocoanuts hang high, each containing a quart of pure, sweet water; and where the soil is not a deep, dark red, it is so black that it shines as if oiled. Around the coral shores is the snowy surf of seas, matchless in color, and, over all, the exalted arch of the sky, with a delicate tint of indigo spotted with stars that are strangely brilliant, and the procession of the constellations moves with unutterable majesty."

This proves that the natural beauty of Cuba is sufficient to turn even a veteran political editor to poetry. The rivers are many rather than large. The lakes are few and mostly near the coast in proximity to the great marshes or everglades. The lowlands and rolling slopes worn from the mountain chains compose four-fifths of the area of Cuba, and the rich soil makes the productive capacity of incalculable value. Two crops of cereals are often obtained in the same year.

Considering its tropical position, the climate is mild. The seasons are divided into the dry and the rainy, the latter extending from May to November. Humidity averages over 80 at all seasons. The mean annual temperature at Havana is 78 degrees; for the hottest month 81 degrees, coldest 70 degrees. January is the coldest month, August the warmest. The dry season is delightful, and the hottest period is redeemed by refreshing ocean breezes. North winds prevail, the annual rainfall is 40 inches, and hurricanes are not infrequent. The foliage is green at all seasons.

Rich ore deposits are known to exist. Copper occurs in the extreme eastern and western departments. Bituminous coal of fine quality is found in large quantities in many parts. Marble is abundant. Gold has been found, but Cuba does not promise to become a Klondike. Iron ore, making a superb quality of steel, is mined in the province of Santiago de Cuba, and other classes of ore are found awaiting development.

The great wealth is in the agricultural products, chief of which are sugar, tobacco and coffee. The first sugar plantation was established in 1595, but

the industry did not assume importance until the present century. In addition to heavy taxation, the trade has of late years suffered severely from beet-sugar competition. The war has practically ruined the crops for three years past. Tobacco is indigenous, and its quality famous. Coffee does not hold an important place commercially. Maize, peppers, yams, and sweet potatoes are raised for home use. Almost all the tropical and sub-tropical fruits grow freely, as the pineapple, orange, plantain, banana, fig, and pomegranate. Cocoa, cassava, honey and wax are produced for domestic consumption and export. The dense uncleared forests—13,000,000 acres—abound in tropical and other valuable woods, including mahogany, ebony, cedar and granadillo. There are over 30 species of palms, and the botanical catalogue gives 3,350 indigenous flowering plants beside those introduced by Europeans.

The communications are poor, whether by road, rail or boat. The roads, as a rule, are mere trails, almost impassable in the wet season. Government has built perhaps 175 miles of paved highway, the chief stretch being the 60 miles from Havana to Pinar del Rio. Outside the cities the universal passenger vehicle is the "volante," a two-seated carriage swung low by leather straps from the axle of two large wheels, with shafts 15 feet long. The shaft-horse is led by a postilion, whose horse is also harnessed to the carriage with traces. The conveyance is comfortable and safe. Merchandise, when not sent by rail, is usually transported in heavy carts drawn by oxen or mules.

The railway lines comprise about 1,000 miles of track, controlled by 10 companies. In addition, sugar planters have built numerous narrow-gauge branches to connect their estates with the main lines. The land facilities for travel and transportation are far from satisfactory. There are frequent coastwise and foreign steamers connecting the coast towns. The telegraph system is under Government control, and wires connect all the principal towns and villages. Telephonic communication is, as yet, confined to Havana and suburbs, and controlled by Government.

Each of the six provinces bears the same name as its chief city, and is divided into judicial districts. Pinar del Rio is the famous tobacco region; Havana yields all the various agricultural products of the island, and is the principal manufacturing centre; Matanzas is a centre of sugar production, and one of the richest and best developed portions of the island; Santa Clara was one of the first settled, and has large sugar plantations and factories; Puerto Principe is mountainous and largely forest and cavernous; Santiago de Cuba abounds in the products of the other provinces, and exceeds all in mineral riches, yielding gold, copper, iron, manganese, mercury, zinc, asphalt, marble, alabaster, rock crystal and gems.

There are 112 cities and towns on the island. Havana, the capital and only city of any considerable size, has a fluctuating population commonly put at 200,000. Matanzas has 50,000, Puerto Principe 40,000, Cienfuegos 26,000, Cardenas 20,505, Sagua la Grande 14,000, Manzanillo 9,036, Guantánamo 9,000, while only one or two of the others reach 6,000.

The Spanish-American Face, Charles F. Lummis, The Awakening of a Nation

The seal of Spain is upon all things that she has ever touched. To the thoughtful, few side-lights in history are more striking than this vital individuality of the Spaniard. Whatever page he opened in the New World, he wrote across it his racial autograph in a hand so virile and so characteristic that neither time nor change can efface it. Three centuries and a half of continuous evolution have not availed to make that rubrica illegible or mistakable. He mastered every country between us and Patagonia; and there is no land in which he ever sat down which does not to this last day bear in its very marrow the heritage of his religion, his language, and his social creed. His "marca" is upon the faces, the laws, the very landscapes.

How significant this is we may better judge when we remember that the Saxon, masterful though he is, has never anywhere achieved these results. He has filled new lands with his speech and his faith (or his lack of it), but only by filling them with his own blood, never by changing the native. The United States, for instance, is of his speech; but what Indian tribe ever spoke English? In the vastly greater area of Spanish America every Indian tribe speaks Spanish, and has done so for centuries. The Saxon has never impressed his language or his religion upon the peoples he has overrun. Something of his face goes to the half-breeds he begets and will not father; but even this physical impress is less marked than in the case of his Latin predecessor. For he himself, of course, is a less fixed type.

It is a curious fact that no other nation in history has ever legitimately produced crosses with so many aboriginal bloods as has Spain. The conquistador was human; but the hand of the Church was always upon his shoulder. Individually and casually he might elude it, but broadly he could not. He intermarried with a thousand distinct types of the original American; and all the way from Denver to Valparaiso you can tally the varying fruits of these first wedlocks of the first frontier. You are often in doubt as to the mother, distinct as tribe originally is from tribe, but the father—you need no directory to find him. Among these mestizos are some of the finest types, physically, of Spanish America.

The same astonishing individuality which has stamped itself forever upon the offspring of his union with innumerable other bloods has, when he stayed unmixed, as remarkably preserved his own family likeness. Compare the Yankee with the Briton, then the lineal Spanish-American with the Spaniard—and you will marvel to see how much more strongly the latter is "marked" across ten generations than the former across two or three. Among civilized nations only the Jew hands down the ancestral face so persistently through the ages.

The Spanish-American face is always Spanish, yet not quite of Spain. As much to the artist as to the anthropologist it is a fascinating study—the differentiation of this unmistakable and attractive type by local conditions operating for centuries. That is what evolution means; and here is the very poetry of evolution, as true and instructive as the prose. It

is lucid verse, too. One may grow so proficient as to guess very shrewdly, from an unmarked photograph, from what section of Spanish America the sitter comes, particularly if it be a woman's face, which is more plastic to the hand of circumstance. Yet there is no sameness. A thousand localities have their local variants, each, as a rule, already a recognized type; each one face has its individuality as clear as with us, and through all, individual or local, runs the inevitable sub-dominant of Spain.

We often talk of the Spanish type as exclusively dark—a notion which argues no great knowledge of either history or geography. All Spaniards are not morenos. The swart Moorish tide that ebbed and flowed across Spain for seven centuries did, indeed, leave its eternal mark upon the Gothic-Roman; but all Spain was not drowned. As you go northward from the Ebro—that is, up where the Moresque wave rather splashed than inundated—you find the nut-brown of Valencia and Castile shading off to lighter hues. Not unknown in other provinces, in Galicia, Arragon, and Asturias, the "gold-haired, heaven-eyed" type is familiar. And if there is anywhere a more perfect beauty than that of the true Spanish blonde, I would fain treat my eyes to sight of it.

The perfect moreno is the most perfect skin in the world. We talk of olive glibly—and most of us never saw one true olive type. Now and then you find it in Spain, and it is exquisite as rare. But it is not the "brownny" and elfish moreno.

That perfect brown is so transparent, so fine, so soft, so richly warmed with the very dawn of a flush, as no other cheek that is worn of woman. No other complexion so lends itself to the painter's canvas. Nor would I precisely advise the loveliest of my countrywomen to lay her cheek to one of perfect Andalusian brown. A yard away, her superior beauty is safe, but side by side she cannot afford comparison with that skin—nor ever can, till art shall have reversed the whole gospel of color.

Perfection of the Moreno type is found in many parts of Spanish America. Always and everywhere, the Spanish-American female face is interesting; at least as often as in other blood it is beautiful. Photographs tell but half the story, for complexion is beyond them. But a certain clearness of feature, the almost invariable beauty of the eyes and fine strength of the brows seem as much a Spanish birthright as the high-bred hand and foot.

Not even the Parisian face is so flexible in expression, so fit for archness, so graphic to the mood. Yet there is a certain presence in it not to be unnoticed, not to be forgotten. To no woman on earth is religion a more vital, ever-present, all-pervading actuality; and that is why you meet the face of the Madonna almost literally at every corner of Spanish-America. And it is not a superficial thing. There is none in whom the wife-heart, the mother-heart, is truer womanly. The *doña* is human. She may err, but she can never be gross. It is a truth so well known to every traveler that I wonder to find our philosophers so dumb about it—that even when outcast, no woman of Spanish blood falls or can fall to the outer vileness which haunts the purloins of every English-speaking great city. And, thanks to her religion and to her social conserva-

tism, she contributes perhaps fewer recruits to the outcast ranks than any other civilized woman.

At her best she is admirable in heart as in face; at her average, interesting in both. Years of study of the field in which she is a sociologic part of history have given me to know and to respect her. She is a true woman—which is as good as can be said of any creature that is mortal. And for the frontispiece that God gave her—that wise artist-touch of His to cajole the male brute into reading through the best of all books—I can say no more for it than is said: "*Es mucha cara, la cara de ella.*"

A Typical Egyptian Village.....R. Talbot Kelly.....The Century

Built entirely of sun-dried mud, the small, low huts, from considerations of economy and space, join one another whenever possible. Narrow and tortuous lanes, left at haphazard, form the only thoroughfares, in which at first appears to be a huge mound of mud, surmounted by heaps of cotton and durra stalks, which serve the dual purpose of thatch and fuel. Many of these lanes are merely "culs-de-sac," ending abruptly in a neighbor's courtyard, and forcing one to retrace his steps and try again. Experience has taught me that it is never wise to assume that the streets lead in the direction at first suggested; it is often safer to start the other way, and trust to the winding of the path to bring one out somewhere near the desired spot.

As a rule, the villages have the appearance of fortifications, the outside walls being frequently without doors or windows, and the lanes of the village terminating in massive wooden doors, which are usually closed at nightfall, and guarded on the inside by the village "guffrah," or night watchman.

Each "house" has usually one door, opening into the lane, small and low; and the few windows, if provided at all, are merely slits in the mud wall, innocent of glass or shutter, but ornamented with a lattice of split bamboo, placed crosswise during building. Ventilation there is virtually none, the smoke of the fire of dung or corn-cobs finding its egress by the door, and well-nigh choking the inhabitants, which include not only the family, but chickens, turkeys, pigeons, goats, and whatever live stock the inhabitants possess.

Every effort to exclude air seems to be made, the houses being too low to feel the breezes, and the streets too narrow to allow of any air circulation. The roofs, covered with piles of rubbish for fuel, afford accommodation for a second installment of goats, pigeons, cats, and especially dogs. One wonders how life can be supported in such conditions; yet the people are well-conditioned and healthy, living their lives in the fields, and returning to their houses only to eat and sleep. Insect life naturally abounds, the Egyptian flea particularly being a prodigy of manly vigor and activity; but the Fellah has a hide like a "gamoos" (the Egyptian buffalo), and even travelers like myself eventually become impervious to its onslaught. Outside the village, and almost at their very doors, the filth and offal of the place are deposited, resulting in the development of that plague peculiar to Egyptian life—"flies"—disgusting, but very necessary as scavengers, without which and the equally valuable rat these villages would quickly become uninhabitable.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Enzymes.....E. F. Ladd.....The Independent

The attention of the public has been so largely directed to the action of bacteria that they have come to look upon nearly all chemical changes in nature as brought about by the action of these organisms or germs. That fermentation, decay, disease, digestion, etc., are largely the result of bacterial action, has come to be so generally accepted that we have nearly overlooked the fact that there exists another class of ferments—enzymes, wholly chemical in their action that play an important part in the affairs of everyday life. The discovery by Dr. Babcock, of Wisconsin, of an enzyme in milk capable of producing the chemical change brought about in cheese during the process of ripening attracts attention to one of the most promising fields of research.

It has been taken for granted that the ripening of cheese is due to bacterial action; but recently Dr. Russell, a colleague of Dr. Babcock, had demonstrated that the interior of a cheese is pretty nearly bacteria-free even before there had been any marked change in the chemistry of the proteids. Further it is known that the introduction of micro-organisms for ripening cheese has not met with success. Dr. Babcock, finding the question one not for the bacteriologist but for the chemist, began a series of investigations that led to the discovery that in the ripening of cheese the peptonizing of the casein in the cheese is brought about by the action of an enzyme existing in the milk.

Should further and fuller investigation confirm what now seems certain the cheese industry has now a discovery of the greatest practical importance, and one which may result in its application in saving to the country more than the entire cost of maintaining our experiment stations from the date of their first inception to the present time.

An enzyme is a chemical ferment capable of bringing about certain chemical reactions—splitting and decomposition processes—known as hydrolytic or proteolytic, and taking place in carbohydrates or putrid bodies. The whole subject of enzymes is one but little understood or studied at the present time, although it is known that they play a most important rôle in the animal and vegetable kingdom. Digestion is mainly dependent upon the action of enzymes. In the saliva we have an enzyme that transforms starches into sugar; in the stomach there are two; one, rennin, that coagulates the milk, and pepsin that digests the proteids, while from the pancreas come at least three enzymes, one to complete the digestion of proteids, trypsin; one to act upon the starch, an amylolytic enzyme, and pialyn capable of splitting the fats into glycerin and free fatty acids.

The first step in cheese-making, coagulating the milk into a curd, is brought about by one of these agents, rennin; and now Dr. Babcock has shown that the further process of ripening cheese is due to the action of another enzyme ferment capable of changing the nitrogenous portion of the curd in cheese to a more palatable and digestible product.

The germination of seeds is probably in a considerable measure dependent upon the action of enzymes in converting the stored-up material of the

seed into forms available as food for the young and tender plant.

The manufacture of beer and other alcoholic beverages is another process largely dependent upon hydrolytic action of enzymes, particularly that of diastase.

Another example is that of the clotting of blood; and the part that the enzymes play in muscular activity is not fully appreciated or understood at the present time.

The discovery of an enzyme ("casease") in milk playing so important a part in cheese-making, leads us to inquire whether the ripening of cream in butter-making may not be in some degree dependent on such an enzyme; again, whether it plays any physiological function in digestion of milk by young animals; in other words, whether the ill effects arising from feeding sterilized milk is in any way due to destroying this agent by heat.

It would seem that we have here a most important field for investigation, and one that should receive the attention of physiological chemists as well as of agricultural chemists.

Pathological Conditions Affecting the Memory.....Collier's Weekly

There is a general exaltation of memory in excitement or under any circumstances where there is present an excess of nervous force. A temporary exaltation of the memory is produced by alcohol, opium, and several other narcotics. The memory is also greatly exalted in hysterical and feverish conditions. In many cases of insanity a general exaltation of the memory is one of the premonitory symptoms. On the other hand, in all instances where there is a loss of nervous force not immediately replaceable, there is a corresponding diminution of the memory. After any violent injury there is usually some decrease in the capacity of the memory. All injuries which produce a severe shock are followed by deficiency in the recollecting faculty for a certain time, though this passes off as the expenditure of the nervous force is gradually made good. Injuries to the head are especially likely to be followed by a loss of memory, and, in many cases, the sufferer himself remarks that his memory is not as good as it was before he sustained the hurt. We observe, finally, that nearly all the affections of the brain, where there is an organic disease of the brain substance, are accompanied by a loss of memory.

Of the many suggestions given by physiologists for the improvement of the memory, the most valuable is that which enjoins concentration as a fundamental condition. We must get a definite, primary impression of sufficient intensity to allow of the future conscious revival of the impression received. This we can only get by concentration of the mind at the moment when the primary impression is communicated to the basal ganglia of the brain wherein memory, as we have mentioned, has its seat.

Pure Science in Japan.London Engineering

We have from time to time given some account of the progress of different departments of applied science in Japan as that is to be measured by the

developments of the industries of the country. The Japanese newspapers pay great attention to those developments, and there are, moreover, publications which are specially devoted to their description. The most important of these is the record of the Transactions of the Institution of Engineers, which is published with regularity, and many of the papers in which compare favorably with those of European institutions. Being printed in Japanese, however, the papers are not available to ordinary readers in this country, who have, for the most part, to depend for their information regarding them on such translations or digests of them as from time to time appear in European or American journals. Such, however, is not the case in the department of pure science, as the papers in the Journal of the College of Science of the Imperial University are printed either in English, French or German.

Copies are to be found in all the chief public and university libraries in this country—for the authorities of Tokio University distribute them freely—those who are interested in them will have little difficulty in consulting them. The College of Science has a very complete staff of professors, assistant professors and lecturers, who take up all the chief departments of science, and courses of study extending over three years have been established in (1) Mathematics, (2) Astronomy, (3) Physics, (4) Chemistry, (5) Zoölogy, (6) Botany, (7) Geology. The work is not by any means confined to lectures, but is made as thorough as possible by means of valuable collections of specimens, models, instruments, etc., and by laboratories for carrying on investigations. In addition, there are the following institutes: (a) Astronomical Observatory, (b) Seismological Observatory, (c) Botanic Garden, (d) Marine Biological Station. There are also several other laboratories connected with the Colleges of Engineering, Medicine, and Agriculture, in which a considerable amount of original investigation is carried on. Some of the best students are sent each year to Europe and America, and they invariably show that they can hold their own with the students with whom they come in contact, and the Transactions of the European and American societies have been enriched by the results of their researches. The papers which have been published go far to dispel the ideas that the Japanese are devoting themselves entirely to subjects which pay directly, and that, while they are very clever at imitating or copying anything foreign which they see or read about, they have nothing original about them. Indeed, when we study the various activities of the Japanese, we are struck with the manner in which they co-ordinate their work and make one part lead up to another, so that the main object kept in view may be ultimately obtained; in fact, their example shows that when the national mind is made up on any subject, that the evolution in every department of national life can be quickened in a wonderful manner, and no doubt future historians will have much to say on what has occurred in Japan during the past quarter of a century. Probably the next quarter of a century will have other and even greater surprises in store.

Sensationalism, Not Science Science

Scientific discoveries . . . have often been so wonderful in character that it ought not to excite surprise to find intelligent people ready to accept without question announcements of inventions and discoveries of the most improbable and absurd character. Along this line the evil influence of a sensational press is enormous. It was bad enough ten years ago, but it has been greatly magnified by the recent, and, on the whole, unfortunate cheapening of processes of illustration, to the seductions of which nearly every newspaper in the land has yielded.

To this has been added the newspaper "syndicate," by which men who know really nothing of science are employed to furnish sensational articles on scientific discovery, illustrated by sensational pictures, all of which is the more injurious because often founded upon a slender microscopic tissue of fact. Unfortunately, some men who may be said to inhabit the fringe of genuine scientific activity lend themselves to this sort of thing and are made much of accordingly.

Whole pages of this modern journalism are filled with accounts of discoveries that are going to be made, for writers of this class are shrewd in taking advantage of the fact that human interest and human memory are now practically restricted to about twenty-four hours in time. The publication of a broadside describing an alleged improvement of the telescope or microscope, in which there is absolutely nothing new that is true, or true that is new, adorned with a series of cuts largely imaginary and many of which have no relation to the subject matter, has served the purpose intended when its author has received his pay from the "syndicate" and when the syndicate has scored a triumph in what in these days is called "enterprise."

Even the most conservative among men of science are made to appear as willing purveyors of sensationalism by what ought to be looked upon as an unwarranted and illegitimate use of the results of carefully conducted investigations, often before such results have received final construction and approval at their own hands.

If all the impressions made by this false popularization of science were to disappear in twenty-four hours, the evil would be greatly lessened; but, unfortunately, there are many very intelligent and thoughtful people, who ought to constitute the best support of scientific work, upon whom they are more lasting. To such the line separating the genuine accomplishments of honest scholarship from the output of sensationalism, which ought to be clear and sharp, is becoming very nebulous, and there is imminent danger of a revolt against the whole thing.

The extent to which credulity has been carried was beautifully illustrated not long ago when a widely known scientific man amused himself and many of his friends by caricaturing, in the columns of one of our standard scientific journals some of the phrases of modern psycho-physics. So perfectly did the burlesque reflect the form and substance of some recent contributions to that science that it was immediately accepted as serious by the large majority of readers.

Progress in Weapons of Naval Warfare..... San Francisco Argonaut

Since the time when the world has witnessed any great conflict changes have been going on in the methods of dealing death and destruction which practically revolutionize warfare. In no department has the change been more radical than in the construction of high-powered and machine-guns for use on vessels and in fortifications. These new weapons to be used by the United States range from the Lee-Mitford rifle, with which the crews are armed, with a calibre of .236 of an inch, to the mammoth breech-loading, rifled cannon, with a calibre of 13 inches. Between these are the one, three, and six-pounders and guns from 3 to 12 inches. The one, three, and six-pounders and the three, four, five, and six-inch guns belong in the category of rapid-firing guns, in which the ammunition is all in one piece, like the cartridge of a revolver. One, three, and six-pounders, so-called from the weight of the projectiles, are usually mounted in the fighting tops of ships on military masts, where they command full sweep of an enemy's deck. Such guns have been fired at the rate of one hundred rounds a minute, and a small number of them can keep a perfect shower of exploding shells falling on the decks of the foe, or may be used in destroying a torpedo-boat flotilla.

The three-inch gun is quite portable, and can be taken ashore when a landing is made. Four-inch guns are the infant terrors of the navy. They fire projectiles weighing 32 pounds, using 16 pounds of powder. The gun weighs 3,400 pounds, and its armor-piercing projectile can penetrate seven inches of high-grade steel. It can be fired about twenty times a minute, and carries four miles. Five-inch guns weigh about three and a half tons, the bullet 60 pounds, and the powder 30 pounds. Its armor-penetrating power is about nine inches at close range. Six-inch guns are both rapid and slow-firing. They weigh nearly seven tons, the projectile 100, and the powder 50 pounds, the range being about six miles, piercing over eleven inches of armor near the muzzle. Eight-inch guns are the smallest of the monster class—the class in which the projectile and the explosive are separate. They are 20 feet long and weigh 17 tons. Their range is eight miles, and the projectile weighs 250 pounds. They can fire six shots a minute, which would pierce 15-inch armor. The powder used is in hexagonal grains, of which about twelve weigh a pound. These grains are strung together on cord and wrapped in cheese cloth, in which condition they are shoved into the breech behind the projectile.

In our navy 10, 12, and 13-inch guns are mounted in turrets in pairs. The 10-inch gun is 25 feet in length and weighs 30 tons. Machinery is used for raising and lowering it, making it operate slowly. The projectile, weighing 500 pounds, can be fired about four times an hour. Twelve-inch rifles are 30 feet long, weigh 50 tons, and throw a projectile of about 900 pounds a distance of twelve miles. The muzzle energy represents 26,000 foot-tons, or a power that would raise 26,000 tons one foot in a second, and is capable of piercing twenty-six inches of armor-steel at fighting distance. The 13-inch guns—the largest in the United States Navy—are 33 feet in length and weigh nearly 70

tons. They require 500 pounds of powder to fire a shot weighing 1,000 pounds. They hurl such a projectile twelve miles with a muzzle energy of 34,000 foot-tons. Such a bullet will pierce almost three feet of steel. To fire such guns, with the aid of machinery, twice an hour is doing good work. Their use is enormously expensive. The gun itself costs \$60,000, and can be fired only about two hundred times. Each shot burns up \$175 worth of powder, and the projectile costs \$350.

When a battleship like the "Indiana" fires all its guns one round, it costs the Government \$6,000. Both smoking and smokeless powder are used. The latter is somewhat stronger, but each has its uses. Smoking powder permits a vessel to manoeuvre out of an enemy's range behind the cloud it raises. These immense modern guns are fired by electricity. Wires run to every gun-room, and to the captain's quarters, enabling that officer to fire every one of the big guns on his ship. Aiming them has been reduced to a science by the use of range-finders, and in a smooth sea the results are wonderfully accurate. Three new guns are to be placed on trial at once. They are the 126-ton 16-inch Watervliet rifle, intended to be mounted at Sandy Hook; the Brown 30-ton, wire-bound, 10-inch segmental gun now building; and a 30-ton 8-inch Gatling steel gun, cast in one piece, which has lately been shipped to the gun factory in Washington from Cleveland.

Thirteen-inch guns are the largest yet produced which are available for naval use. On English ships 110-ton guns of about 16-inch calibre have been mounted, but no vessels have been made which will stand the terrible strain of their discharge, and the guns themselves stand few firings. One of them went to the bottom with the "Victoria" in the Mediterranean before it had ever been well tested. Krupp exhibited a 120-ton gun at the World's Fair, but it has never been fired more than sixteen times.

A five-inch Brown gun tested two years ago promises well. Its recorded efficiency excels any gun of its weight in use, and the Government appropriated \$33,000 to build a 10-inch gun on the same model, which is now nearly ready to be tested. Much is also expected from Colt's new automatic, rapid-fire rifle. It fires 200 shots a minute, sweeping them over a large area within a range of 700 yards. The bullet is the Lee rifle cartridge, 1,000 of which are attached to tape and coiled together like an endless cartridge-belt. The Government is also receiving a large quantity of the Hotchkiss guns, very similar to the Colt.

Rear-Admiral Howell has produced a new torpedo rocket-gun, the test of which is a matter of great interest and speculation. Maxim, the gun inventor, has a new weapon in the shape of an aerial torpedo fired from a pneumatic gun of his own design. It is intended to carry a ton of explosive a distance of five miles, or half a ton nine miles. If successful, Mr. Maxim's claim, that he can "for the cost of one battleship produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers capable of destroying 1,000 first-class battle-ships," may be substantiated. With such death-dealing terrors to be experimented with, it is not to be wondered at that the nations are watching with bated breath the outcome of our naval war against Spain.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

Cupid's Paint Brush.....Albert Bigelow Paine.....The Century*

Rosalinda, one fine day,
Came to Cupid, so they say,
And she said:—
"Cupid, see; my lips are pink;
They'd be more admired, I think
Richly red."

Cupid nodded, pricked his arm,
Rosalinda, in alarm,
Saw a drop,
Bright and crimson-hued, appear;
Begged of Cupid, with a tear,
Please to stop!

But the little fellow laughed,
Wet the feather of his shaft—
Just the tips—
Calmed her with a word or two;
Tinted with the crimson hue
'Linda's lips.

Then the stained barb with care
In the sod he planted—where,
Precious dart,
Still it blooms, and maidens come,
Eager still for crimson from
Cupid's heart.

To Phæbe In Tears.....Leonard Greenwood.....Pall Mall Magazine

Wherefore will liquid sorrow pour
From out those reservoirs of woe?
Why is thy fair brow clouded o'er,
Thy quiv'ring lashes drooping low?

Altho' thy beauty still appears
Bewitching as it e'er could be,
I would thou wert without those tears,
Appealing to my sympathy.

Dear Phæbe, to the winds thy sorrow fling,
'Tis but scant store of pleasures Life will bring.
Come! let the Sun be victor o'er the Rain—
Dispel thy tears, sweet maid, and smile again.

Ballade of Celia.....W. D. Fox.....Nashville American

Felicia's strands are golden threads
Unravelled from a queen's array,
Or, trulier, the auric shreds
Cleft from the sun-gilt skirt of day.
Than aught my meter can portray
Are comely more her tresses fair,
Yet naught shall falter me to say
More beauteous my Celia's hair.

Letitia's lips are faultless quite:
Two blushing nymphs to lure astray
The braggart fancy of that wight
Who reckons Eros but a fay;
Alicia's eyes of pungent grey
Are grotts wherein twin dangers lair,
But be their beauties what they may,
More beauteous my Celia's e'er.

Melissa's mouth entrances Art;
Nerissa's nose doth Nature sway;
Clarissa's cheeks—her "better part"—
No flaw within their make betray;
Theresa's teeth do much dismay
The snow-flake with their whiteness rare
But tho' their charms be perfect, aye,
More beauteous my Celia's are.

* "Cupid's paint brush" is a small red flower said to be used sometimes by girls for staining their lips.

ENVOY.

Most maidens own some feature, yea
Some grace, beyond a just compare,
But sweet is Celia's every way—
More—beauteous my Celia's air.

Not As Minstrels Do.....Francis Sterne Palmer.....Harper's Magazine

Mistress, I'll not sing of you
As of their loves the minstrels do;
And say your blush is a rose's bloom,
Your arms as alabaster fair,
Your breath a wild flower's fresh perfume;
And like sunshine your glorious hair.

But when I wish to tell how white
White marble is, sunshine how bright,
How roses bloom, I'll straight compare
These to blush or arms or hair:—
Fairest things shall get their due
By being likened unto you.

Dorothy, Cupid and I.....Elliott Flower.....Chicago Post

We met one day
Where Cupid lay
While resting;
And, standing there,
The chance seemed fair
For jesting.

"He sleeps," said I;
"We may defy
His power."
So, fears allayed,
I gave the maid
A flower.

She took it, smiled,
And Time, beguiled,
Flew by us.
"And Cupid fair,"
I laughed, "doth dare
Sleep nigh us.

"A sorry plight
For one who might
Have ruled us."
But, lo! a dart
Holds heart to heart—
He's fooled us.

The Kiss.....Boston Traveler

Sweet Phyllis, one bright summer day,
Upon a rose a kiss impressed;
A butterfly which chanced that way
In turn the blushing bud caressed.

It stole the kiss and straightway flew,
Oh, fickle heart! into a glade,
And there, upon a violet blue,
In ecstasy the kiss it laid.

The zephyr, sighing through the trees,
The floweret's tender fragrance sips;
The kiss is wafted on the breeze,
And finds a home upon my lips.

And now, whene'er your face I see,
I feel oppressed by weight of debt,
To think I've kept your kiss with me
So long, and not returned it yet.

It has deprived me of my bliss—
Has caused my throbbing heart to burn;
Say but the word, and I the kiss
With compound interest will return.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The Polychrome Bible.....Baltimore News

The undertaking of that remarkable work of co-operative scholarship, the Polychrome Bible, was organized by Professor Paul Haupt, head of the Semitic Department of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, who succeeded in securing the participation in the work of a large proportion of the most eminent Biblical scholars in the world. The device by which the pages of the work are produced in many colors is also Professor Haupt's invention. And upon him fall the enormous labors connected with editing the entire work; a task in which, upon its literary side, he has been fortunate in being able to associate with himself the distinguished Shakespeare scholar, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia.

The main objects of this new version*and edition of the Bible are two. In the first place, it seeks to go much farther in its freedom of translation than did the Revised Version which made such a stir in the world some years ago. Considering the enormous amount of attention excited by the Revised Version and the prestige in the religious world of the scholars engaged upon it, it is most noteworthy how little acceptance it secured, and how little influence it has had, not only among the people at large, but among scholars. This is very probably due to the circumstance that, endeavoring to deviate as little as might be from King James' version, the revisers were unable to approach anywhere near to the freedom and breadth required in a translation representing modern scholarship; while the deviations made were quite sufficient to mar the literary beauty of the old version, to jar upon the sensibilities of the reader, and disturb the hallowed associations connected with the words which have so long been the centre of reverence and faith. The Polychrome Bible is in no sense a revision; it is an absolutely new translation, not only made in the full light of everything which modern research has discovered by study and comparison of all the sources of the text, but boldly and frankly adopting the current English of to-day and eschewing not only all obsolete and archaic words, but all forms of expression which have, in the lapse of time, become obscure to the average reader.

But modernness and accuracy of translation is not the only object of the publication. It is designed to throw all possible light upon the history and significance of every portion of the Scriptures. It is intended to exhibit, in such a form that every person of fair education can follow them the chief results of the enormous work which has been done in the scientific study of the Bible during the past few decades. It is stated in the prospectus of the work that the main results embodied in it are those which have received the substantially unanimous sanction of competent scholars. The sources of the texts, together with a great amount of explanatory information, are given in the notes; and the device of colors, from which the publication takes its name—the Polychrome Bible—enables the reader to trace these sources at a glance, every line or even single word which research has indicated to be an interpolation from one source in the body of a work

taken from another source being exhibited in its own distinctive color.

The first part of this great work made its appearance January 5, this year, and comprises the Book of Judges. The translation and notes were furnished by Rev. Dr. G. F. Moore, professor in Andover Theological Seminary. The volume bears the imprint of The Lord Baltimore Press of the Friedenwald Company, Baltimore. As an achievement of the printer's art, in point of beauty and of accuracy, where great difficulties were to be overcome, the Polychrome Bible is something to which Baltimore may point with pride, and will stand in the first rank among the bibliographical landmarks of America.

The Foolishness of Preaching.....H. P. Liddon.....Sermons (Longmans)

It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.—I. COR. i., 21.

The idea that public talking, upon any subject whatever, whether in the interests of human improvement or not, of Divine truth or not, has in itself a value, a virtue, an operative power for good, as though it were a sort of sacrament—this idea, however welcome in certain quarters of the modern world, which will perhaps occur to us, did not find favor in the serious age of the Apostles, or in the eyes of that society which was founded by the first disciples of Christ. They were too much bent upon the possession of truth to care for any language, however beautiful, which did not minister to and convey it; they were too deeply concerned with the actual truth announced to spend overmuch care and time over the machinery or the drapery of the process of announcement. The message itself, the truth preached, was their great and, indeed, exclusive concern; and it is to this that St. Paul refers as the instrument by which God was pleased to save them that believed. The world was saved by the substance of a message from heaven, not by the human words that conveyed it. . . .

Preaching, as a means of propagating the faith and of converting souls to Christ, is still what it was in the Apostolic age. But for Christians in a state of grace, for believing and loving servants of Christ, listening to a sermon is not the first and greatest of Christian privileges. Those who maintain that it is, sometimes point to the fact that we read in the Acts of the Apostles more of preaching than of assemblies for worship or for reception of the sacraments. This undoubted fact is easily accounted for. The Acts of the Apostles is, for the most part, the record of a series of missionary efforts. It is not the record of a settled church. And while a mission to Jews or heathen is going forward, preaching, from the necessity of the case, must occupy a much more prominent place than other Christian ordinances. Preaching is the tool in the hand of the Christian missionary by which he forces his way into the dense opposing mass of heathen thought and feeling; but when he has triumphed, and a population or a neighborhood has accepted Christianity, preaching becomes, I do not say unimportant, but of less importance relatively to other ordinances than was the case during the purely mission-

any stage of Church life. Until preaching has brought a soul to pray, and to desire and use the means of grace, it is more important to that soul than anything else; but when this great work is done, prayer and sacraments become, spiritually speaking, of more importance than preaching. It surely cannot be otherwise. If we know by experience what it is to hold communion with the Infinite and Eternal Being, we cannot doubt that in doing this we are engaged in a much loftier and more momentous duty than when we are only listening to a fellow creature, a fellow sinner, telling us what he knows about God, with whatever skill or faithfulness. Not that preaching is, or ever will be, without value for the servants of Christ. It recalls to memory forgotten truths; it places new aspects of recognized truth before the soul, presents old truths in new aspects. It shows how the Faith which does not change has the same power of helping from age to age an ever-changing world. It kindles affection, it fertilizes thought, it quickens conscience, it rebukes presumption; it invigorates weakness, it consoles sorrow; it deepens the sense of man's helplessness and of God's omnipotence—the two most fundamental convictions for a true religious life. It keeps the world which we do not see, but which is so close to us, and towards which we are hastening moment by moment, before the soul's eye; it is a reminder of eternity constantly uttered amid the clamorous importunity, the engrossing interest, of the concerns of time. Do I say that it is all this, or that it ought to be? For the question is often asked why preaching is, in so many cases, apparently powerless for real good, especially in quarters and in classes which are supposed to be more open than others to the influences of religion. We cannot challenge the substantial truth implied in the question; the evidence, alas! is before our eyes, indisputable, overwhelming.

Well, brethren, one answer to that question is undoubtedly to be found in the weaknesses, the inconsistencies, the faults of character, the want of true spiritual insight, and of lofty and disinterested aims, in us who are entrusted with this high and awful ministry.

Beyond doubt, we bear our treasure in earthen vessels, and it well may be that ere it reaches those to whom we bear it, it is discolored, or distorted, or mutilated, or at least robbed of its lustre and its power, by the hands that should guard it. It is not in forgetfulness of the responsibility of any such failure that may well, in the eyes of the Eternal Justice, be reckoned to us the clergy, that I ask you to consider whether you, too, may not be, at least in part, responsible. May it not be now, as of old, that the word preached does not profit, not being mixed with faith in them that hear it? When the pulpit is looked to only or chiefly as furnishing interest or amusement, not to be distinguished from that which is furnished by a magazine or newspaper; when, as the hearer leaves the church, instead of asking himself the question: "What did that sermon say to me?" he only asks a neighbor, "Well, what do you think of Mr. So-and-So's performance?" preaching is not likely to do much real good. Now, as in Ezekiel's days, a sermon is too often regarded as "a very lovely song of one that

hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument." Now, as to Ezekiel, it is whispered from above, "They hear thy words, but they do them not." The modern Athenians, who spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing, and who are more than tolerant of irreverence or error if they only can be gratified with novelty, would certainly, like their predecessors, have thought cheaply of St. Paul. Every sermon, let us be sure, whatever its faults, contains some truths that it is well to be reminded of, and rebukes some sins which it is not prudent to forget. Now, as of old, it pleases God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.

The Study of the Vedas.....New York Tribune

In reply to questions regarding his work in New York, Swami Abhedananda, the Hindoo teacher, said that it was not a missionary movement begun in India, nor an effort to make proselytes. Especially, it was not intended to antagonize Christianity. The object of the teachings is to propagate the principles propounded by all great religious teachers and illustrated by their lives, for the benefit of humanity, and to help mankind in the practical application of these principles in their spiritual, intellectual and physical needs. Vedanta, that is, the end of all wisdom, is universe-wide, and cannot be sectarian, and the Swamis have no intention of forming any sect. Sects already abound the world over; but the spirit of sectarianism should not exist. The fundamental idea is to find unity in the variety of creeds and sects. The ultimate aim of all these is one eternal truth, and all creeds and sects are like so many paths which lead to the same goal.

Vedanta teaches the spiritual laws which underlie the teachings of Christ. It makes provision for the dualist, the monist, atheist and agnostic, not by giving them dogmas, but by pointing out the true nature of their individuality. Vedanta teaches the truths which Christ taught and brings light to dispel the darkness of ages and make clear the real spirit of His teachings. Vedanta is not built about any particular person, and it does not depend on any particular book, but it includes the teachings of all great prophets who flourished in the past and who will flourish in the future, irrespective of their creed, caste or race, and points out the harmony that exists in the different Scriptures of the world. Going beyond toleration and the brotherhood of man, it recognizes God in every soul and in all nature. It teaches that Christ's saying, "I and my father are one," can be realized by various methods, as through unselfish work, by devotion and love to the highest ideal, by discriminating between the real and the unreal, by practicing concentration, etc.

Continuing, the Swami said that the teaching of Vedanta harmonizes with the ultimate conclusions of modern science, and shows that this world was not created out of nothing, but is the evolution of one eternal energy. It denies the existence of an extra-cosmic personal God as eternally separate from the world and from man, and asserts that the soul of the individual is the image of God, is divine and is one with Him. It teaches that the difference between good and evil is only in degree and not in kind; that "reward" and "punishment" in this life

and in the life to come are inevitable reactions of our own actions. The ideal of Vedanta is not only love to all men, but to all creatures, and non-injuring and non-killing of animals is taught. Professor Max Müller has said of Vedanta: "It has room for almost any religion; nay, it embraces them all."

The Birth of the Bible.....Clifton Harby LevyReview of Reviews

The Bible was born in the little land of Canaan as the weary caravan, led by Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, pitched its tents and the patriarch wrote down the promises of the Eternal on the palm-leaves which he found at hand. This was more than four thousand years ago; and that writing was in use so early is proved by inscriptions found on Egyptian steles or Assyrian tablets from six thousand to eight thousand years old. The records kept by Abraham and his immediate descendants undoubtedly formed the basis of the Book of Genesis and the earlier chapters of Exodus, to be later utilized by the hand of Moses and his successors. With the advent of this great legislator of the Hebrews the nation was formed, with his legislation as its heart and centre. It is probable that Moses wrote his portion of the Bible upon the linen used for such purposes in Egypt, for many large pieces of this linen covered with hieroglyphic writing have come down to us wrapped around mummies. The inscriptions are still legible, showing that this substance was well adapted for the purpose. The Pentateuch was the nucleus of our Bible, the only Bible known to the Hebrews for many generations. It was written in the ancient Ibric character, closely resembling the Phœnician, as proven by the Siloam inscription discovered near Jerusalem and some ancient coins which have been found. Leaders like Joshua, Gideon, and Samuel were needed in the Promised Land. Singers and prophets, too, arose; and the scribes of the leaders recorded what was done. The poets wrote down their best songs. The prophets' words were treasured up by their disciples and followers. The official records were kept in the national archives, and the songs of the poets and the speeches of the prophets were passed from hand to hand. When the kingdom was divided records were certainly kept both in the southern kingdom of Judah and the northern kingdom of Israel. But much of the earlier literature was forgotten in the catastrophe of the destruction of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and the exiles refused to sing the songs of Zion as they "sat by the waters of Babel and wept." When, at last, the term of exile was over, and some of the more devoted Jews returned to rebuild the walls and temple of Jerusalem, the law had to be brought back to them.

Ezra was the man for this work, and he and his coadjutors, the elders, collected the scattered records of earlier days and made the first canon of the Pentateuch. They wrote it in a new script—Kethav Ashuris, the Assyrian or square character brought back from Babylon with them—and read and taught it to the people. By this time some of the speeches delivered by the prophets of the exile, the second Isaiah and his disciples, had become so dear to the hearts of the people that they were esteemed as classics. Some had preserved the addresses of the

earlier prophets, and gradually a second set of accepted writings was added to the law. The older songs, too, were found again, and new singers were inspired for the service of the new temple, and the book of Psalms became its hymn-book. The proverbs of the nation were collected by various hands; other books were found or written as late as the second century before the Christian era. The Book of Daniel, for instance, was composed to inspire a people, fainting under Syrian oppression, for the Maccabean revolution. And all of this later literature was struggling for acceptance into the Bible until the canon of the Old Testament as we now have it was established in the first century of our era by the Rabbinical School of Palestine. . . .

With the ministry of Jesus a new section or supplement to the Old Testament became necessary for his followers. To them the Bible was incomplete without the record of his activity and the utterances which had fallen from his lips. The earlier apostles and disciples doubtless treasured up his speeches in their memory or jotted down some of them lest they be forgotten. Scholars are agreed that Jesus must have spoken some kind of modernized Hebrew or Aramaean, so these notes were probably in that tongue. The Book of Matthew, when written, toward the end of the first century, was probably in Aramaic. But as Christianity spread among the Greeks or those living in cities dominated by Greek influence, under the powerful leadership of Paul, the necessity was felt for having the records of the New Dispensation in Greek, the "lingua franca" of the time. Hence, when the other Gospels, the Acts and Epistles, and the Book of Revelation were written, it was in Greek, but such Greek as showed marked Hebraic influence. The lately discovered "Logia," or "Sayings of Jesus," the oldest Christian record known to us, while written in Greek, read like translations from some Hebrew original.

Scholars differ in opinion as to the date at which the books now found in the New Testament were completed, but it is probable that this was accomplished not later than 130. Many centuries had passed in the formation of the Old Testament, but the New was all written within a single hundred years. . . .

The first complete Christian Bible, the earliest Christian version of the Old and New Testaments together, was one in Syriac, called the Peshitto, plain or simple, from its literalness. This must have been made about the middle of the second century, for it is quoted as early as 170 by Melito, Archbishop of Sardis. . . . An Egyptian or Coptic version was made as early as the second century, one in Ethiopic in the fourth, one in Gothic in the same century, a copy of which is in the library of the University of Upsala, and one in Armenian in the fifth century.

But there is a wide gap between the fourth and the nineteenth century, and in that time the Bible has suffered many vicissitudes from friend and foe alike. The English Bible is now being retranslated for the benefit of all the races of mankind, and already no less than one hundred and eight different languages and dialects claim the Bible, the entire Old and New Testaments, as their own.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Keys to the Universe.....Vernon Lee.....Literature

In our salad days books are very often Keys to the Universe. We can all of us remember having thought that the reading of some particular book or set of books would act as an Open Sesame admitting us to the terraces and pinnacles of thought whence all things human and divine would be discernible, map-like and clear, at our feet. For some the books have been books on philosophy, for others books on political economy; for Petrarch, as we know, the book was Homer in Greek, which he kept by him and could not read. For the writer of these lines, I am ashamed to say that the key to the universe resided at one time in a treatise on thorough bass, perhaps owing to an insuperable difficulty in grasping whether progression by fourths was extremely desirable or absolutely forbidden. But whatever the books, I think it is certain that no reader of them ever found that they opened any such door as he expected. Indeed, it seems probable that if books ever do act as keys to the universe, or to the smallest pigeon-hole of the universe, it is probably the books which have not been expected to do anything of the kind, and even those of which we have suspected it only long after. For we have a way of looking, so to speak, for the universe on the wrong side, as we look sometimes, in a shuttered room, for a window on the side where there is only dead wall; and we do not always recognize the universe when we get a glimpse of it. And yet that was the universe, perhaps the only universe (all the rest vanity and delusion) we shall ever really enter in the spirit, that land of Cockayne into which we were admitted by some line of poetry, some despoised boys' book of adventure.

From which statement it may be gathered that I tend to believe that the only universe we can ever really know is the universe which we know not through processes of induction or deduction, but through thorough-going enjoyment or weary longing or bitter grief. For the universe whose key we each of us seek for is a subjective universe, composed of those elements of our own experience which are nearest akin to ourselves. This is obscure, so I proceed to explain.

It struck me the other day, at the mention of a well-known firm of solicitors, that, in the eyes of a certain friend of mine, these gentlemen undoubtedly hold the key to the universe. Unformulated to himself, my friend feels that what Messrs. Blank & Co. know, explains, or might explain, the problems of life which, to his temper of mind, are the most far-reaching, the secret of the world's how and why. To his temper of mind. But not to the temper of mind of some other person, who may have the same sort of feeling for, say, the nerve-doctor, or the mystic theologian, or the dealer in statistics. Indeed, it is in this exclusively individual quality that lies the interest and utility of these various views; each individual's key to the universe being in fact a key to his personality.

But before developing this theme, allow me to open a parenthesis to state that the key to the universe is not by any means the key, necessarily, to

any particular thing which we, individually, require to know for practical purposes. In that sense every teacher is perpetually turning a key which is beyond the grasp of his pupil; and every successful man of business, official, soldier, sailor, or candle-stick maker is doing the same, surrounded by hopeless mystery, before the eyes of his unsuccessful competitors; let alone (and here the key seems almost a literal reality) the fortunate man or woman of the world, before whom all doors open by unfathomable agency! But such persons are not those who worry about the key to the universe, or about the universe at all. Nay, it is not the key to the universe which is being puzzled about by the fond mother and the humble, unrequited lover, much as they may wonder about the nature of certain keys (and such wonder is surely among the most pathetic things in the world). "How does that quite uninteresting school friend, that booby with his silly jokes, get to the soul of my boy—the soul which is closed to me?" or "How (alas!) can the frivolous fingers of such a woman turn the locks in my hero's breast?" Those are the keys, not of the universe, but of what concerns us much more closely, the keys of other people's hearts. But 'tis a subject almost too melancholy to touch upon. Besides, it involves one of the chief aspects of the problem of evil, to wit: Why love and confidence are so oddly distributed in the world, and why, the people who could are so rarely allowed to help each other along. This comes under the heading of the universe (by which means I close my parenthesis) and the key of the section is held in turns, by Mother Church, by the late Schopenhauer, and by ———.

The key to the universe has, "per se," nothing necessarily tragic about it. It is interesting, as I remarked, not because it produces dramatic commotions, but because it is one of the best indications afforded of the most deep down and essential peculiarities of individual character—peculiarities which the uniformities of education usually overlay, and the accidents of life chaotically jumble. Now the stuff of which an individual character consists, its real inherent spontaneous organic tissue, is, so to speak, a sample of one of the forces of nature. For, as many as there are such varieties of human stuff, each with its own inevitable modes of absorbing, rejecting, of decomposing, and sometimes of exploding—so many (but multiplied by each other) are the contingencies and complications of human existence. Now, in my sense of the word, the key to the universe, conceived by A as in the hand of B, is the indication of the real, disinterested, irrational (and therefore irresistible) interests, curiosities, and biases of A. Take, for instance, the persons to whom severally (and with much depreciation of all the others) the key to the universe is in the keeping of Carlyle, or Browning, or Renan, or Ruskin, or Tolstoi, or Ibsen. . . . And thus invoking impartially each and all of these great names, let the present writer withdraw, hazarding the opinion that in literature, as in all else, appreciation, rather than criticism, is one of the chief keys to the universe.

The Weak Point in Altruism.....London Spectator

We are not afraid that altruism, though it is fast becoming a creed, and begins even to produce fanatics, will ever conquer the world. Selfishness, which, though a base quality, has its root in an instinct implanted in man for his preservation against destructive forces, remains, and will remain, too strong for that result. But we are afraid that it may advance so far towards a conquest over opinion as to alter the ideal of the good, and supersede the struggle towards greater nobility of aim, and towards self-suppression before the will of God, in favor of a kindliness which in the end would, if it were universal, emasculate human character. There lies the radical weakness of altruism considered as a code of action binding on all men—it must take the bone out of their characters. Considered, as journalists and clergymen usually consider it, as an obligation pressing upon those who can benefit others, altruism can do but little harm and may do some good, but the mass of mankind are those to be benefited, and they can suffer from it most grievously. Universal altruism means in practice a universe of spoiled children, a wilderness of men tended, protected, watched over, and cosseted until there is nothing in them but a constant expectation of favor and defense from all above or around them. The east wind, which makes men capable of endurance, would never be permitted to blow. The "hard gray weather which breeds hard Englishmen" would always be softened by wraps, and sea coal, and hot toast, until it was scarcely felt by the mind and wholly unfelt by the constitution. Men are made by struggle, and those who worship altruism do not perceive that if their system could be made to succeed, the necessity for struggling would disappear, and we should all live as Polynesians, in a social climate so perfect that for energy and fortitude there would be no place. War would be ended, and with war those virtues which are only generated by war, especially the capacity of obedience to duty, even when duty, that "stern daughter of the voice of God," tears flesh and breaks bones. Poverty would vanish first of all, and with poverty a form of hardness and calmly dogged endurance which probably has done more to preserve the human race than all the doctors who ever learned the principles of hygiene. Self-reliance would nearly pass away, for how can you at once be self-reliant and reliant upon all others, while reliance upon God, that strongest quality of the soul, must be at least postponed to reliance upon human beings? People seem to us, in their new enthusiasm for altruism, to forget the subjective side of the matter altogether. It may be good to give to beggars, though Archbishop Whately thought it was not; but no human being has ever asserted that habitual begging tended to the formation of high character, and altruism as a dominant theory tends to universal, many-sided begging, a perpetual request to all for an assistance which is to involve on their side self-suppression. Universal altruism is a universal Poor-law applied not only to poverty, but to the whole range of human wants and sufferings, perhaps even when the system is perfected, of human desires also, and would in the end be as fatal to all the manlier virtues as the old Poor-law was to self-control,

thrift, and patience in laboriousness. The duty of toil, indeed, would hardly be acknowledged; for as none love toil, the duty of every man would be to relieve his neighbor to the extent of his power of the burden of toiling. Individualism could hardly last under such a system, for not only would all fortunes be practically pooled, but all powers for effort, until at last it would be thought wrong to be better or wiser, or even holier, than one's neighbors, lest perchance the torment of envy should thereby be excited. No true altruist could bear to excite so evil and corroding a passion in another. Without individualism, which dies under altruism once dominant, there can be no virtue, for it is Ego, not Populus, who is responsible to God.

But it is said, constantly said in a thousand pulpits, that Christ taught altruism, and altruism as understood by those who have accepted the semi-Socialist or Socialist theory now so prevalent. He did not. What he did teach is summed up in the splendid formula laid down in the twelfth verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew, in the report of the Sermon on the Mount: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." That is the grand law of Christian charity, which will yet make the world, not, indeed, a happy place, but a less miserable one; but it does not involve modern altruism. We would ask any self-respecting Englishman whether he really desires that every neighbor should perpetually be making painful sacrifices for his sake, or, if he does desire, whether he thinks that he in so desiring comes up to his own highest ideal. He would reply at once that he did not, that he wanted to be a man and not a child, and could dispense very well in the strength of his own soul with such a quantity of assistance and guidance and propping up generally. He was weak, he knew, very weak, and given to leaning against door-posts and seeking protection from the wind; but he knew very well that he ought to stand straight, to face the wind, to lighten instead of increasing the general burden of helping, and to be a separate being, not a grain in a sand-heap. What Christ taught was that you should benefit your neighbor, which may often impose the duty of making him bear his burden to the strengthening of his sinews, and not that of taking it on yourself. John, who writes Latin verses for Tom because Tom cries over his slate, is an altruist, but in no degree a follower of the true meaning of the Sermon on the Mount. There must, in short, be a limit to altruism, unless it is to be an evil influence, and that limit is clearly reached when the bearing of another's burden must have for result, as is often the case, the permanent weakening of the other's spine. "Almost," said old Elwes, the Suffolk miser, to the clergyman who had preached an eloquent charity sermon, "almost you have persuaded me to beg." Universal altruism means that everybody should be Elwes in every relation of life. You cannot give without a receiver, and the habitual expectation of receiving does not tend to the building of any Christian virtue, except, perhaps, humility.

It is a minor objection to the altruistic theory that of all systems of life it is the one which lends itself most readily to hypocrisy. The men who in the

Puritan times pretended to love God without in reality feeling any sentiment of the kind, were at heart a little ashamed of themselves, a little inclined to sin from self-contempt, a little, perhaps, moved by fear of the Being they were in a corner of their minds attempting to take in. The modern altruist, when he does not believe his avowed faith, is not ashamed one bit, but enjoys the unction of his own sentiments, and thinks that he is at least preaching the right doctrine. He governs his household harshly, but protests against discipline; pays only market prices, and avers that low wages are an iniquity; declares that the rich must be made to give and keeps the surplus of his own income to heap up for himself. There are thousands of such people about, always pouring out "sweet" counsels, but taking them themselves only when they find it convenient; and we do not see that they are any better than the old hypocrites who under the blazing microscope of the day have so nearly disappeared. The new deceivers are not quite so false as the old, for they have more power of self-deception, but they are even baser, and, like the old, they tend to make the true feel very hard. The hardest men are made by recoil, and there is a terrible temptation to recoil when men preach that all are bound to pass life in relieving others' burdens, and never stretch a finger to relieve the burdens they themselves are helping to impose. This, however, is but a trifle compared with the mischief that is done by superseding Christianity by a doctrine that, if universally acted on, would turn all mankind into expectants asking continually that all around should in the name of social duty do the best part of their work for them.

A Vanishing Faith.....Barry Pain.....Black and White

I am disturbed in my mind. Many beliefs which are almost universally held, which, indeed, I have once held myself, have slipped away from me. Others are slipping. I want to know if anything can be done. I have no wish to go Robert Elsmereing about the place, bewailing my loss, but, though for several reasons I shall not write a novel upon it, it seems to me to be worth mention.

Do you know anybody who keeps a dog? I know of several, and all these dogs have got the same peculiarity; they understand every single word you say. Their masters and mistresses have told me so, and, as I am not going to buy those dogs, they can have no motive for lying. Consequently, for a long time, I believed them. But my faith has been shaken. There was a fox-terrier who did the "Trust and Paid for" trick, and on the strength of it was credited with understanding every single word you said. The spirit of mistrust entered into me, and I called the dog up. I held out the biscuit to him, and said in a warning and reproving voice, "Paid for." He did not touch it. Then I said cheerfully and encouragingly, "Trust," and he snapped it up at once. He seemed almost human. I tried him again. I found that the words "methylated spirit," uttered threateningly, would keep him off the biscuit, whilst the word "inkstand," accompanied by a proper gesture of the hand, made him absorb the confectionery. I should like to go on believing that my friends' dogs understand every single word that is said to them, but it is a hard

and rocky business. There is also thought-reading. I mean the drawing-room breed of thought-reading. I tried it once.

At most of these wretched games somebody has to be sent out of the room. I was sent out of the room. Further, I was blind-folded. Also I was called a "medium," which was unjust. In my absence they settled that when I came back I was to walk up to a certain table and open a certain book. A strong, healthy girl was selected to transmit, by mystical processes, this idiotic order to me. One of her fingers touched one of mine. This was not done for guidance—Oh, dear, no!—but to establish an electric current. That, at least, is what they told me. Well, our fingers touched, and, getting a good purchase, she hanked me across the room to the table and guided my hand on to the book. I took the book up and, being under the impression that I had to carry it to another table, tried to start off again, but she hanked me back. Then it occurred to me that I might possibly be meant to open the book—so I opened it. Then they took my bandage off and said it was perfectly wonderful, and asked me if I had been conscious of being guided in any way. I did not want to spoil a pleasant evening, and I said that I was absolutely certain that there had been no guidance whatever. Then other people were sent out and were called in, and pulled round the room, and they in their turn told similar lies. I should like to believe in drawing-room thought-reading. It is romantic and attractive in many ways. But here again I feel that my faith is slipping.

That is not all. Everybody knows and believes that in the absence of a corkscrew it is a perfectly simple thing to cut off the neck of a bottle with a knife. I remember once hearing a man say, "Did you ever know anybody who could do it?" and that, personally, he did not believe that anybody could do it. The remark gave me and the other men in the room at the time a distinct shock. It seemed at once blasphemous and improper to doubt a simple fact like that—a fact that we had learned in the nursery, that had been knocked into us with the multiplication tables. Yet I remember a picnic where—with the exception of the corkscrew, the glasses, the salt and bread—hardly anything had been forgotten. Some tactless ass reminded us that it was perfectly easy to knock off the neck of a bottle with a sharp knife. He afterwards said that the knife had not been sharp enough. It may, of course, have been that. I should like to believe that it was so. But I feel that this article also of the universal faith is distinctly losing its grasp on me.

Then there is the long walk in the country. Everybody knows that this is healthy, and that it is so healthy that it begins its work at once, and when you come in to luncheon after it you have an enormous appetite. Of course, you don't. I've tried it and know that you don't. But I don't want a little thing like that to stop me from accepting a general belief, risking thereby the charge of affectation or eccentricity.

These are only a few of the items. I have many illusions, and hope to have many more. Nothing is so satisfying. Consequently I view with distress the disappearance of those articles of my faith that I once held firmly. Can nothing be done?

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

The Ballads of the Day.....Nashville American

Among the sayings of the sages that have been preserved in record and tradition and come down to us as the cream of the wisdom of those who have gone before, is the remark somebody made, "Let me write the ballads of a people and I care not who may write their laws."

This has been commonly accepted as a very shrewd observation, giving the keynote, as it were, of popular influences. There are many historic events that will tend to bear out the truth of this aphorism, but it is possibly better attested by an insidious, unfelt influence that affects the general character of the people than by marked results.

It may be urged that the ballads are the result of popular propensities instead of vice versa. People sing as the mood inclines them. But the rule works both ways—the song often produces the mood. The Marseillaise was one of the greatest factors of the French revolution, and it has worked wonders in later times. It is said that at Sebastopol a French regiment had several times failed in a difficult charge on the Russian works, when the order was given that the band play the national anthem. Straightway did the hitherto faltering regiment rush to the assault, the tri-color waved up the difficult heights and the strong position of the enemy was carried.

All exciting periods of history have brought forth music and songs that reflect the character of the times. Dixie and the Bonnie Blue Flag are as inseparably connected with the Confederacy as the names of Lee and Davis, as Shiloh and Manassas. And all nations and people have music as distinctly their own as any other racial or national characteristic. Italian and German music are notably distinct, even in the classical productions, and who would fail to recognize a Scotch ballad? Such an air as *It Was Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town* could by no sort of possibility have ever been composed anywhere except in Scotland, and it bears a strong family resemblance to numerous other Scotch tunes, whose pleasing, catchy strains are known the world over.

But all of this is meant only as a prelude to an important question bearing on the problem of future progress. If the men who are writing ballads in this country to-day are moulding the future of the republic and its seventy million of people, it may be asked with some degree of apprehension, Whither are we drifting? Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy, A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night, My Gal's a High-Born Lady, Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose, All Coons Look Alike to Me, are the names of some of the most popular airs now heard in the mouths of all classes of Americans. While the Exposition was in progress there was a vendor of popular ballads on the streets of Nashville with a stentorian voice, who cried a long list of his wares and they were all of the same strain as those we have enumerated, or worse. The words to these ballads are uniformly of the lowest possible order of poetic composition and frequently of a decidedly sensual tone.

There has been a marked degeneracy in popular

songs within the past quarter of a century. Some years ago our ballads were mostly of a delicately sentimental character and of a much higher tone than those of to-day, that find their most appreciative audiences in beer halls, from whence they appear to have had their origin. Captain Will S. Hays, the well-known Louisville newspaper man, was once a popular writer of ballads. He wrote Sweet Nora O'Neal, and many others like it, simple, sentimental, pleasing, but never trenching on the most delicate ideas of decency. Some of us who don't yet like to be called old can remember when people sang Lorena, Juanita, Under the Daisies, and other tender airs with words that had meaning and appreciative sentiment.

"Wilt thou not, relenting,
For an absent lover sigh,
In thy heart consenting
To a prayer gone by?"

There was something refining about songs like this. They cultivated good taste, at least, and appealed to the better emotions.

But we are singing faster songs than these now—songs that, if they mean anything, tend to degrade. They are sung in circles where they would once have been tabooed, and they impart their free and easy spirit to the manners of those who sing them.

The men who are now writing our ballads, at least those ballads of the description that have been herein enumerated, are mostly habitués of vaudeville theatres, or music halls, as they are called in London. If these men are exercising more influence on the destinies of the American people than our lawmakers, God save the country. It is startling to think that they exercise any influence at all. But they do. The character of a people is moulded in a large degree by such light things as these. Lively airs appeal especially to the young, they penetrate all quarters and leave an impression. It is unfortunate that the ballads of America have taken this turn. He will be a patriot and a philanthropist who can change the drift for something better.

Beardsley and His Art.....New York Sun

Writing less than five years ago of the designs of Aubrey Beardsley, whose death from consumption occurred at Mentone on March 16 of this year, Mr. Joseph Pennell said: "Though artists may be struck with a man's earliest work, and though the creator of it may, and frequently does, never produce anything better, one usually waits until he is dead, or discouraged, before any visible sign of appreciation is granted him." Beardsley's artistic career was then only beginning; scarcely any one had even heard his name when these lines were written; two years later it was famous wherever Western art is known. Truly he proved a notable exception to the rule laid down by Mr. Pennell. No artist ever sprang into prominence earlier in his career; no artist, in so brief a career, came to be so widely known; no artist was ever more fully appreciated in his time; no artist—no, not even the greater ones,

Whistler, Degas or Manet—was ever more bitterly reviled.

Considering the brevity of his career it was certainly an astonishingly brilliant one. He was born at Brighton of poor parents in 1874. He at first intended to become a musician, then he resolved to turn author, and subsequently he entered the office of an architect. He began to work at 5 shillings a week, but a few years later he was earning from £4,000 to £5,000 a year as an illustrator. He had always had a taste for art, and one who was acquainted with him assures us that he studied for a short time at a night school in Westminster, and that his work was so bad, or at least so different from what was expected there, that he was advised to go. He left, and very shortly after he became famous. Oscar Wilde was one of his earliest patrons. He recognized Beardsley's talent, and asked him to make some illustrations for an English edition of his weird dramatic poem, *Salomé*. The subject was eminently suited to Beardsley's peculiar style, and his illustrations to it are among the most curious and original that he ever did. Perhaps it was through Wilde that he met John Lane, the publisher, and so came to be art editor of the *Yellow Book*. Certainly it was through the *Yellow Book* more than through any other medium that he came to be so widely known. Afterward he left it and started a new magazine called the *Savoy*. The creed of the founders of this magazine was thus set forth in the first number: "We have no formulas, and we desire no false unity of form or manner. We have not invented a new point of view. We are not realists or romanticists or decadents. For us all art is good which is good art. We hope to appeal to the taste of the intelligent by not being original for originality's sake, or audacious for the sake of advertising, or timid for the convenience of the elderly-minded. We intend to print no verse which has not some close relationship to poetry, no fiction which has not a certain sense of what is finest in living facts, no criticism which has not some knowledge, discernment and sincerity in its judgment."

In spite of these laudable intentions, however, the *Savoy*, after a brief struggle, died, and for a while little more was heard of Beardsley, though he still continued to illustrate books and an occasional design from his hand appeared in the *Courier Français*. He was an indefatigable worker, and it was not until he became physically incapable of continuing that he ceased to work. Then it was learned that he was lying at the point of death in Brussels. That was about two years ago, and since then he seems never to have regained his health.

So it may be said that his whole artistic career embraced a period of not more than five years. Is it then to be wondered at that his work was widely discussed? It was, on the contrary, a most natural thing that it should be. For, first, it was in a medium that made it accessible to every one, and, secondly, no young man has sprung up in our time who has had such a palpable effect on his fellow artists. It was natural that he should be reviled, for the best qualities in his work were such as address the artist rather than the average layman with a taste for illustrated magazines. It was through the magazines chiefly that the general public became

acquainted with his work, and every one, however ignorant he was of art, thought himself justified in attacking Aubrey Beardsley. The strange thing is that his critics seemed to look on his work as a personal affront to them.

The artist himself took this sort of abuse much to heart. He recognized that in a sense it was a compliment to be taken so seriously, and that it really helped to make his name known to the world. But he refused to recognize the privilege of the ignorant to criticise him. "What right," he once asked, "has the public to pass judgment? What does it know about art? Nothing, absolutely nothing. No more than it does about steam engines. And if it were to go into an engine shop, do you suppose it would glance critically at the machines there and pass judgment on them? Of course not. It would take its hat off, and, bowing to the master mechanic would ask him to say which machine was good, and why."

However, Beardsley's revilers were not entirely to blame. When the average man is hesitating between like and dislike, the extravagant praise of enthusiasts nearly always drives him to detest the object of their enthusiasm. In Beardsley's case very little moderation was shown on the side either of his admirers or decriers. Many well enough disposed at first toward him and his work were led to attack him because of the foolish and indiscriminate admiration of some others. And so to the average man the name of Beardsley came to be a by-word for all that was extravagant and ridiculous and preposterous in art. Columns of nonsense were written about him by either party; his work was hopelessly misunderstood by many, both of his defenders and assailants. His critics would not, or could not, see the utter absurdity of judging it by the same standards as might be used in judging a drawing by Holbein. And when they had demonstrated to their own satisfaction that his drawings could not stand the same tests, they were convinced that they had scored a victory and forever silenced his champions. Such silly stuff as the following, that appeared in a magazine here some two years ago, was very common:

"The attractions of Mr. Beardsley's work may be said to be a clean and flowing line and a really artistic use of large spaces of black. The latter only is legitimate, for his clean lines are such as may be produced with a set of wooden curves such as are used by mechanical draughtsmen, and they are generally used in total disregard of natural forms. He has reduced decorative design in figure, landscape and floral ornamentation very nearly to a sort of geometrical drawing. In this way it is very easy to fill a border or other spaces with lines meaning little or nothing, but pleasing to the eye because of their sweeping curves. Again it is much easier to obtain an appearance of richness by working in white on a black ground than by working in black on white."

How a use of lines confessedly pleasing to the eye came to be "utterly meaningless"; why an artist should be found fault with for employing a medium that appeared to certain critics to be "easier" than another medium, if he secured thereby the results he aimed at; why, if his methods were purely me-

chanical, so few of his followers succeeded in touching him—these were points that were never fully explained.

That Beardsley could work in "black on white," and do very effective work of this kind, is proved by many of his designs, as the drawing entitled *L'Education Sentimentale* and the portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mme. Réjane and Miss Winifred Emery in the *Yellow Book*; not to mention his illustrations to the *Morte d'Arthur*. Indeed, the accusation that Beardsley could not draw is one of the least reasonable that have been made against him. His designs were grotesque, often extravagant; but he did not intend them to be literal transcripts of nature. His ideals were not those of a photographer. His work was conventional, decorative above all things, and to judge a drawing of his according to its accuracy or actual conformity to the lines of his subject would be as foolish as to take the measurements of a conventionalized lily on a wall-paper, and condemn it if they did not tally with those of the original flower. His drawings were simply conventional designs, and his understanding of what ought to be suppressed and what exaggerated betokened a knowledge rather than an ignorance of drawing.

But there is nothing that the average man with a little taste for art understands less than conventional design. The beauty of an arabesque does not appeal to him. In his mind the mission of art is not to interpret but to imitate nature. To him drawing is the end, not the means. It was for just such a reason that Rossetti was howled at because the necks of his women were so preposterously long. Once Beardsley conceived the notion of deceiving his critics, and published a portrait of Mantegna signed Philip Broughton, the original of which was afterward exhibited at the New English Art Club. The device was successful, inasmuch as he succeeded in eliciting praise from quarters whence hitherto nothing but abuse had come. But it was after all a childish trick, and proved nothing. The drawing was unlike those that his critics had objected to, and it is quite conceivable that it might be admired by one who honestly disliked such things as *The Wagnerites* and *The Marionettes*.

On the score of immorality Beardsley was also attacked. It was said that he could not draw an honest woman, that his ideal was the courtesan, and that he was incapable of seeing anything but what was degraded and depraved in humanity. Then his champions rose up in arms and proclaimed him the great pictorial satirist of his time—the Hogarth of the end of the nineteenth century.

Nothing could be more inappropriate than a comparison between these two artists. Hogarth's was the embodiment of the healthy British middle-class mind. He preached morals of a simple, wholesome sort through his pictures. Beardsley had hardly anything in common with him. He was not a moralist. The chief end of his drawings was beauty of design. Hogarth, on the other side, in his most typically moral pictures, frequently sacrificed pictorial unity to give point to his moral. Beardsley never did. That Hogarth was a great painter and an artist is not pertinent to the question.

Beardsley chose to depict the types he did simply

because the types interested him. They were not new types, but it was he who taught us to see them in a new light; and that he depicted them as he did was not because he wanted to point a moral, but because he saw them in that way. In such places as the St. James' café these types abound, and it was here that Beardsley found them.

Though the words "Beardsley's style" convey a distinct impression to the mind, his work has really much variety in it, and he might have developed a quite new style had he lived long enough. He never fell into a groove, but he had his limitations. His illustrations to the *Rape of the Lock* were amusing in themselves, but they were eminently out of character with the poem. What is vaguely described as his "decadent" manner was altogether unsuited to illustrate a poem that partakes of the nature of Chippendale furniture and snuff boxes, and all that is dainty and typically eighteenth century. He was more in his own element with the strange drama *Salomé*. Some of his single figures, too, such as those of Mme. Réjane and Mrs. Pat Campbell, are interesting and amusing. He thoroughly understood the use of line and the distribution of masses of light and shade.

The effect of his work soon made itself felt; we feel it still; and we shall feel it for some time to come. His direct imitators have not accomplished much. Most of their work is utterly silly, sillier than the worst of his, and some of his was intensely silly. But his best work was excellent. He understood how to decorate a page as few men understand it, and his point of view was quite original. His influence on his fellow artists has been a mixed one. His work has given rise to more aggressive nonsense than that of any other man in the last decade. But the bad will be forgotten when the good still lives.

Beardsley himself was almost as eccentric as his work. The walls of his studio were of a yellow hue, and the woodwork, wainscoting, floor and tables of a glossy black. He always worked by candlelight, and two large Empire ormolu candlesticks were his constant companions wherever he went. He was generally a rather slow worker. Mrs. Pat Campbell gave him a number of sittings for her portrait, and one of her acquaintances informs us that when she saw it she was so indignant that she would never speak to him again. He was something of a reader, had a library of some 2,000 volumes, and was particularly interested in the writings of French divines. A year before his death he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. He had a passion for Wagner's music, adored Chippendale furniture and detested Turner. Dress was another of his gods. He loved fine clothing and maintained that the modern male attire was the most beautiful that could be conceived by man.

The New Hamlet.....*Baltimore Sun*

It might have been supposed that the last word had long ago been spoken about that most familiar of stage personages, our princely friend, Hamlet, the Dane, and that there was no possible light in which he had not been scrutinized and represented. More has probably been written about Shakespeare's hero than about any character in fiction, and

he has been "interpreted" by a larger number of writers and actors than any other creation known to dramatic literature. Yet after all the essays that have been written about him and all the performances in which he has been presented, we have, according to Mr. Arthur B. Walkley, in *Cosmopolis*, a new view of him revealed in the version which has recently been given by Mr. Forbes Robertson in London. Mr. Robertson, who Mr. Walkley thinks "one of the most intellectually alert and fastidious actors the English stage has now, or in all probability ever had," has compelled his audiences "to reconsider, to readjust, to revitalize" their conception of Hamlet. The radical departure in his conception and presentation is in making the tragedy amusing, an element which Dante Gabriel Rossetti is quoted as saying is as essential to enduring poetry as to any other class of literature.

We have been in the habit of thinking of Hamlet, says Mr. Walkley, "as the typical tragedy of 'in-spissated gloom,' of the turn of melancholy, the Albert Dürerism, in the Northern race. I say that we have accustomed ourselves, but am not sure that we have not been rather the victims of a conspiracy between our players and our scene-painters. We have been shown a Hamlet crushed under a burden too grievous to be borne; a sick man, exacerbated in temper, and with nerves perpetually on the rack. Elsinore has been made a place of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Whatever else it may have been, this mode of presenting the tragedy has not been 'amusing.' It has weighed on our spirits like a nightmare."

Mr. Robertson has altered all this. We do not gather from Mr. Walkley's account that his Hamlet is a comic character, but he would seem to be a humorous philosopher smiling at grief, a sort of Mark Tapley Hamlet, who is cheerful under the greatest difficulties and enjoys himself even amid the lugubrious surroundings of ghostly apparitions, assassinations, suicides, funerals and other diverting incidents. All these incidents afford, says Mr. Walkley, "a certain sort of 'amusement.' But that is only the outside of the play. The novelty of Mr. Robertson's achievement consists in the lesson that the inside, the kernel, the life and soul of the play—Hamlet's 'vie interieure'—is, rightly considered, 'amusing,' too." In pursuance of this idea Mr. Robertson shows "Hamlet's busy, curious, hedonistic, characteristically renaissance temperament asserting itself triumphantly again and again, reacting against uncongenial circumstance, automatically and almost light-heartedly throwing off the burden of the ghost's mission, revealing itself as a 'sunny' temperament of youth and life and charm."

This interpretation, Mr. Walkley holds, is entirely justified by the play, and he cites its various incidents—his spouting with the strolling players, talk with the gravedigger, fencing with Laertes, etc.—in support of this theory. "All the virtuosity and dilletantism of Hamlet, his keen interest in life as a game to play at and to think about, his intense vitality, leave a cheerful, almost exhilarating and gay impression upon the mind, which goes far to mitigate the chill cast on it by the tragic gloom of the plot. In a word, Hamlet is discovered to be capable of 'amusing' us."

Whatever may be said in regard to this view of Hamlet, it has the merit of comparative novelty, and serves to render it less painful to the feelings and less trying to the nerves. It is something to feel that Hamlet is not wholly unhappy, and that, while he must in the end share the common fate of humanity, he is having a pretty good time as he goes along. The argument that may be adduced in favor of this theory is, as Mr. Walkley shows, one of considerable ingenuity and plausibility, and may, as he predicts, exercise a decided influence upon stage fashion. In one aspect, it may be considered merely another way of saying what has been said many times before about the tragedy and its chief character—that it is a picture of a human being dealing with the problems and mysteries of life. In spite of those problems and mysteries and burdens humanity goes on enjoying life and maintaining a very fair degree of cheerfulness and good humor. Why should not Hamlet, the dramatic type of the race, be permitted to do the same thing, especially after his many years of tragic gloom? He has worn his suit of solemn black long enough, Mr. Robertson thinks. A little motley, he believes, will not impair his dignity or popularity. Even the greatest and most serious wear some of it off the stage.

The Work of Kate Greenaway.....Boston Globe

Kate Greenaway, the talented English artist, has done more to revolutionize children's dress than any other living woman. No woman is better known in England and in America than she, and yet no woman's personal life and habits are less known and talked of than hers. The reason of this lies in the fact that she regards her private life as something sacred to herself and her friends, and has never allowed any one to interview her, and refrains from accepting attentions and entertainments that would bring her into a conspicuous position. She lives, however, in an old and picturesque house in the neighborhood of Hampstead Heath, and has her studio here on the top floor.

Like every other successful man and woman, Kate Greenaway toiled long and earnestly before fame smiled upon her. First she studied at the art school in South Kensington, and next at the life classes at Heatherley's, another famous London studio, and at the Slade school. When her first pictures were exhibited at the Dudley Gallery they attracted some attention and much praise, and it was after this that Miss Greenaway devoted herself to illustrating children's books, and to designing Christmas, birthday and dinner cards, menus and all kinds of pretty and artistic novelties. A collection of pretty colored sketches of children dressed in the quaint, old-fashioned gowns of a century ago, published under the title of *Under the Window*, brought her fame. This was not only confined to the artistic brotherhood, but fashion quickly recognized the charm and style of these picturesque costumes and adopted them. Until then children had been overdressed or unattractively dressed, and the beautiful and numerous fashions in dainty gowns and cloaks and hats, which combine sensible comfort and warmth with æsthetic taste in color and form, all date from Miss Kate Greenaway's efforts fifteen years ago.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Could be Happy Yet.....Noel Johnson.....Louisville Courier-Journal

While making a trip through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky last summer I stopped one day under the inviting shade of a thick-headed beech to rest and cool my horse.

Soon I heard a soft, measured tramp, tramp in the thick dust of the road, and, looking up, beheld an old man approaching my shade, his chin against his breast.

He came up, said "Howdy, stranger," took a seat close to my side and emitted a long, deep sigh.

He took out his jack-knife and nervously whittled his right shoe sole a few seconds, then closed the knife again, rammed it back in his pocket and looked around at me with an expression of desperate agony.

"Mister," he began, after a sighing pause, "I'm in a heap sight o' trouble this 'ere day. Hit's the tip-top of a mount'in of trouble that's bin a-pilin' up fer the last fifteen years. I'm jist out huntin' fer some one to help me let loose of it a little. I'm a-gittin' white all mixed up in the black of my hair, an' I can't stand up under things as I could when there was more sap in my timber. I want you to advise me what to do—you are a pirty peart-lookin' little bow-legged feller."

"Well, tell me your trouble, and I'll put in a hand if I can help you any," I said, smiling.

"Wall, about fifteen year ago me an' Tom Snodgrass, a near neighbor of mine, went away off down ter Cincinnati to sell a lot of fox an' coon skins.

"Wall, we wanted to have er little time arter we sold our skins, an' so we got to makin' hog-troughs outen our stomachs by pourin' a lot of stump-water-lookin' stuff in 'em called lego-beer. Not bein' use ter anything wuss than moonshine whisky we soon got so ediotically drunk that we couldn't tell our own names.

"Wall, when the sunlight o' sense begin to rise on our intellecks ag'in I found ever cent of my coon-skin money was gone. I was busted. So I sez to Tom, 'Tom,' sez I, 'I'll have ter borry a leetle speck o' your money ter git deck passage back on a boat home.'

"Tom hesertated a leetle while, then sed: 'Bill, I ain't no Wall street myse'f, but, by gum! I'm a man, Bill—a man clear through from rhyne to rhyne—an' I'll be cussed ef I don't let you have fifty cents. Lots o' fellers, ye know, wouldn't do it, Bill. When a man's down lots o' fellers tries to keep his face in the clay, but it ain't Tom Snodgrass—nary time. Here's the stuff, by gully!'

"I took the money as a bat takes a fly, an' sed, sez I, 'Tom, this thing don't stop here. You are pullin' me outin a mighty tight place, an' I'll remember the favor while there's oil in my lamp. No difference what you want outin me herearter, all ye've got to do is to holler fer it an' ye git it.'

"Wall, about three months arter we got back Tom comes to me jist as the sun was squattin' down behi..d a hill an' sez: 'Bill, that ar gal o' yourn—Sarilda Jane—she's about the nicest piece o' femerine furniature in these 'ere hills, an' I've decided I want to add her to the attractshuns o' my brand-new log house.'

"I can't do it, Tom,' I sed, 'the' fack is, the gal is about to hook up an' make a team with John Stacey. They are ter trot off together next week.'

"I can't hep that, Bill,' he said, lookin' at me with an eye full of tears, 'I got my heart sot on the gal, an' can't git it off. You must give her to me at once. I don't want to throw up nuthin to you, Bill, but you know what ye sed when I let ye have that fifty cents.'

"You shall have her,' I sed, decidedly, 'I never go back on a feller that pulled me outin hot water when the skin was about to slip. Come over to-morrer an' git her.'

"The gal loved Stacey, an' so, when I tole her about the new arrangement, she filled her apron full o' tears, an' sent home Stacey's picter an' hankercher. She married Tom, poor thing.

"My wife soon died, an' then my gal—Tom's wife—mixing the grief of her distasteful marriage with the death of her mother, wilted away like a cut-vine, an' died herself two months later.

"I soon married again, gittin' one of the pirtiest gals in the settlemint, besides the best sang digger in the county. I was gittin' along fine—havin' no work to do arter gittin' sich a stout, willin' gal, but Tom was still alive and full o' memory, an' my paradise soon had a flaming sword at its gate. He cum to me one day when I was settin' on the field fence happily watchin' my wife plow. He looked at her for a long time, an' his mouth begun to water. He sed: 'Bill, that's a piece o' furniature out thar that would look mighty well in my empty house. Let me have her.'

"Can't do it, Tom,' I said, 'I'd be all broke up without her. I can't let you have the last wife I've got.'

"Is it possible, Bill,' he began, his lower jaw loose, an' his eyes spillin' tears. 'Can it be that you've forgot my noble ack to you when ye stood helpless an' busted in Cincinnati? Oh, Bill! Bill! it can't be, it can't be, that you've forgot me lettin' you have that fifty cents!'

"That was a fetcher, an' he knowed it would be. Wal, the upshot of it was that we went to the old gal an' laid the case in front of her. She kicked against the proposition at fust, but soon gentled off. The next day 'Squire Manning divorced me an' her an' married her an' Tom.

"But the worst has come now, stranger. He come to me this mornin' an' demanded my prize coon dog—a dog that cost me a barrel o' moonshine whisky an' the revolver I shot Craig Toliver with. I don't know what to do. I hate to go back on a man who trotted forward to my relief in time of need, an' loaned me fifty cents, but, Mister, arter all the saccercises I've made, I don't think he order demand—I don't see how he can have the heart to ax me to give up the best coon dog that ever yelped at the root of a tree! Tell me what to do!'

"Well, it seems simple enough to me; suppose you pay him back the fifty cents and get rid of him?'

A seraphic light overspread his brow and flowed down and filled the hills and hollows of his jagged old face.

"Wall, stranger, by goshins! Why didn't I think o' that before! Gal went, wife follered; all on account of not havin' any thought, or a friend to advise, but I'll not mourn now, for with him paid up an' coon dog left I can be happy yet!"

The Wrong Side.....M. N. Couper.....To-Day

The neighbors dropped in at intervals all the afternoon, each taking a more gloomy view of the case than the last. Old Daniel Curtis, despite his Cockney breeding, listened mostly in silence to the croaking of his acquaintances. There is a limit, however, to all endurance, and Mr. Curtis reached his when Silas Jones told him clearly, with no beating about the bush, that the old horse had done his last day's work, and was only good for cat's meat.

"If that's all yer've got to say, yer needn't 'ave took the trouble to walk dahn, Mr. Jones. I'll wish yer good afternoon," and Mr. Curtis' finger pointed unmistakably at the door. Mr. Jones, after passing his free opinion on Mr. Curtis' temper, gratitude and hospitality, took the hint and departed.

When Mr. Curtis had satisfied himself that no fresh visitor was imminent, he turned back into the stable, where a bony chestnut horse stood lugubriously on three legs.

"Don't you listen to 'em, my beauty," said Mr. Curtis, putting the untasted food more prominently before the languid brown nose. "Ye'll soon be as fit as ever yer was, or my nime ain't Dan Curtis. Try a sup, Galloper. No? Now, don't yer go thinkin' about what them bloomin' fools said. Why, theer was Colman's mare, as all said was a gonner, as lively to-day as a foal. He! he!" concluded Mr. Curtis, with an encouraging cackle.

But Galloper was beyond taking an interest in Colman's mare; he shifted his legs wearily, and turned his head away.

"Old age and too much work, Mr. Curtis," said the vet., half an hour later. "Keep cold bandages on the legs, feed him up well, and let him rest for a fortnight."

"A 'ole fortnight, sir? Is he as bad as that?" gasped Mr. Curtis.

"He's in rather a bad way, I'm afraid. You see, he's no longer a young 'un. Won't they give you another at the gardens?"

"No, sir; and they told me this mornin' as how they could get another man and 'orse by a-'oldin' up of their finger—which is true, sir, but it don't help Galloper and me at all."

Mr. Ford whistled reflectively.

"It ain't so much a-losin' of my plice. I can rub along on next to nothin', but Galloper— You see, sir, I've 'ad 'im now a matter of twelve years, and we sort of understand—"

"Why don't you see if they will take him at the Home for Horses, at Paley?" said the young surgeon, with sudden inspiration. "They look after them there for next to nothing, and I believe they would lend you another while he's pulling round. I think that's the best thing you can do. No, Mr. Curtis, never mind about the fee. Good afternoon. Mind you keep the bandages wet."

All that night Mr. Curtis sat up with the patient, wetting the bandages as fast as they dried. The first sunbeam of a July morning stole through the cob-

webbed window, and disclosed the old man's face very white, but with a strong purpose and determination stamped thereon.

At seven o'clock Mr. Curtis hurried into the cottage, made a careful toilet, and gulped down a hasty breakfast of bread and dripping and weak tea. Back to the stable again, to coax Galloper to eat, and then lead him out. Mr. Curtis' eyes were red and swollen with his long vigil, but anxiety sharpened them. In the searching sunlight Galloper cut a sorry figure, and his master could not blind himself to the fact. Bidding the horse stand still—a superfluous injunction—Mr. Curtis went into his small garden, and picked two large cabbage roses. These he fastened at Galloper's ears, and then led him slowly down the lane.

"'Ullo! Takin' your 'unter for a constitootional?" said Mr. Jones, emerging from his shop as Mr. Curtis and Galloper walked past.

"Morin'!" said Mr. Curtis, ignoring the remark with crushing hauteur.

The country round Paley is but scantily wooded—a fact forcibly brought home to Mr. Curtis and Galloper that hot morning. After the second weary mile Galloper showed symptoms of acute distress, but Mr. Curtis dared not rest too often, as they both found each fresh start more of an effort than the last.

At length the Home came in sight.

The old man led Galloper to the side of the road, and pointed to a shady meadow, in which more than a dozen horses were grazing.

"Yer'll soon be among 'em, my beauty," he said, exultingly. Very carefully he wiped the thick coating of dust from Galloper's head and neck, adjusted the roses and led him on.

The porter who answered Mr. Curtis' ring thought he had never set eyes on a more miserable and forlorn-looking couple. But Mr. Curtis' face was bright, and his voice jubilant. Were they not at last at the end of their labors?"

"I've brung my 'orse for to rest, sir, please," he said, with a smile.

"Very sorry," said the man, civilly, "but we're full up."

"Full up?" repeated Mr. Curtis, in a tone of polite incredulity.

"Yes; we can't take any more horses just now."

"I was told—Mr. Ford, at Slaton, 'e said—you'd tike any 'orse as comed, and 'e do want a rest bad, 'e do." The old man's voice shook.

"But we can't afford to take in more than a certain number, don't you see? The funds would give out."

Something clutched Mr. Curtis' heart; the eager, expectant look faded swiftly from his face, as it slowly dawned upon him that he had brought Galloper all this way on a fool's errand. Why had he not come by himself first, and found out? He must be going crazy to have done this thing. He had thought of nothing but the joy of getting Galloper into the Home, and now—

"Lor', how white the old beggar is!" soliloquized the porter; then, aloud:

"See here, mister, you've had a long tramp; s'pose I get you a glass of ale and a bit of bread and cheese?"

"No, no, thank yer—I couldn't tike it; but if the 'orse might 'ave a drink? Thank yer kindly. Mornin', sir."

"Good morning. I'm very sorry we can't help you."

Mr. Curtis and Galloper moved very slowly from the door. At the first tree which cast a patch of shade Mr. Curtis stopped, and Galloper suddenly collapsed on the grass. Mr. Curtis did not seem in the least disturbed; he sat down on the turf, looking aimlessly in front of him.

At four score years a great disappointment is apt to be somewhat stunning.

Mr. Curtis' hands were trembling a good deal, and the network of wrinkles on his face showed with startling distinctness. Mechanically he removed a rose from Galloper's ear—there was no longer anybody to impress or propitiate.

A thud of flying feet a rustle close by, and a white horse's head was poked over the palings. Such a happy white face, looking with the keenest interest at its prostrate brown brother, and the huddled up figure which sat so very still.

Six months ago the white horse had arrived at the Home, a miserable object through hard work and ill-usage. Only the fence separated him from Galloper, but Galloper chanced to be on the wrong side, which made all the difference. Mr. Curtis suddenly became aware of the sleek, white face, but its owner did not find the couple entertaining; with a toss of his head, he cantered off to rejoin his companions.

Mr. Curtis followed him with his eyes until he could only see a white speck at the far end of the meadow. Then, all in a moment, the strange tension snapped.

"Oh! my Gawd!" said the old man, and burst into tears.

La Revanche.....Alba Dorion.....Sydney (Australia) Bulletin

Carnac limped down the vine-skirted track, and listened. A splinter of light from the shed located Kellermann—singing and picking among the piled-up grapes on the floor. Carnac groped nearer, and the old sabre-wound across his hip wrung a sharp cry from his lips; Kellermann might have heard had he not been chanting through his nose:

"Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein!
Fest steht und treu
Die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!"

Carnac stopped his ears, and stole back to the house. Three months ago Kellermann came to him footsore and begging work; he was a German vigneron, but Carnac, the cosmopolitan, gave him a trial, and the wine he made was equal to his own Chantilly. Bit by bit, the innocent Kellermann had told him the story of his life—the campaign of '70 and '71—with flushes of pride that he had not learned to conceal. In return, Carnac said nothing; but here, in the Australian wilds, Sedan came back to him—the crowd of beaten lions whipped into a hole, and butchered by German mathematicians.

"Der Deutsche bieder, fromm und stark,"

chanted Kellerman. Carnac swung round in the track, with the blood leaping to his listening face.

A sudden moisture gathered on his temples; the ferocious pain across his hip brought with it the memory of a Uhlan, and a back-handed sabre-lick under Moltke's smoking guns. The sworder was a countryman of Kellermann's, possibly a relative. Kellermann fought at Sedan, in the front line of Uhlans; it might have been Kellermann!

* * * * *

Carnac staggered through the long grass, and the moisture from his face dripped to his sleeve. He reached the house and brought out a polished sabre—keen-edged and unfleshed since Sedan. No sound about the house; Hélène—his little girl Hélène—had been away since dusk. She had gone over to neighbor Brougaud's to play with his children; it was good for Hélène to meet other little folk. She would stay there till ten; she always did. What luck!

His pain-dragged body quivered; his guard-arm flew right and left until the sabre sang behind his ears. Hélène might miss Kellermann, but he could say that he had gone west, and she would soon forget.

The night wind had opened the shed door; the splinter of light was now a white beam against the darkness, and Kellermann's neck was moving in it, sideways and forward to the slow rhythm of his fulsome hymn. The neck attracted Carnac—it was so full, so sinewy and round, within arm's length of the doorway, and Carnac knew a certain cut to fit the narrow space—a short-armed slash that would send the napeless head bumping over the wine bin.

A dingo howled on the near ranges, and in the stillness that followed Carnac heard the stones clattering over the rain-flushed creek below.

* * * * *

Kellermann was talking—to himself apparently, and his voice was soft and very winning.

Carnac crouched nearer until his torpedo-shaped beard brushed the door. Kellerman's neck swung across the light, but something was around it, something white and dimpled like a child's arm. Kellermann spoke again:

"You creep, und creep in here, und you frighten me like a leedle ghost. Where haf you been, Hélène?" His colossal form heaved above the child's, while she explained in a whisper that Mother Brougaud was teaching her to sew. She nodded sleepily from the vine-covered bench, and Kellerman laughed at her in his big bass. "Himmel! I tink dot I should die in dis wilderness if it were not for you, Hélène!—I tink dot I should die!"

He took her up and placed her on his shoulder. "Mein work is done, Hélène; led us go to your fader." Her hand rested quietly in his sunburned fist. He took his pipe from a shelf and tramped up the silent track under the windless eucalypt that barred out a red half-risen moon.

Hélène laughed until her long curls shook about him like smoke-wreaths. Her piping treble choused to his deep bass:

"Die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!"

Carnac crouched back and stumbled; something clashed on the stones; he stooped, and his blinding tears fell upon the sword.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

His Klondike Letter.....Denver Post

Dear Billy, I promised to write you
 A line from this far northern clime,
 And so I sit down to indite you
 A bit of cold, frostbitten rhyme.
 I'm here in this new El Dorado,
 Where clusters of gold grow on trees,
 Where the ground hog ne'er looks for his shadow,
 For there ain't any sun, if you please.

A big cake of ice is my table,
 A blanket of snow is my seat,
 And I tell you it ain't any fable
 To say I don't suffer from heat.
 The breezes blow ten miles a minute.
 They'd freeze the nose off of your phiz.
 Old Northern Dakota ain't in it
 For blizzards that know how to bliz.

Our grub? Oh, we're living like princes
 On the best the old land can afford.
 My stomach at times fairly winces
 To think it must scrap with such board.
 Fresh dog is the leading attraction,
 Broiled, fricasseed, roasted and fried,
 With soup of pale, sickly complexion,
 Of peas that our ancestors dried.

For dessert we've snowballs with dressing
 Of glittering frost, and our drink—
 Well, our stomachs aren't drenched with no blessing
 Of coffee or tea, I don't think.
 Ice water for breakfast and dinner,
 Ice water for supper, and when
 We eat a night lunch I'm a sinner
 If it isn't ice water again!

And yet upon frequent occasions
 I sit at a sumptuous board,
 Around me the rarest "provisions"
 The markets can ever afford.
 I feast upon meats sweet and tender,
 On pastry of daintiest bake,
 Till my appetite makes a surrender
 And begs me desist; then I wake.

Tom Smith, who came with us, is lying
 At rest in a grave in the snow.
 He called me up to him when dying
 And said: "I am lucky to go.
 I soon will be sitting and blinking
 At a fire that's eternally bright."
 Tom wasn't a saint, and I'm thinking
 He sized the thing up about right.

And old Uncle Jimmy McCarty,
 The Cripple Creek miner, is gone.
 He fell by the way while the party
 Was hoofing it up the Yukon.
 And Dick, with the starched shirt sideboards
 Around his long neck, and Big Ike
 We stuck up in snowdrifts as guideboards
 To point out the trail to Klondike.

Dock Buffington weakened at Juneau,
 Passed out in advance of the draw.
 And, Lord, how we cussed him, for you know
 He always lacked sand in his craw.

But now, when I clined to be talky
 We sit here discussing the past,
 We freely admit that old Docky
 Had a damsite more sense than the rest.

Goodbye. I am all in a shiver.
 Of the gold I have nothing to say,
 Save this: You can bet if I ever
 Get back to old Denver I'll stay.
 Where one makes a strike there's a legion
 Will wearily rawhide it back,
 And curse this ice-sepulchered region
 Like Hessians. Yours hungrily, Jack.

P. S.—You may read her this letter
 (You know who I mean—Mary Ann)
 And tell her I think she had better
 Tie on to some other young man.
 And tell the old girl not to bellow
 Because I am hid in the fog.
 Well, goodbye again, dear old fellow.
 I must go and help butcher a dog.

After Twenty Years.....New York Journal

Maw hez set her heart on movin',
 Twenty years sence las' she did.
 Paw's eternally reprov'in'
 Her for actin' like a kid;
 Sez as how, at her age, fifty,
 She should drop all thoughts of style,
 But she knows his mind is shifty,
 So she argues fer awhile;
 Tells him smack and plumb that she, sir,
 Isn't goin' to be bossed,
 An' he'll really, truly, see, sir,
 She will move at any cost!
 Paw then speaks of recollections
 Of the house where now we dwell—
 Speaks, pathetic-like, in sections,
 Of the home he loved so well,
 Of the twenty years he's spent there,
 Of the hours of peace and love!
 Now, jes' when he's glad he went there
 Maw's determined fer to move!
 But at last he quits reprov'in'.
 Finally she wins him o'er.
 Maw hez set her heart on movin',
 An' we're goin' to move next door!

Omens.....Frank L. Stanton.....Chicago Times-Herald

I hopes de Lawd'll help me—I hopes de Lawd'll save,
 Kase I feels de graveya'd rabbit des a-runnin' 'cross my
 grave;

De new moon shinin' on him des ez ghostly ez kin be,
 En I feels him—Oh, I feels him, des a-scratchin' over me!

Good Lawd help me—
 Stretch yo' han' en save;
 Kase de graveya'd rabbit
 Is a-runnin' 'cross my grave!

I kin tell it by de creepy kind er feelin' dat I got,
 Dat he foun' my grave out yander in de cemetery lot!
 En I sees de new moon shinin' des ez skeery ez kin be,
 En I feels him—Oh, I feels him des a-scratchin' over me!

Good Lawd, lissen—
 Hear my pra'r en save;
 Kase de graveya'd rabbit
 Is a-runnin' 'cross my grave!

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Indian at School.....W. L. Brown.....New York Evening Post

Only the best class of Indian pupils, who have had some education in the reservation schools, are admitted at Hampton. These are carefully educated, most of them to be teachers in the Indian schools when they go back, and all of them to be an influence and a power for the spread of good, Christian living throughout the tribe in which they live. "Unless you become that," Dr. Frissell, the principal of the school tells these students, "unless you carry help to your own homes, our lives and our efforts would be better spent among white boys."

When Indians arrive at Hampton, they find themselves a part of a great organization, in the operation of which they receive a many-sided training. It includes not only that of the class-room, but also, for the boys, that of the industrial shop or farm, the Sunday-school, and the military organization. Discipline and gymnastics for the boys come under the head of the military department. For the girls it includes the Sloyd system, sewing, cooking, and the care of the house. Every Monday they go down in squads to the laundry, each girl carrying her bag of soiled clothes and bedding, to be washed by her own hands.

The Indian boy makes an excellent cadet. His is often the prize company of the battalion in appearance on the daily march to dinner, when the whole school does a bit of dress parade, accompanied by its band, composed also of students. The Indian is usually tall, and almost always straight. Statistics show that he averages, at twenty-six years of age, nearly an inch above his white brother, and more than an inch above the negro. This, of course, contributes to his military bearing. In addition to this he is careful to have his uniform clean and well fitted, and to move in unison with the others. On Sunday mornings all the students' rooms are inspected by some officer of the school. It is interesting to note with what promptness and spirit the Indian responds to this military regulation. He is alert to salute the inspecting officer; his room is almost invariably well swept, dusted, and orderly; his bed is neatly made up, with the sheets smoothly spread and uncovered for airing, and the blankets folded across its foot after the manner in vogue at West Point.

In the classroom the Indian is reserved and reticent to a degree. This adds much to the labor of teaching him, and requires the exercise of extraordinary tact and energy on the part of his instructor. Afraid of making himself ridiculous, he will not usually attempt a recitation unless he is sure of his ground.

These pupils when they enter vary in attainment from the one or two just beginning to speak and to read English, up to those who speak, read, and write with ease, are able to multiply and divide fractions, use a fourth reader, and make intelligent recitations in a simple way, in geography, history, and physiology. There is an Indian preparatory school for those of lesser attainments, to fit them for the advanced course. When Indians enter the academic course the range of studies grows broader, and as they go on through the middle and senior years

they take up the subjects common to the highest grammar-school grades.

The Indians at Hampton publish a little paper of their own, a monthly journal. It goes by the name of *Talks and Thoughts*. This little sheet often contains, among other things, some story that these boys and girls have heard related by the old Indian story-tellers in the wigwams, and which is here written out in good English, yet having all the flavor of folk-lore tales. But the English is not always so good, and *Talks and Thoughts* could probably produce some of the most unique specimens of schoolboy composition that have ever appeared in print.

Application to industry is not ingrained in the Indian's nature. The primitive life of his forefathers did not require it. It has been only recently grafted upon the stock, and has not yet had time to acquire a vigorous and widespread growth. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the schoolboys somewhat disposed to shirk continuous work, for they are very human. None the less, there are some who have completed the apprenticeship of a trade in the school's shops, and many others who have done more or less creditable work as painters, carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, wheelwrights, printers and farmers. A story went the rounds of the press last summer of an Indian boy admitted to some engineer corps of the navy. The fact was not stated that he commenced his trade in the machine shops of Hampton Institute. The Indian possesses strong religious proclivities, and the right appeal to his spiritual nature will usually bring a hearty response. Liberty of conscience is a fundamental principle of the Hampton school, but the religious life is continually promoted and encouraged. Into this the Indian student sooner or later enters voluntarily and earnestly. And in this very fact—in the adoption of the God of the Christians—lies the best hope of progress for the Indian.

Education in Turkey.....George H. Hepworth.....New York Herald

During my travels in various parts of Anatolia I have noticed a number of small and large school-houses, and my curiosity became excited as to what kind of school system exists in Turkey and to what extent the boys and girls of the Empire are prepared for their duty as loyal subjects. I have taken pains to visit some of these schools, and, though they are not all that could be desired—the sanitary arrangements in many of them being extremely imperfect—they present numerous points of interest and are full of promise for the future. It so happens that Sirry Bey, who is the leader of our expedition, is also Secretary General to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and I promised myself the pleasure of a long talk on the subject. We were so busy with other and more pressing matters while en route that the proper occasion did not present itself, but on board the *Cleopatra*, with five or six days of absolute leisure ahead of us, I found an ample opportunity, and availed myself of it.

"Sirry Bey," I said, "I have heard from various sources that His Majesty no sooner came to the

throne than he began to reorganize the educational system of the Empire."

"That is true," he answered. "He began, moreover, in such earnest that at the present moment we have schools doing a good work in all parts of the country. The young are being carefully trained, and we Turks are as ambitious as our neighbors to make a good record on this subject."

"What schools existed before the accession of the present Sultan?" I asked.

"We have had a school system for many years," was the answer, "but I must add that it was very imperfect. The schools, both civil and military, were not only few in number, but they were not by any means equipped as they are now. There was in Constantinople only a normal school, and in Pera, which, as you know, is a part of the city, a single lycée, called Galata Serai."

"Then the Sultan," I said, "seems to entertain an enthusiasm for the education of his subjects."

"Besides," he answered, "and in proof of that fact, behold the large number of high and low grade schools which we have seen in every vilayet which we have visited. He had no sooner reached the throne than he began this important work. Whereas our schools were in the old time few in number and rather limited in their influence, it is now possible for every one to have an education. Let me give you a list of the various kinds of schools which have been established in recent years and you will see that I am telling you the exact truth. Certain carping and critical foreigners who are hostile to Turkey may declare that our people have no means of getting instruction, but such statements are the result of prejudice and have no real foundation. I do not say, for I wish to be entirely frank, that our schools are in all respects equal to those in America, because I am well aware that they are not, but you will not forget that we have been engaged in the work on its present large scale only about a quarter of a century, while your efforts in this direction date from your beginning as a nation."

"This is all very interesting," I answered. "Now, will you tell me in general terms what kinds of school have been founded and what classes in the community are reached by them?"

"Certainly. In the first place is a School of Laws, whose purpose is indicated by its name; then we have a Civil Administration School, in which pupils are taught political economy and fitted for diplomatic work; then comes the School of Fine Arts, and a commercial school, where boys are prepared to become merchants."

"Excuse me," I broke in, "but are these schools open to all, or—"

"Yes, yes; they are open to all—that is to say, the civil schools are open to all, but, of course, the military schools are for Mohammedans only. For example, in the higher grade of school in Constantinople are about two thousand, or, to be more exact, 1,819, and of these 600 are Christians, who have the same privileges as the Mohammedans."

"Then there must be a large number of other schools," I said. "Those which are not supported by the government."

"Undoubtedly. You have seen some of them on our way. The Greeks, the Jews, the Armenians,

all have schools of their own, which are supported by the generous and wealthy among these different nationalities. Besides, all your missionaries have schools, and there are many missionaries in Anatolia."

"And then educational influences are on the increase?" I asked.

"Judge for yourself," he answered. "At the beginning of the present reign there were only six military gymnasiums, or higher schools, scattered over the Empire, whereas, according to the last report, the pupils in Constantinople alone numbered 6,000. Public opinion has been cultivated in favor of a thorough military education for military officers, and the opportunities which are offered are largely and gratefully made use of. The standard not only of military but also of civil education has been raised, and its agreeable consequences are being reaped by the people."

"Referring to military matters once more," I said, "you know it is the custom in other countries to send certain pupils abroad that they may come into touch with the army systems of their neighbors."

"Exactly," he replied, "and the same rule is followed in Turkey. We have not only invited German officers to come here and give our troops the benefit of their superior training, but every year we send a number of graduates from the higher military schools, those who are thought to be most promising and to have the greatest talent, to Berlin, where they take a supplementary course in the higher branches during three years, and then return to teach the Turkish army."

"Ah," he continued, "I have forgotten to mention one important fact. In addition to the schools already referred to there is the School of Achirets."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I don't quite understand."

"The School of Achirets," he answered, "is in Constantinople, and it is a somewhat peculiar institution. We have met on our travels a number of Kurdish chiefs, but you know that further south there are many Arab chiefs also. Well, the government has made arrangements for the education of the children of these chiefs. They receive their board and tuition during five years as the gift of the Sultan, and then attend some military school for another year, after which they return to their homes pretty well equipped for the positions they are to occupy."

"Nor are the Turks without charities. We have schools in which the deaf and dumb are taught, and all other institutions whose object is to ameliorate the condition of the afflicted."

"And these civic schools," I asked, "are to be found everywhere?"

"In every city and village," he answered. "Moreover, where the hamlet is specially small and insignificant you will find an Imam, the preacher, who also undertakes the task of teaching the children."

"One other question and I have done," I said.

"And what is that?"

"How about the girls of Turkey? In America we think it as important to teach girls as boys."

"I am glad you have asked this question," was his reply. "And I am still more glad to give you a favorable answer. We do not neglect our girls in

Turkey. From times long since passed there have been regulations for the education of the other sex, but until lately they have been practically a dead letter. The instruction given was in most cases extremely rudimentary. The present Sultan has taken special interest in this matter and has established high schools for girls in Constantinople, and in many of the vilayets. More than that, he has created an order for women alone. It is called the Shafaket. The decoration is worn by some member of nearly every royal family in Europe and is bestowed at the sovereign's pleasure on any woman who deserves special distinction."

"Have you any other schools?" I asked.

"Yes," was the prompt answer. "We have two more. First, a school for the training of officers for the navy, and, second, a school in which men who have chosen to follow the sea are trained to become captains of our merchant vessels."

I closed the conversation at this point. The interview was an interesting one, and many of the facts related will be new to the American people. As we rose, however, I said: "Sirry Bey, I have heard a good deal about the censorship in Turkey. Can you tell me about it? In what way does it affect the schools—that is, the school books?"

"We have a censorship," he replied, "as all the world knows. We believe that certain misstatements about Turkey and certain political doctrines which are injurious to the welfare of the people should be suppressed. It is the business of the censor to exercise vigilance in this direction. If an Emperor or Sultan seeks the good of his subjects he ought not to allow false doctrines or revolutionary ideas to find their way into the country."

"For example, the Armenian question," I suggested.

"Yes; it is a good example," he answered. "There is no Armenia; it is Anatolia, and why should people be taught that there is one when it may possibly cause embarrassment both to the people and the government?"

"But there has been an Armenian kingdom," I said.

"True; and the facts of history cannot be erased, nor have the Turks any desire to erase them. But to-day there is no such place as Armenia, and to teach that there is is not only an error but a fault."

So I said good morning. I might disagree with some of the assertions made above, but Sirry Bey has a perfect right to state his case in his own way, and I am glad to have accorded him that privilege.

Kindergarten Piano Teaching.....The Étude

Miss Evelyn Fletcher, a young Canadian woman, is the one who has worked out the Froebel principles of education as a means towards promoting musical interest in mere babies of kindergarten age, thus starting them into a wide field of knowledge during the tender years of receptivity with pleasure to themselves, instead of dislike and dread.

Miss Fletcher is this winter demonstrating her theories in Boston by the invitation of Mr. Anagnos, Superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and Mr. George Chadwick, at the head of the New England Conservatory. Her ideas were formulated during five years of piano study in Ger-

many, and they must contain fundamental truths, judging from the unanimous acceptance of their practical workings wherever they are exhibited. Miss Fletcher teaches classes of children seated about kindergarten tables. Her main object is to prepare their minds so fully with primary knowledge that when at the end of her course, they are for the first time put up to a piano, all drudgery will be obviated and only pleasurable work remain for them.

Following in Froebel's footsteps every bit of information is conveyed to the child mind in Sunday clothes, dressed fancifully and attractively. The first step in this teaching is the variety of notes. Each kind of note is shaped in wood, and the children become familiar with them as they do with the different kinds of animals in a Noah's ark. Then they are taught to draw them on a blackboard until the note family become old and intimate acquaintances, after which the children are told that the staff is their home, each note has his own room. An apparatus made of five lines of tape represents the home, and is placed in front of the children on the table. Each line is named twice, once for the time when Miss Treble Clef resides there, and another when Mr. Bass Clef is at home. The spaces are taught in the same way; then the notes are put in their various places by the children, who look upon all this as play, not realizing that it means knowledge. Later, they are taught to draw all this on the board, and Miss Fletcher rewards the child who makes the fewest mistakes with the privilege of being king or queen of the class, for the time being crowning him or her with a pasteboard crown on which are printed musical characters.

Not to go any farther into details concerning the work, the child is taught to read music and to understand rhythm before any attempt is made to work on a keyboard. By means of table exercises, the position of the hand is taught; then, by some system of adjustable keys, the keyboard is studied. For time study, a simple piece is played on the piano, and the children are taught to mark the accent by clapping their hands on the accented beat, and only patting them softly on the unaccented. In teaching the scales the keys of the adjustable keyboard are taken out and put back at will, and the children are taught to play a game in which a set of majors are started out for a walk, the first one to go being Major C; after this promenade, with its accompanying halts, the Minor family take a constitutional, headed by Mr. C Minor.

It sounds like play to the mature mind, but what worthy, fruitful play it must be! "Learning made easy" has an agreeable sound, and need not, as is sometimes argued, enervate the will and brain. 'Tis surely better to learn easily than not at all. Miss Fletcher feels that her work will eventually affect the musical understanding in America in a manner similar to the deep-rooted national comprehension of the German race, from whose people she received her first inspiration.

The kindergarten musical idea is being welcomed warmly by educators at the head of large institutes, and about Boston the young teachers are enthusiastic over the bare idea as presented to them without demonstration.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

—A little girl, whose parents have recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

—Kind Mamma—Would you like to have some more of those nice custards? Master Willie (beginning to cry)—I'm not big enough.

—It was the first time Johnny had ever heard a guinea hen. "Oh, ma!" he shouted, "come and hear the chicken a-windin' itself up."

—A little girl, whose mother left her alone at night after telling her the room was full of angels, was heard saying to her doll: "Now, dollie, you mustn't be afraid. The room is all full of angels. It beats the devil how afraid I am of angels."

—Gracie—Mamma, what does Santa Claus do after Christmas? Mamma—Why, he begins to collect toys for the following Christmas. Gracie—Oh, I know! He reads the papers, and watches out for bargain sales.

—A certain schoolmaster, who used a round snuff-box during the week and a square one on Sunday, was accustomed to point to his snuff-box when speaking of the shape of the world. Now, when the examiner came along and asked the class what was the shape of the world, a little fellow answered: "Round during the week and square on Sundays!"

—A youngster of eight was taken to a service in a Roman Catholic church, having previously been warned to leave all his playthings at home and be very quiet while in church. As they left the building he said, in an injured tone: "Mamma, you told me I mustn't play in church. What was that lady next to me doing with marbles, then? She had a whole string of white alleys."

—"Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "how do you like your baby brother?" "Oh, lots and lots—only, I don't think he's very bright." "Why not?" "We've had him two weeks now, and he hasn't said a word to anybody."

—Teacher—What became of the children of Agamemnon? Pupil (after mature deliberation)—I think they're dead by this time.

—Aunt (who has received a letter from Johnnie's home)—Oh, Johnnie, your mamma has got two nice new babies. Johnnie—That's just like mamma; I suppose by getting two she gets them cheaper.

—The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

—Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by his father)—Are you our new nurse? Nurse—Yes, dear. Child—Well, then, I

am one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness, so you had better get some sponge cakes and oranges at once.

—"Bobbie, how many sisters has your new school fellow?" "He has one, mamma. He tried to stuff me up by saying that he had two half-sisters; but he doesn't know that I study fractions."

—"Here," said Benny's papa, showing the little fellow a coin, "is a penny three hundred years old. It was given to me when I was a little boy." "Gee whiz!" ejaculated Benny; "just think of any one being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it!"

—A small boy was ambitious to be considered a skillful artist, which he was not. He drew on the blackboard a long, shapeless something, and, when asked what it was, replied, "It's the tail of a dreadful dragon." "But where's the dragon?" "Oh, it wouldn't do to draw him, he's such a dreadful dragon."

—Little Boy—Isn't fathers queer? Auntie—In what way? Little Boy—When a little boy does anything for his papa he doesn't get anything; but if another man's boy does it he gets a nickel.

—"Robbie," asked the visitor, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

—Teacher—What is the equator? Pupil (confidently)—An imaginary lion running around the earth.

—The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the little girl. "Your father is a very funny man," said she. "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

—A little girl in a Denver school who went home one day very indignant at her teacher, explaining, told her mamma that the teacher broke right off in the middle of the music lesson and asked, "How many turnips in a bushel?" As none of them could answer they were all marked bad. The teacher afterwards explained to mamma that the question was "How many beats in a measure?"†

—A little German girl, noticing a certain cow on the farm where she was staying, remarked that she did not like her. On being asked why, replied: "Because she kicks with her horns." The same child recently was ironing her woolen skirt on the under side and explained that she was ironing it on the left side and that the other was the right side.†

—One warm summer's day a little girl, five years of age, daughter of a friend of the writer, had purloined a piece of ice from a near-by ice-cart when discovered by her elder sister who, thinking by strategy to obtain possession of it, asked if she would not offer her some, too. The child looked up with a quizzical air and exclaimed: "Yes, sister, you can have some after I've sucked all the juice out!"†

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.

CHILD VERSE

A Lullaby.....Boston Pilot

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby, my sweet,
 Pink little fingers and pink little feet.
 Soft is your pillow, your cradle is white—
 Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby, good night!

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, sleep and grow strong;
 Life is a journey, the pathway is long;
 Soon must the baby feet up and away—
 Rest, little pilgrim, oh, rest while you may.

Drop the white curtains with fringes of brown.
 This is the way into dim Slumbertown.
 Six misty bridges that melt as we pass,
 And street after street that is waving with grass.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, baby is gone,
 Wandering far till the peep of the dawn.
 Soft every footstep that passes the sill!
 Smile and be dumb when the cradle hangs still.

*Playing Horse.....Freeman E. Miller....Songs From the Southwest Country**

Up and down the pathway lined
 With sweet grasses intertwined,
 Where the orchard's bud and bloom
 Fill the air with fond perfume,
 Rides a hero, brave and bold
 As the fabled knights of old,
 On a charger that he deems
 Wondrous as his wondrous dreams!

Firm he sits the reins to clasp
 More securely in his grasp;
 Swift the spurs descending clank
 Deeply in the tender flank;
 Cruel swings the savage whip,
 Pliant to his finger-tip,
 And his charger gallops gay
 'Round the wonder world away!

Forth he journeys fast and far
 Where the gnomes and fairies are,
 And he gladly enters in
 Lands where happy dreams begin!
 Lingers he a little while
 Where the pleasures bow and smile;
 Then away around the ring!
 'Tis the land where Fun is king!

Oh, the happy birds that throng
 All the ways he hastes along,
 And the gorgeous flowers that blow
 Over every land below!
 And each little boy, with curls
 Dear and dainty as a girl's,
 Stands with playthings waiting for
 Every little visitor!

Tired, he ceases from his quest;
 Horse and rider both may rest!
 Now the steed that galloped gay
 Munches at the brambled hay;
 But the rider, never still,
 Restless in his wish and will,
 Dreams a greater dream and then
 Calls himself a man of men!

Ah, my little dreamer, we
 All are dreams in some degree,
 And we learn as on we go
 Dreams are dearest things we know!
 Blest if over blooming meads
 We may ride our gallant steeds,
 Till, life ended, o'er the hill
 Forth we venture dreaming still!

*Well Enough and Tidy New.....James Riley.....Songs of Two Peoples**

Tidy New had eyes so blue
 That all the flowers kissed her,
 And said, Sit down, dear Tidy New;
 O come and be our sister.

Well Enough was coarse and rough;
 She was Tidy's cousin;
 But Tidy New of Well Enough
 Was worth six hundred dozen.

Well Enough went down the street
 On the mud side shady,
 Across the street her cousin neat
 Walked a little lady.

Not a spot on Tidy's dress,
 Coat and hat so jaunty,
 Sunlight on each streaming tress,
 Going to see aunty.

All the birds up in the trees
 Flit three branches nearer
 Down to Tidy, just to please,
 Feet now coming nearer.

Well Enough and Tidy New
 In the summer weather
 Walking, 'neath the skies so blue,
 To their aunt's together.

Both will come back ere the night
 Along the road all shady,
 One, I know, a perfect fright,
 And one a perfect lady.

"If I Didn't Forget How Old I Was," J. Edmund V. Cooke, Rimes to be Read†

If I didn't forget how old I was,
 Do you think I'd act like I often does?
 Do you think I'd swing on the front-yard gate,
 If I could remember that I was eight?

If I didn't forget how soon I'd grow
 To be a big man like Uncle Joe,
 Do you think my pa would have to scold
 'Cuz I didn't do what I was told?

Do you think I'd set my ma so wild,
 An' act so much like a little child,
 If I didn't forget I was half-past-eight?
 An' would Miss Brown have to keep me late?

Miss Brown said I was "a little fiend,"
 An' I didn't know what the old thing meant;
 But she said 'twas becuz I played so rough,
 An' it made my ma just cry—sure 'nough.

If I didn't forget, do you s'pose that I
 Would ever act so's to make her cry?
 And don't you suppose I'd behave just fine,
 If I didn't forget I was going-on-nine?

If I could remember, do you suppose,
 I wouldn't take care of my Sunday clo'es?
 An' would I get mad at my cousin Ben
 'Without getting right away good again?

Pa says he believes I was just born bad,
 An' Uncle Joe says that I'm "like my dad,"
 An' Aunt Lou says she don't suppose
 I'll ever be better, but ma—she knows,
 An' she hugs me clost with a kiss, becuz
 She says, "I forgot how old I was."

Lyndon's Hair Cut.....The Abigail

"Please cut my hair," said Lyndon,
 To the man in the barber shop;
 "And I want it cut just like papa's,
 With a little round hole on top!"

*The Knickerbocker Press, N. Y.: \$1.50.

*Estes & Lauriat, Boston, cloth, \$1.25. †W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago.

CAPTAIN JOE'S CREED*

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

[Betty, the young wife of Caleb West, master diver employed in the construction of Shark's Ledge Lighthouse, eight miles from Keyport, has eloped with young Bill Lacey, one of the diver's assistants. She has been found in New York by Henry Sanford, the civil engineer who is building the lighthouse, and he has communicated with Captain Joseph Bell, Caleb's friend, in charge of the work at Shark's Ledge, who has brought her home.]

When Captain Joe flung open Caleb's cabin door the same cry was on his lips: "She's home, Caleb, she's home! Run 'way an' lef' him, jes' 's I knowed she would, soon's she got the spell off'n her."

Caleb looked up over the rim of his glasses into the captain's face. He was sitting at the table in his shirt sleeves and rough overalls, the carpet slippers on his feet. He was eating his supper—the supper that he had cooked himself.

"How d'ye know?" he asked. The voice did not sound like Caleb's; it was hoarse and weak.

"She come inter Mr. Sanford's place night 'fore last, scared almost to death, and he tuk her to them Leroy folks; they was stavin' good to her an' kep' 'er till mornin', an' telegraphed me. I got the eight-ten this mornin'. There warn't no time, Caleb"—in an apologetic tone—"or I'd sent for ye, jes' 's Aunty Bell wanted me to; but I knowed ye'd understand. We jes' got back. I'd brought 'er up, only she's dead beat out, poor little gal."

"Where is she now?" inquired Caleb quietly.

"Down on my kitchen floor with her head in Aunty Bell's lap. Git yer hat an' come 'long." The captain leaned over the table as he spoke, and rested one hand on the back of Caleb's chair.

Caleb did not raise his eyes or move. "I can't do her no good no more, Cap'n Joe. It was jes' like ye to try an' help her. Ye'd do it for anybody that was a-sufferin'; but I don't see my way clear. I done all I could for her 'fore she left me—leastwise, I thought I had."

"You allus done by her, Caleb." The captain's hand had slipped from the chair-back to Caleb's shoulder. "I know it, and she knows it now. She ain't ever goin' to forgive herself for the way she's treated ye—tol' me so to-day comin' up. She's been hoodooed, I tell ye—that's what's the matter; but she's come to now. Come along, I'll git yer hat."

"Ye needn't look for my hat, Cap'n Joe. I ain't a-goin'," said Caleb quietly, leaning back in his chair. The lamp shone full on his face and beard. Captain Joe could see the deep lines about the eyes, seaming the dry, shrunken skin. The diver had grown to be a very old man in a week.

"You say you ain't a-goin', Caleb?" In his heart he had not expected this.

"No, Cap'n Joe; I'm goin' to stay here an' git along th' best way I kin. I ain't blamin' Betty. I'm blamin' myself. I been a-thinkin' it all over. She done 'er best to love me and do by me, but I was too old fer 'er."

"She don't want nobody else but you, Caleb." The Captain's voice rose quickly. He was crossing the room for a chair as he spoke. "She told me so to-day. She purty nigh cried herself sick comin' up."

"She's sorry now, cap'n, an' wants ter come back, 'cause she's skeered of it all, but she don't love me no more'n she did when she lef' me. When Billy finds she's gone, he'll be arter her ag'in—"

"Not if I git my hands on him," interrupted the captain angrily, dragging the chair to Caleb's side.

"An' when she begins to hunger for him," continued Caleb, taking no notice of the outburst, "it'll be all to do over ag'in. She won't be happy without him. I ain't got nothin' ag'in 'er, but I won't take 'er back. It'll only make it wus for her in the end."

"Ye ain't a-goin' ter chuck that gal out in the road, be ye?" cried Captain Joe, seating himself beside the table, his head thrust forward in Caleb's face in his earnestness. "What's she but a chit of a child that don't know no better?" he burst out. "She ain't more'n twenty now, and here's some on us more'n twice 'er age and liable to do wus every day. Think of yerself when ye was her age. Do ye remember all the mean things ye done, and the lies ye told? S'pose you'd been chucked out as ye want to do to Betty. It ain't decent for ye to talk so, Caleb, and I don't like ye fur it, neither. She's a good gal, and you know it," and the captain, in his restlessness, shifted the chair and planted it immediately in front of Caleb, where he could look him straight in the eye.

"I ain't said she warn't, Cap'n Joe. I ain't blamin' her, nor never will. I'm blamin' myself. I oughter stayed tendin' light-ship instead'er comin' ashore an' spilin' her life. I was lonely, and the fust one was allus sickly, an' I thought maybe my time had come then; and it did while she was with me. I'd rather heard her a-singin', when I come in here at night, than any music I ever knowed." His voice broke for a moment. "I done by her all I could, but I begin to see lately she was lonelier here with me than I was 'board ship with nothin' half the time to talk to but my dog. I didn't think it was Billy she wanted, but I see it now."

Captain Joe rose from his chair and began pacing the room. His onslaughts broke against Caleb's indomitable will with as little effect as did the waves about his own feet the day he set the derricks.

His faith in Betty's coming to herself had never been shaken for an instant. If it had it would all have been restored the morning she met him at Mrs. Leroy's, and, throwing her arms about him, clung to him like a frightened kitten. His love for the girl was so great that he had seen but one side of the question. Her ingratitude, her selfishness in ignoring the disgrace and misery she would bring this man who had been everything to her, had held no place in the captain's mind. To him the case was a plain one. She was young and foolish, and had committed a fault; she was sorry and repentant; she had run away from her sin; she had come back to the

* A selected reading from Caleb West, Master Diver, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers; 12mo, \$1.50. Used by special permission of both author and publishers.

one she had wronged and she wanted to be forgiven. That was his steadfast point of view, and this was his creed: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." That Caleb did not view the question in the same way at first astonished, then irritated him. If she had broken the Master's command again, he would perhaps have let her go her way—for what was innately bad he hated—but not now, when she had awakened to a sense of her sin.

He resumed his seat with a half-baffled, weary air.

"Caleb," he said—there was a softness now in the tones of his voice that made the diver raise his head—"you and me hev knowed each other off'n on for nigh on to twenty years. We've had it thick and nasty, and we've had as clear weather as ever a man sailed in. You've tried to do square 'tween man an' man, an' so far's I know, ye have, and I don't believe ye're goin' to turn crooked now. From the time this child used to come down to the dock, when I fust come to work here, and talk to me 'tween school hours, and Auntie Bell would take her in to dinner, down to the time she got hoodooed by that smooth face and lyin' togue—damn him! I'll spile t'other side for him some day wus than the Screamer did—from that time, I say, this 'ere little gal ain't been nothin' but a bird fillin' everything full of singin' from the time she got up till she went to bed ag'in. I ask ye now, man to man, if that ain't so?"

Caleb nodded his head.

"During all that time there ain't been a soul up and down this road, man, woman, nor child, that she wouldn't help if she could—and there's a blamed sight of 'em she did help, as you an' I know; sick chil'en, sittin' up with 'em nights; an' makin' bonnets for folks as couldn't git 'em no other way, without payin' for 'em, and doin' all she could to make this place happier for her bein' in it. Since she's been yer wife there ain't been a tidier nor nicer place along the shore road than yours, and there ain't been a happier little woman nor home nowheres. Is that so, or not?"

Again Caleb nodded his head.

"While all this is a-goin' on, here comes that little skunk, Bill Lacey, with a tongue like 'n ile-can, and every time she says she's lonely or tired—and she's had plenty of it, you bein' away—he ups with his can and squirts it into 'er ear about her bein' tied to an old man, and how if she'd married him he wouldn't 'a' lef' her a minute——"

Caleb looked up inquiringly, an ugly gleam in his eyes.

"Oh, I ketched him at it one day in my kitchen, and I tol' him then I'd break his head, and I wish to God I had now! Purty soon comes the time with the Screamer, and his face gets stove in. What does Betty do? Leave them men to git 'long best way they could—like some o' the folks round here that was just as well able to 'ford the time—or did she stand by and ketch a line and make fast? I'll tell ye what she done, 'cause I was there, and you warn't. Fust one come ashore was Billy; he looked like he'd fallen off a top-gall'nt mast and struck the deck with his face. Lonny Bowles come next; he warn't so bad mashed up. What did Betty do? Pick out the easiest one? No, she jes' anchored right 'longside that boy, and hung on, and never had 'er

clo'es off for nigh on to forty-eight hours. If he's walkin' round now he owes it to her. Is that so, or not?"

"It's true, Cap'n," said Caleb, his eyes fastened on the captain's face. The lids were heavy now; only his will held back the tears.

"For three weeks this went on, she a-settin' like a little rabbit with her paws up starin' at him, her eyes gettin' bigger all the time, an' he lyin', coiled up like a snake, lookin' up into her face until he'd hoodooed her and got her clean off her centre. Now there's one thing I'm a-goin' to ask ye, an' before I ask ye, an' before ye answer it, I'm a-goin' to ask ye another: When the Three Sisters come ashore on Deadman Shoal las' winter in that sou'easter, 'cause the light warn't lit, an' all o' them men was drowned whose fault was it?"

"Why, you know, Cap'n Joe," Caleb interposed quickly, eager to defend a brother keeper, a pained and surprised expression over-spreading his face. "Poor Charles Edwards had been out o' his head for a week."

"That's right, Caleb; that's what I heard, an' that's true, an' the dead men and the owners hadn't nobody to blame, an' didn't. Now I'll ask ye the other question: When Betty, after livin' every day of her life as straight as a marlin spike, run away an' lef' ye a week ago, an' broke up yer home, who's to blame—Betty, or the hoodoo that's put 'er out'er her mind ever since the Screamer blowed up?"

Caleb settled back in his chair and rested his chin on his hand, his big fluffy beard hiding his wrist and shirt-cuff. For a long time he did not answer. The captain sat, with his hands on his knees, looking searchingly into Caleb's face.

"Cap'n Joe," said the diver in his calm, low voice, "I hearn ye talk, an' I know ye well 'nough to know that ye believe every word ye say, an' I don't know but it's all true. I ain't had much 'sperience o' women folks, only two. But I don't think ye git this right. It ain't for myself that I'm thinkin'. I kin git along alone, an' do my own cookin' an' washin' same as I allus used to. It's Betty I'm thinkin' of. She's tried me more'n a year, an' done her best, an' give it up. She wouldn't 'a' been 'hoodooed,' as ye call it, by Bill Lacey if her own heart warn't ready for it 'fore he began. It's ag'in natur' for a gal as young's Betty to be happy with a man's old's me."

These last words came slowly, as if they had been dragged up out of the very depths of his heart.

"Yes," said Caleb. His voice had fallen almost to a whisper. "I know ye think dif'runt, but th' bes' thing now for the little gal is to give 'er 'er freedom, an' let 'er go 'er way. She shan't suffer as long's I've got a dollar, but I won't have 'er come home. It'll only break her heart then as well's mine. Now—now—it's only me—that is"—Caleb's head sank to the table until his face lay on his folded arms.

Captain Joe rose from his chair, bent down and laid his hand softly on the diver's shoulder. When he spoke his voice had the pleading tones of a girl.

"Caleb, don't keep nothin' back in yer heart; take Betty home. You needn't go down for her. I'll go myself an' bring her here. It won't be ten minutes 'fore her arms'll be round yer neck. Lemme go for her?"

The diver raised his head erect, looked Captain Joe calmly in the eye, and, without a trace of bitterness in his voice, said: "She'll never set foot here as my wife again, Cap'n Joe, as long 's she lives. I ain't got the courage to set still an' see her pine away day arter day, if she comes back, an' won't. I love 'er too much for that. If she was my own child instead o' my wife, I'd say the same thing. It's Betty I'm a-thinkin' of, not myself. It'd be twict 's hard for 'er the next time she got tired an' wanted to go. It's all over now, an' she's free."

"Don't say that, Caleb." The shock of the refusal seemed to have stunned him. "Don't say that. Think o' that child, Caleb; she come back to ye, an' you shut your door agin' her."

Caleb shook his head, with a meaning movement that showed the iron will of the man and the hopelessness of further discussion.

"Then she ain't good 'nough for ye, 's that it?"

The captain was fast losing his self-control. He knew in his heart that in these last words he was doing Caleb an injustice, but his anger got the better of him.

Caleb did not answer.

"That's it. Say it out. You don't believe in her." His voice now rang through the kitchen. One hand was straight up over his head, his lips quivered. "Ye think she's some low-down critter instead of a poor child that ain't done nobody no wrong intentional. I ask ye for th' las' time, Caleb, be decent to yer-self, be a father to 'er, if ye can't be no more; an' if ye can't be that—damn ye!—stan' up an' forgive her like a man."

Caleb made no sign. The cruel thrust had not reached his heart. He knew his friend, and he knew all sides of his big nature. The clear blue eyes still rested on the captain's face.

"You won't?" There was a tone almost of defiance in the captain's words.

The diver again shook his head.

"Then I'll tell ye one thing, Caleb, right here" (he was now bent forward, his forefinger in Caleb's face straight out like a spike); "ye're doin' the meanest thing I ever knowed a man to do in my whole life. I don't like ye fur it, an' I never will 's long 's I live. I wouldn't serve a dog so, let alone Betty. An' now I'll tell ye another: If she ain't good 'nough to live with you, she's good 'nough to live with Aunty Bell an' me, an' there's where she'll stay jes' 's long 's she wants to."

Without a word of good-night he picked up his hat and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him with a force that rattled every plate on the table.

Caleb half started from his chair as if to call him back. Then, with a deep-drawn sigh, he rose wearily from the chair, covered the smouldering fire with ashes, locked the doors, fastened the two shutters, and, taking up the lamp, went slowly upstairs to his empty bed.

The following Sunday Captain Joe shaved himself with the greatest care—that is, he slashed his face as full of cuts as a Heidelberg student's after a duel; squeezed his big, broad shoulders into his black coat—the one inches too tight across the back, the cloth all in corrugated wrinkles; tugged at his stiff starched collar until his face was purple, hauled taut

a sleazy cravat, and, in a determined quarter-deck voice rarely heard from him, ordered Aunty Bell to get on her best clothes, call Betty, and come with him.

"What in natur' 's got into ye, Cap'n Joe?"

"Church 's got inter me, and you an' Betty's goin' along."

"Ye ain't never goin' to church, be ye?" No wonder Aunty Bell was thunderstruck. Neither of them had been inside of a church since they moved to Keyport. Sunday was the captain's day for getting rested, and Aunty Bell always helped him.

"I ain't, ain't I? That's all ye know, Jane Bell. You git Betty an' come along, jes' 's I tell ye. I'm a-runnin' this ship." There was that peculiar look in the captain's eye and tone in his voice that his wife knew too well. It was never safe to resist him in one of these moods.

Betty burst into tears when the little woman told her, and said she dared not go, and couldn't, until a second quick, not-to-be-questioned order resounded up the staircase:

"Here, now, that church bell's purty nigh done ringin'. We got ter git aboard 'fore the gangplank's drawn in."

"Come along, child," said Aunty Bell. "'Taint no use—he's got one o' his spells on. Which church be ye goin' to, anyway?" she called to him, as they came downstairs. "Methodist or Dutch?"

"Don't make no difference—fust one we come to; an' Betty's goin' to set plumb in the middle 'tween you an' me, jes' so's folks kin see. I ain't goin' to have no funny business, nor hand-whispers, nor head-shakin's about the little gal from nobody along this shore, from the preacher down, or somebody'll git hurted."

All through the service—he had marched down the middle aisle and taken the front seat nearest the pulpit—he sat bolt upright, like a corporal on guard—his eyes on the minister, his ears alert. Now and then he would sweep his glance around, meeting the wondering looks of the congregation, who had lost interest in everything about them but the three figures in the front pew. Then, with a satisfied air, now that neither the speaker nor his hearers showed anything but respectful curiosity, and no spoken word from the pulpit bore the remotest connection with the subject uppermost in his mind—no Magdalens nor Prodigal Sons, nor anything of like significance (there is no telling what would have happened had there been)—he settled himself again, and looked straight at the minister.

When the benediction had been pronounced he waited until the crowd got thickest around the door—he knew why the congregation lagged behind—then he made his way into its midst, holding Betty by the arm as if she had been under arrest. Singling out old Captain Potts, a retired sea captain, a great churchgoer and something of a censor over the morals of the community, he tapped him on the shoulder, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by everybody:

"This is our little gal, Betty West, Cap'n Potts. Caleb's gin her up, and she's come to live with us. When ye're passin' our way with yer folks, it won't do ye no harm to stop in to see her."

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

*Nature's House-Cleaning in the South.....James Lane Allen**

But most I love to see Nature do her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain-clouds for her water-buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailful after pailful into every corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say to you, joyfully, "Now, then, we are all right again!" This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness, such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical lands, for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

A Japanese Garden....Eliza R. Scidmore....Java: The Garden of the East†

The famous Botanical Garden at Buitenzorg is the great show place, the paradise and pride of the island. The Dutch are acknowledgedly the best horticulturists of Europe, and with the heat of a tropical sun, a daily shower, and nearly a century's well-directed efforts, they have made Buitenzorg's garden first of its kind in the world, despite the rival efforts of the French at Saigon, and of the British at Singapore, Ceylon, Calcutta, and Jamaica. The Governor-General's palace, greatly enlarged from the first villa of 1744, is in the midst of the ninety-acre inclosure reached from the main gate, near the hotel and the passer, by what is undoubtedly the finest avenue of trees in the world. These graceful kanari-trees, arching one hundred feet overhead in a great green cathedral aisle, have tall, straight trunks covered with stag-horn ferns, birds'-nest ferns, ratans, creeping palms, blooming orchids, and every kind of parasite and air plant the climate allows; and there is a fairy lake of lotus and "Victoria regia" beside it, with pandanus and red-stemmed Banks palms crowded in a great sheaf or bouquet on a tiny islet. When one rides through this green avenue in the dewy freshness of the early morning, it seems as though nature and the tropics could do no more, until he has penetrated the tunnels of waringen-trees, the open avenues of royal palms, the great plantation of a thousand palms, the grove of tree-fern, and the frangipani thicket, and has reached the knoll commanding a view of the

double summit of Gedeh and Pangerango, vaporous blue volcanic heights, from one peak of which a faint streamer of smoke perpetually floats. There is a broad lawn at the front of the palace, shaded with great waringen-sausage, and candle-trees, and trees whose branches are hidden in a mantle of vivid-leaved bougainvillea vines, with deer wandering and grouping themselves in as correct park pictures as if under branches of elm or oak, or beside the conventional ivied trunks of the North.

It is a tropical experience to reverse an umbrella and in a few minutes fill it with golden-hearted white frangipani blossoms, or to find nutmegs lying as thick as acorns on the ground, and break their green outer shell and see the fine coral branches of mace enveloping the dark kernel. It is a delight, too, to see mangosteens and rambutans growing, to find bread, sausages, and candles hanging in plenty from benevolent trees, and other fruits and strange flowers springing from a tree's trunk instead of from its branches. There are thick groves and regular avenues of the waringen, a species of "Ficus," and related to the banyan and the rubber tree, a whole family whose roots crawl above the ground, drop from the branches and generally comport themselves in unconventional ways. Bamboos grow in clumps and thickets, ranging from the fine, feathery-leaved canes, that are really only large grasses, up to the noble giants from Burma, whose stems are more nearly trunks easily soaring to a hundred feet in air, and spreading there a solid canopy of graceful foliage.

The creepers run from tree to tree, and writhe over the ground like gray serpents; ratans and climbing palms one hundred feet in length are common, while uncommon ones stretch to five hundred feet. There is one creeper with a blossom like a magnified white violet, and with all a wood-violet's fragrance; but with only Dutch and botanical names on the labels, one wanders ignorantly and protestingly in this paradise of strange things. The rarer orchids are grown in matted sheds in the shade of tall trees; and, although we saw them at the end of the dry season, and few plants were in bloom, there was still an attractive orchid show.

But the strangest, most conspicuous bloom in that choice corner was a great butterfly flower of a pitcher-plant ("a nepenthes"), whose pale-green petals were veined with velvety maroon, and half concealed the pelican pouch of a pitcher filled with water. It was an evil-looking, ill-smelling, sticky thing, and its unusual size and striking colors made it haunt one longest of all vegetable marvels. There were other more attractive butterflies fluttering on pliant stems, strange little woolly white orchids, like edelweiss transplanted, and scores of delicate Java and Borneo orchids, not so well known as the Venezuelan and Central American orchids commonly grown in American hothouses, and so impossible to acclimate in Java.

Over one hundred native gardeners tend and care for this great botanic museum of more than nine thousand living specimens, all working under the direction of a white head gardener. The Tjiliwong

* From *A Kentucky Cardinal*, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., publishers; cloth, \$1.00, calf \$2.00. † A selected reading from *Java: The Garden of the East*, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*. The Century Co., N. Y., publishers; cloth, 12mo; \$1.50.

River separates the botanic garden from a culture garden of forty acres, where seventy more gardeners look to the economic plants—the various cinchonas, sugar-canes, rubber, tea, coffee, gums, spices, hemp and other growths whose introduction to the colony has so benefited the planters. Experiments in acclimatization are carried on in the culture garden, and at the experimental garden at Tjibodas, high up on the slopes of Salak, where the Governor-General has a third palace, and there is a Government hospital and sanatorium.

All Java is in a way as finished as little Holland itself, the whole island cultivated from edge to edge like a tulip-garden, and connected throughout its length with post-roads smooth and perfect as park drives, all arched with waringen-, kanari-, tamarind-, or teak-trees.

All the suburban roads are so many botanical exhibitions approaching that in the great garden, and one's interest is claimed at every yard and turn.

It takes a little time for the temperate mind to accept the palm tree as a common, natural and inevitable object in every outlook and landscape; to realize that the joyous, living thing with restless, perpetually threshing foliage is the same correct, symmetrical, motionless feather-duster on end that one knows in the still life of hothouses and drawing-rooms at home; to realize that it grows in the ground, and not in a pot or tub to be brought indoors for the winter season. The arches of gigantic kanari-trees growing over by-lanes and village paths, although intended for triumphal avenues and palace drive-ways, overpower one with the mad extravagance, the reckless waste, and the splendid luxury of nature. One cannot accept these things at first as utilities, just as it shocks one to have a servant black his boots with bruised hibiscus flowers or mangosteen rind, or remove rust from kris or knife-blades with pineapple juice, thrusting a blade through and through the body of the pine. The poorest may have his hedge of lantana, which, brought from the Mauritius by Lady Raffles, now borders roads, gardens, and the railway tracks from end to end of the island. The humblest dooryard may be gay with tall poinsettia trees, and bougain villas may pour a torrent of magenta leaves from every tree, wall, or roof. The houses of the great planters around Buitenzorg are ideal homes in the tropics, and the Tjomson and other large tea and coffee estates are like parks. The drives through their grounds show one the most perfect lawns and flowerbeds and ornamental trees, vines, and palms, and such ranks on ranks of thriving tea bushes and coffee bushes, every leaf perfect and without flaw, every plant in even line, and the warm red earth lying loosely on their roots, that one feels as if in some ornamental "jardin d'acclimatation" rather than among the most staple and serious crops of commerce. Yet from end to end of the island the cultivation is as intense and careful, entitling Java to its distinction as "the finest tropical island in the world." It is the gem of the Indies, the one splendid jewel in the Netherlands crown, and a possession to which poor Cuba, although corresponding exactly to it geographically and politically, has been vainly compared.

We found all the countless common fragrant

flowers that are so necessary to these æsthetic, perfume-loving people heaped for sale in the flower-market of the passer, along with the oils and the gums and spices that give out, and burn with such delicious odors. Short-stemmed roses and heaps of loose rose petals were laid on beds of green moss or in bits of palm-leaf in a way to delight one's color sense, and, with the mounds of pale-green petals of the "kananga," or ylang-ylang tree's blossoms, filled the whole air with fragrance. We dried quantities of kananga flowers for sachets, as they will crisp even in the damp air of Java, and retain their spicy fragrance for years; but the exquisite white-and-gold "bo-flowers," the sacred "sumboja" or frangipani (the "*Plumeria acutifolia*" of the botanists), would not dry, but turned dark and mildewed wherever one petal fell upon another. This lovely blossom of Buddha is sticky and unpleasant to the touch when pulled from the tree, and the stem exudes a thick milk. After they have fallen to the ground they may be handled more easily, and fallen flowers retain the spotless, waxen perfection of their thick, fleshy petals for even two days. One wonders that the people do not more often wear these flowers of the golden heart in their black hair; but the sumboja is a religious flower in Java, as in India, and in Buddhist times was almost as much an attribute and symbol of that great faith as the lotus. This bo-flower is still the favorite offering, together with the "champaka," or Arabian jasmine, in the Buddhist temples of Burma and Ceylon, and is often laid before the few images of that old religion now remaining in Java. All through the Malay world, however, it is especially the flower of the dead, associated everywhere with funeral rites and graves, as conventional an expression or accompaniment of grief, death, and burial as the cypress and the weeping willow. For this reason one rarely sees it used as an ornamental tree or hedge, even in a European's garden or pleasure grounds, and its presence in hedges or copses indicates that there are graves, or one of Islam's little open-timbered temples of the dead, within reach of its entrancing fragrance.

Walnuts.....New York Evening Post

But why do they call these seed-vessels "walnuts" at all? The word means foreign nuts. The black walnut is most certainly not a foreigner here, but is truly indigenous. It has, however, received its name from its similarity and relationship to the nut which was first so called. That was the nut which now bears the name of the English walnut. The "wal" in the word is nothing more nor less than the Anglo-Saxon "wealh" (foreign). We have the same word in Wales and Welsh.

It is not likely that the Anglo-Saxons gave the name to the nut after their conquest of Britain, although they probably found the tree already acclimatized there. Roman civilization had doubtless introduced the cultivation of what had become a favorite delicacy among that people, who, however far they might establish themselves from home, carried their pleasures with them.

They were as likely to have brought the walnut tree to Britain as their delicious snail ("*Helix promatia*"), which we know they turned loose near

some of their "castra." Rather was it in their own land that the Anglo-Saxons coined the name, for there to this day the nut bears an identical name. In the cold region to the south of the Baltic the tree and its fruit were foreign. De Candolle tells us that, in the Old World, it is found wild in the Province of Banat in Hungary, in the mountains of Greece, in Armenia, in the north and northeast of India, in Burmah, and in Japan. The Greeks neglected their own native trees, but derived a better variety from Persia. The Romans cultivated it largely, and Pliny says that they regarded it as Persian in its origin. They had a custom of throwing the nuts at weddings, as we do rice.

The American species are denizens of the temperate regions of the continent. We may therefore conclude that walnuts are natives of the northern temperate zone. And from what has been said, it is very probable that the species of the tree which supplies the so-called English nuts is one brought from the temperate parts of Asia, through the instrumentality of the Roman invaders of the island. The name is then a misnomer, and may be ranked with that common name for a true native of America—the "Irish" potato.

There is an old proverb which says that "He who plants a walnut tree expects not to eat the fruit." That depends on the age of the planter, for it is one of the slowest in coming to maturity of all the trees which we plant for the sake of the fruit. It does not generally bear until it is twenty years old. You may shorten the time by obtaining young plants by the process called "in-arching," and this is the way in which varieties with peculiarities are propagated. The other day I questioned an old countryman learned in forestry as to the best way to raise black walnut trees, and his method is so simple and natural that it is worthy of record. When you have selected your site for the single tree or the grove, dig a shallow hole, place in it a layer of half-rotten leaves from the wood, plant your nuts with the husk removed, cover them with a small heap of leaves, and next year you will find that some have grown. In a year or two you may use your discretion about the saplings you will allow to stand, and may remove the rest.

They tell us that we ought to be more careful how we gather the nuts, if we are not content to wait until they fall of their own accord. The learned say that the stamiferous flowers are borne in thick catkins on the side of last year's shoots, while the pistillate flowers are solitary or few in number on the growth of the present year. It is argued, therefore, that we ought not to damage the shoots this year, if we want a crop next year. Our forefathers thought otherwise; but perhaps they were as mistaken in this point as in some others mentioned in their rule, which was this ungallant one:

A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree,
The more they're beaten, the better they be.

Two of the points are decidedly wrong, but it is possible that the third has some sense in it. If beating the tree to make the nuts fall in the autumn caused a larger growth of new shoots in the following spring, then, on the strength of what the learned say, we should expect a larger crop of nuts, because

there would be a greater number of pistillate flowers.

But as I look at my walnuts lying on the table, I cannot help wondering at the many devices there are in the vegetable kingdom for securing a chance of survival for the seeds. Some drop down on the ground, directly under the parent stem, clad only in a thin integument. Others are fitted with a parachute to take a flying journey down the wind. Some, again, are provided with hooks to fasten themselves to any passing animal, and so insure dispersion. The brilliant wild strawberry has its tiny seeds imbedded in a luscious mouthful for a bird. The apple and pear have theirs concealed within a mass fit for some large animal. The peach and the plum follow the same plan, but take the precaution of surrounding the seed with a hard shell, so that the one who eats the covering shall not destroy the precious germ within, and these are but a few of the many schemes which the plants have discovered. The walnuts have not only secreted the germ in an iron-bound case, but they have enclosed that case in a rind of intense bitterness.

In this they have directly inverted the plan of the peach and the plum; for while the latter have a pleasant outside and a bitter kernel, the former have a bitter exterior and a pleasant interior. The truth is that peaches and plums want to be eaten, and the walnuts want especially to guard against being eaten. Hence the peaches and plums put on their attractive coloring, and the walnuts clothe themselves in modest green, which persists as long as the nuts remain on the tree, and changes to the earthy brown when they fall to the ground. The hungry squirrel has to wait until the bitter rind has decayed before he can secure the nut, and then finds a task sufficiently hard for even his sharp teeth, as he sits on the fence rail and endeavors to get at the sweet kernel within.

But why all that oily and starchy store which fills the chambers of the shell? If the walnut takes such care of its offspring as to imprison it in such durance, there must be some provision for growth. The embryo cannot at once send down its rootlets to find nourishment, as some plants do, for the hard shell confines it; so the parent provides food for the early stages of germination, and the seedling's future is assured. This adaptation to its conditions of life must have been a long process. We know not how long. Who shall say how many ages have elapsed since the adaptation began? When Greenland was veritably a green land walnuts were there, as the strata of the sandstones of Disco Island show us. During the Upper Cretaceous ages in the United States and Canada, whenever they were, the walnut flourished to drop its leaves for us to see nowadays. Later on their remains were buried in the tufa of Provence in France. Later still their fruits were mingled with the débris of the lake-dwellings of Switzerland and Northern Italy.

Certain it is that they are very ancient folk, and it would be worth much to be able to transcribe their history, but the records are more difficult than cuneiform inscriptions. We can never get the gist of evolution into a nutshell, but a nutshell may be the text of a whole chapter in the universal book of nature.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

How Flies Walk on the Ceiling.....Our Animal Friends

It is a curious fact how our understanding of many common and apparently simple things is modified by further investigation. The explanation of how flies walk on the ceiling, as given in some of our old readers, was that each little fly-foot is a miniature air-pump—a theory which is now proved to be fallacious. It was supposed that the bottom of the foot adhered to the glass by suction, all air beneath it being pressed out, so that it was held in place by the pressure of the air without; but flies have been known to walk on the inner side of a glass receiver after all the air had been exhausted, which shows that they do not need the pressure of the air to uphold them. A microscopic examination of a fly's foot clearly disproves the "sucker" theory, for the foot cushion is covered with hairs which prevent a close contact of the foot with the glass.

A later theory, propounded by Hooke, was that flies stick to the glass by means of a viscous fluid substance which exudes from the hairs in their feet. This theory was thoroughly investigated twelve years or so ago by Dr. Rombout, who demonstrated that it was only partly sound, for though these hairs do certainly exude an oily fluid, the fluid is not sticky and does not harden when dried.

It is to Dr. Rombout's experiments that science owes what is now regarded as the true theory of the walking of flies on smooth substances, that they hang on by the help of capillary adhesion—the molecular attraction between solid and liquid bodies. By a series of nice calculations—such as weighing hairs and measuring their diameters, and immersing the cut end of a hair in oil or water to make it adhere when touched to glass—Dr. Rombout proved that capillary attractions would uphold a fly were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is at present. It is true that the foot-hairs are very minute, but as each fly is said to be furnished with ten to twelve thousand of them, we need not be surprised at what they can do.

Reasoning from this theory, we might conclude that flies find it difficult to mount a glass lightly dampened, because of the repulsion between the watery surface and the oily liquid exuding from the feet, and we might likewise expect them to be impeded by a slight coating of dust, because the spaces between the hairs would be filled with dust. Careful observation seems to confirm these inferences. When we see a fly making his toilet, he is not, as we might suppose, cleaning his body, but his feet, so that they may the more readily adhere. Every one has noticed how quickly a fly takes flight, even when he has been dozing half an hour in the same position. This new theory makes it easier to understand how he can so readily detach himself; for the air-pressure theory and the "gum" theory both implied more or less effort in releasing his feet from their involuntary hold.

The Bobolink.....Ernest Waters Vickers.....The Oölogist

Who that has visited the country when it was full of the blossom and beauty of May and June is not acquainted with the bobolink? And who, having wandered in pleasant fields of outdoor literature,

has not met with him there also? The poets, who have paid any attention to nature at all, have fallen in love with this little feathered poet of the meadows, and right royally has he favored by their inspiration.

Doubtless no bird, save the mockingbird of the South, has been equally praised and embalmed in our literature, well might our other birds envy him his position. An article, which would contain any portion of the interesting and pretty things which have been written about him, however pleasant it might be to read, would be all too long.

Being too far from a large library and with only a few notes made from time to time, I must necessarily miss many of the best quotations, although those given will doubtless be sufficient for the present article.

The bobolink comes to us in this region a few days before the close of April and is at least always here ere the close of May day.

In 1893 he came rollicking into our landscape on April 29; in 1894 he appeared at noon May 1, while April 30 brought him in 1895, and April 24 in 1896, and one day later this spring.

From the very day of his arrival he is tipsy with song. I think those verses in Emily Dickenson's poem must apply only to him:

I taste a liquor never brewed
In vats upon the P'ine.
No tankard ever held a draught
Of alcohol like mine.
Inebriate of air am I
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling through endless summer days
From courts of molten blue.

He is a handsome little feathered dandy in black and buff and white, as he waltzes quaintly on the fence to his own ecstatic music. And you recall William Cullen Bryant's poem, Robert of Lincoln, familiar to every school child:

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed
Wearing a bright black wedding coat:
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o-link, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink.
Look what a nice new coat is mine.
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

This may not be a good interpretation of his song, but a perfect transcript of it has not yet been written. This poet of nature calls him "Prince of Braggarts."

He certainly appears to court observation, being in no wise a shy or retiring bird.

What farmer so inobservant as never to have heard or seen this bird sing! For it is worth while to watch his movements, for there is music in them, too, as he spills his merry strains on the morning air. He is music all over. Nothing can dampen his rapturous and ever-bubbling joy in life. He sings alike sitting, on the wing, chasing his plain brown mate, or an equally voluble rival in reckless flight.

I have many a time caught him singing in the rain, and singing even while he held a writhing worm in his bill, which he had captured for the baby birds. He is at his song feast early in the morning, at it all day, and the last thing in the evening ere the shadows are too long, his tinkling strains come up from distant meadows.

Some unknown writer thus characterizes his enchanting song:

That rollicking, jubilant whistle
That rolls like a brooklet along
That sweet flageolet of the meadows
The bubbling, bobolink song.

How he escorts you with music along those acres of meadowland, which he has selected for his domain!

He is the very soul and spokesman of pastoral scenery; filled to the brim is that little goblet of feathers, with the ecstasy of country living and country thinking. He is enough in himself to woo all the cities out into the country. He invites the rustic naturalist to leave the scenes of vernal toil, and wander off over green fields into green woods; for his song is an invitation to idleness.

Washington Irving in that essay, *The Birds of Spring*, where he touches the bobolink in his ever-happy and sunny strain, mentions what feelings he had "when luckless urchin" was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school-room.

"It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happy lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no schools—nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields and fine weather."

C. P. Cranch has given us the poetic origin of The Bobolink:

When Nature had made all her birds
With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a bobolink on.

She laughed again, out flew a mate.
A breeze of Eden bore them
Across the fields of Paradise,
The sunrise reddening o'er them.

Lansing V. Hall, a blind poet, sings of our bird:

But of all their merry jingle
In meadow or the dingle,
The bobolink's cadenza does excel.

He has also a long poem on the Song of the Bobolink, which opens with these lines, "to be read rapidly":

June may kindle, kindle with her sunshine,
And her heat, till this is wheat, till this is wheat,
For Bobolink and Mrs. Bobolink very sweet.
And good to eat and good to eat.

This purports to be an interpretation of bobolink's song into words.

J. G. Whittier makes an old character in a poem, *The Sycamore*, to say quaint things of our bird:

Jolliest of our birds of singing
Best he loved the bobolink.
"Hush," he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

And in other places in the works of our Quaker

bard, who portrays nature so happily, do we find the bobolink.

J. H. Langille thinks: "It is difficult to speak of of the bobolink without going into ecstasies. To say the least he is the finest bird of our field and meadows." And he proceeds in that entertaining volume, *Our Birds in Their Haunts*, to give a beautiful description of the bird, its song and manners. Take this exquisite description of its song for an example:

"The first tinkling tones are like those of a fine musical box rapidly struck, then come the longer drawn notes as of a rich viol or violin, and finally the sweet liquid, limpid, gurgling sounds as of an exquisite bell-toned piano lightly and skillfully touched. These several different strains, variously modulated, are uttered with a rapid, gushing volubility, which to an untrained ear might sound like the performances of a whole chorus of songsters."

How sweet is this song delivered while he quivers through the air on trembling wings! And as he closes you often see him drop into the green bosom of the meadow like a falling leaf or drifting feather, his motionless wings held at a sharp angle. This is a pretty sight only equaled when he sings on a fence or clump of grass with wings raised, so that he reminds you of pictures of cherubims you have seen.

Perhaps the finest passage touching the bobolink is that in James Lowell's *Biglow Papers*:

June's bridesman poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;
Half hid in tip-top apple-blooms, he sings
Or climbs against the breeze on quiverin' wings
Or givin' way to't in a mock despair,
Runs down a brook o' laughter thro' the air.

And in the same poet's *Under the Willows*, is the following enthusiasm over June's Bridesman:

But now, O rapture! sunshine, winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through the warm wild breath of the west
Thus herding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and like the soul
Of the sweet season, vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June!

The plain brown yellow female is just as shy, silent, retiring as her little lord is noisy, attractive and conspicuous. And so little are they together that you might take him for a bachelor bird with no wife or rising family in all the meadow. But it appears his duty to draw all curiosity from his seclusive mate and her well-hidden nest unto himself, and if this be true how admirably is he fitted to do it. Not a bird is more worthy your observation or will better repay you for a little watching. I now draw on one of my field note books for June 22, 1896:

Just the other day a male bobolink flew up out of the grass of a roadside meadow a little ahead of me and alighting on a fence hail with his odd buff crest puffed and wings raised began to "bow and scrape" after his funny fashion, singing with all his wonted energy and enthusiasm. Then he dashed off into the elm and sang, then up into its higher branches and sang, then he dropped down into a bush less than ten feet from me, thus singing and changing his position as I moved leisurely

along the road, singing now in bush or tree, now in the air as he flew, he filled every pause with song and accompanied me twenty or thirty rods up the road. It certainly looked like a ruse on the part of the little musician escorting me along the borders of his territory. Was he trying to coax me away from the spot where Mrs. Bobolink sat in her nest, or tended the birdies, or was he only giving an exhibition of his dainty and quaint self, or was all this music the way he had of scolding me out of his neighborhood? Certainly a delightful dose of scolding to take, and may no one ever be inflicted with any more bitter—which of these conclusions is the answer to his actions I leave for the reader to decide by his observation.

Dr. J. M. Wheaton gives a happy description of the bobolink singing: "While singing he raises and depresses his feathers, seems to contract and expand his whole body, bows, nods, shrugs, till he resembles a French dancing master, singing, fiddling, dancing and calling off at the same time.

Who would find the bobolink's nest must have patience and some experience at nest finding. It is usually very well concealed in the thickest clump of grass or clover in some deep depression, and the eggs, five, sometimes six or seven, are well marked and colored to harmonize with the ground, and as the female runs off from the nest through the grass before taking wing you need not think the nest is somewhere near the spot whence you saw her fly. If you would find the bobolink's nest go out in the early dawn of a June morning when the whole world is fresh in the jewelry of a heavy dew, when the emerald lights of the eastern sky have scarcely begun to melt into the roses of dawn, ere yet the clover has opened its pink lips or unclasped its hands, which all night were folded as in prayer. Go then into the meadows when a new day is in the bud, and when Mrs. Bobolink leaves her nest on foot at your approach, she leaves a dark trail of brushed-away drops in the white dew and you may find her basket of eggs snugly concealed at the foot of that "white top" or "black-eyed Susan," simply by following back her trail.

I have found the bobolink's nest June 5 with young just beginning to show the tips of their cunning feathers, and have found them flying eleven days later.

This was a little early for this locality. But as they raise but one brood it is evidently necessary, that this one be safely and quickly—that is, early in the season—raised, so that they may escape the earliest hay-making. And though the haymaker may find the empty nest, he will but very seldom happen upon one containing eggs or young. This will only occur when some mishap has retarded a pair. As the bobolink is characteristic of the fairest and sweetest season, coming to us in time to sing from the top sprays of our bloom-laden orchards, voicing the bucolics of strawberry time, and sheep washing and shearing, it is fit that we lose him when the first freshness and flowers of spring are gone, the hotter summer comes like a nut-brown gipsy. By the Fourth of July the bobolink's wild bubbling song shows signs of waning. It is only a song of broken bars now. He starts his jingle as bravely as erewhile he did, but before he has gone

far he appears to grow absent-minded, for his song snaps and he relapses into silence. Again he tries it with no better result. To-morrow he will not get so far as he can to-day. His power of song is slipping from him. He feels the coming change, he is degenerating into a grating, metallic-voiced, seed-eating, russet-yellow "reed bird." He who was a sweet singing insect-feeder. By the twentieth of the month I hear his tipsy roundelay no more. He has ceased to revel in the taverns of clover and "flea-bane"; his music-box is closed, his harp unstrung.

The rare intoxicating wine of May and the mead of June are gone now, and the little debauchee will quaff nothing less sweet or pure, and henceforth is sober and silent. And whether he moults, as some think, or whether the black fades out of his plumages, as others hold, he soon loses his suit of black already worn, and becomes the plain brown "reed bird" even in this country. And when he leaves us in early September or latter August, we say, with Bryant:

"When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again."

After the "reed bird" he becomes the "rice bird" of the South, then the "butter bird" of the West Indies, as Washington Irving says: "He has become a 'bon-vivant,' a gourmand; with him now there is nothing like the 'joys' of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

Such is the story of the bobolink; nice, spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder.

We are happy in this latitude in entertaining "the vivacious, voluble and eccentric bobolink," as Dr. Elliott Coues calls him, in the happiest and most beautiful and useful stage of his motley career, for with us he is the insectivorous songster through the breeding season. We scarcely understand the meaning of his specific scientific name, "*Oryzivorus*"—I devour rice.

Elephants' Teeth.....Poughkeepsie News-Press

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, and a couple of inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power or movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pink serpent. There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about fourteen years old. These baby teeth, which are nevertheless enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities.

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Origin of "Curves".....Chicago Chronicle

In these days when the pitching feature of the national game has been reduced to a science it is difficult for the younger element of "fans" to realize that it is only a little more than twenty years ago that the art of curving a ball was first discovered and made practical use of in baseball. Up to 1877 the pitcher was allowed but one style of delivery. The ball was pitched, not thrown; the arm was held straight with the body and the ball had to leave the hand below the hip. In the latter '60s and early '70s the rule was for delivery below the knee.

It is easily within the memory of the baseball players and enthusiasts of middle age when the sporting world was electrified by the announcement that the ball could be made to change its course in flight. This discovery revolutionized the game. The pitcher became the principal factor and the sport was cast on new lines. Gradually the pitcher triumphed over the batter and one by one new restrictions were placed on the men of subtle curves. The distance from the pitcher's box to the home plate was lengthened. Where in the early days the pitcher could send in as many balls as he pleased, or until the batter hit it safely or was put out, the limit was placed at nine balls, then seven, then six, and finally four, as now. Foul bounds were eliminated. High and low ball became a thing of the past. The batsman received every advantage consistent with fair playing, and yet the scores became so close and were in such small figures a few years after the introduction of the new and puzzling delivery that even more radical changes were proposed in 1880 and thereabouts than would be possible to put in vogue now.

The discoverer of the science of curve pitching, as applied in professional circles, was undoubtedly Arthur Cummings, who, in 1876, was with the Mutuals of New York. The honor has been variously claimed for Bobby Matthews, Tom Bond, Nichols, Zettlein, Devlin and other twirlers, but men active in the baseball world in the East at the time say that to Cummings was at least given credit for the innovation when it first dawned on the diamond.

An old college player and baseball writer, who was in New Haven in 1876 and the few years following, remembers Cummings' first announcement of the discovery and its application, the incredulity with which his claims were received in baseball circles and among scientific men as well. College professors and others were positive in their assertions that it was impossible to apply any force to a baseball that would alter its flight on a horizontal plane. Even when the curve had actually become a fixture in the game in 1877 and 1878, certain professors maintained their stand in the matter. It was only when actual experiments were made by dextrous pitchers in the presence of these learned men and under conditions that afforded ocular and exact proof of the claims of the baseball men that the doubters of the scientific world accepted the truth. Then it was easy matter to explain how it all happened and why the curving of a baseball was one of the simplest laws of mechanics.

"In 1876," said the old-timer, "I was at a military academy in Connecticut and had been a baseball enthusiast for several years, although in my teens. Arthur Cummings was with the Mutuals that season, if I remember correctly, and from time to time brief notes appeared in the then limited sporting departments of the newspapers that he had perfected a new style of pitching. Vague hints were thrown out about curves and there was more or less speculation and incredulity regarding the matter. About this time Bob Avery, one of the greatest pitchers ever known to the college world, was in the box for the Yale team, and it was noticed that many of the balls delivered by him deflected in their flight. Cummings was using the same peculiar delivery for some time prior to Avery's use of it, but neither called it curving. In the late summer of 1876 Cummings gave an exhibition of his new delivery outside of a game. This was in Hartford and was witnessed by a number of baseball players, owners and newspaper men. Groups gathered behind Cummings and his catcher and watched with amazement the flight of the ball. He had necessarily to abandon the straight-arm pitch, and instead adopted the underhand throw, which in after years was modified for the overhand delivery.

"There was no denying the ocular proof offered to the skeptics. Cummings held the ball with the thumb and two forefingers of his right hand and sent it swiftly from below the hip with the same motion that is now used by a majority of pitchers to produce the outcurve. The result was a wide sweep that was too apparent to be denied. There was much ado about the matter but it was confined to limited circles, as baseball had not then been taken up by the newspapers to any great extent. The following season the rules were modified so as to allow the underhand throw, and immediately the curve became a fixture in the game. Matthews took up its use, Bond was soon an expert, Goldsmith and Galvin mastered the knack and others celebrated in their day adopted its use.

"The possibility of curving the ball in mid-air was doubted by many even during that season, when so many twirlers were able to accomplish it. Wise collegians declared it was an impossibility, and learned articles were published in the papers declaring it a physical impossibility. That the ball might take a slight shoot to one side, owing to a rapid twist given at the time of delivery, was admitted, but that it actually described a curve was declared to be out of the bounds of scientific reason. Although college pitchers gave amateurish exhibitions of the newly discovered feature of the game, many of the professors and a greater portion of the public, was skeptical.

"I think it was in 1877 or in the early season of 1878, that a practical test was made in New Haven before a number of Yale college professors and other scientific men, some of them from colleges in adjoining cities. If my memory plays me right Cummings and Bond were the two pitchers selected to prove to the savants that there were things in baseball that even their philosophy had never

dreamed of. A fence was built of light slats about six feet high. The positions of the two pitchers were fixed so that a straight line drawn from the point of actual delivery, when the right arm of one man extended to throw the ball and extended to the other man, would pass through the fence a foot and a half from the end. Mathematical measurements of extreme nicety were made and every caution taken to insure against deception or any possibility of the men's acting in collusion. The distance between the two was just fifty feet.

"The question was, can Cummings throw the ball around the end of that fence, located about fifteen feet from an imaginary home plate five feet farther from the catcher, so as to allow Bond to catch it without leaving his position? And, in turn, can Bond, changing places with Cummings, perform a similar feat? The college professors were confident that it could not be done.

"Cummings grasped the ball, swung himself around, took two steps forward in the box laid out for him and away went the ball. It was a slow wide curve. It sailed along about waist high, just grazed the corner of the fence, turned in its flight and landed in Bond's hands without his moving an inch. A murmur of astonishment went up from the spectators. There could be no doubt of the fact, as neither man had moved off the imaginary line. Cummings repeated the feat several times, and Tommy Bond, the peerless twirler of his day, also found it easy.

"The college men were satisfied and set about explaining the marvel. Illustrated articles were printed in daily papers, weeklies and magazines. Then every one saw how easy it really was after all. So was curve pitching established in the baseball world, when most of the twirlers of the present day were in their swaddling clothes. Afterward came the incurve, the swift shoots, the drop and all the tricks known to the game in their turn, but for some years the outcurve was the only one to be thoroughly mastered by the average pitcher, and on that and a straight ball, with lots of speed, he depended for his efficiency."

The Game of Craps.....Memphis Appeal

As indigenous to the South as the cotton plant are the dice in a game of craps, which has for its votaries in the main the negro population. With negroes craps may be described as a racial pastime. A town without craps has no enticement for the colored person, and is consequently not a good "nigger town."

If it is doubted that negroes take an enduring interest in craps the doubt may be quickly dispelled by watching a game. The colloquialisms of craps are peculiar and numerous.

In an out-of-doors game crap-shooters—no one familiar with the game would think of calling them anything but "shooters"—squat upon the ground in a circle. A pair of dice—more familiarly known as the "bones"—are tossed on the ground. Each player is privileged to take them up and examine them. This is done to prevent any one from "ringing in peeties." "Peeties" are dice with double numbers. There are two kinds of "peeties"—those with which it is impossible to throw seven, and

others made so that they can turn up only seven. After examination of the dice, the first player tosses a coin on the ground.

"Fade me, niggah!" he exclaims.

Another player "fades" him by covering the money. The first player blows into his hands, picks up the dice, juggles them in the hollow of his hand and rolls them on the ground in front of him. He never fails to utter something which he believes will bring him good luck. The stock expressions are:

"Conjure!"

"Seven 'leven!"

"Lay him down!"

"Get me dat money, 'leven!"

"Dis fo' a paih o' shoes!"

"Hock um die!"

"Look out dar, nigger!"

"Fade you!"

"Take my gal to Cairo!"

A thousand other exclamations are indulged in, according to the player's conceit.

If the "shooter" throws seven or eleven he wins. He picks up the money and the dice and says: "Come again, black man!"

"I got you faded!" exclaims another player, in acceptance of the challenge. He throws down a second coin to match that of the shooter. The other players make side bets on the result.

The first man "shoots" again. If he throws two, three or twelve he loses, or "craps out." If he throws four, five, six, eight, nine, or ten the number thrown is called his point, and he continues to throw until he either wins by repeating or loses it by throwing seven.

As long as the thrower continues to win he may keep the dice. When he loses he "passes" them to the next player, who throws.

If a player suspects that loaded dice, or "peeties," have been smuggled into the game he may at any time pick up the "bones" when a player makes a first throw. When the dice falls he says, "My dice," as a meaning of his intention. He takes them up, examines them and if they are found to be "square" he tosses them back, saying:

"Your dice; shoot."

If the dice are "crooked" the game usually comes to a tumultuous end by the players "snatching up stakes" and using razors on the anatomy of the man who "rung in the peeties." If an attempt is made to examine the dice at any time except on the first throw trouble is likely to arise.

The person who covers a thrower's money is a "fader." Nearly every point on the dice is named. Four is called "Little Joe"; five is called "Phoebe" or "fever"; six is known as "Jimmy Hicks"; nine is "Lex," and ten sometimes is "Big Dick," and at others "Big Tom."

All crap players indulge in characteristic negro actions when playing. They blow upon the dice, rattle them in the hollow of their hands, throw the dice on the ground, snap their fingers sharply and utter a deep, aspirated "Ah!" When a player's money has been "faded" and he is trying to make a point by the aid of exclamations of "Come 'leven!" "Come to me, Little Joe!" "Big Dick," or whatever his point may be, the "fader" tries to counteract the spell of the conjure invoked by say-

ing, "Call him off, seven! Cut his throat, seven! Come under him, seven!"

The usual accompaniment to "Jimmy Hicks," a throw of six, is "Big Six, take my gal to Memphis!"

In Memphis there are many old and young, male and female crap shooters. Boys gather in alleys and squat about the ground, while sentinels stand guard at each end of the passage to warn them of the approach of policemen. "Lucky niggers," with pockets full of money, sit up all night in cramped back rooms behind saloons and gamble with feverish anxiety. When money is gone clothes are taken from their backs and pawned to get another stake.

Roustabouts on steamboats perform almost superhuman drudgery for a whole month and take their pay of \$60 to some crap joint or gamble it away on top of a bale of cotton in the cargo of a boat. They play night and day on long trips until every cent is gone, and they are forced to beg from lucky players enough to buy a five-cent snack. A majority of the murders among roustabouts grow out of craps.

In St. Louis white gamblers tried to change the name of the game to "oontz." This peculiar appellation failed to strike the fancy of the darkies, and for twenty years it has been known as "craps."

The police are constantly raiding games, but will never succeed in breaking up dice playing. It dates back to the time when dice were cast for Christ's garments, and will doubtless continue through as many centuries in the future.

The Tiger and the Contortionist.....Cornhill Magazine

It will be necessary for the sake of my story to mention a certain peculiarity of tigers. It is admitted by most experts, among others by professional tiger-tamers, that this ferocious beast is at heart an arrant coward, and seldom dares, unless rendered desperate, to attack a strange and unknown animal, especially if it appears to be large.

The man was a contortionist. When not actually engaged in his labors he would often go for long strolls in the fields to keep himself in trim. One day he happened to wander out farther than usual; the country was rather open, with an occasional tree here and there; it was also undulating, so that as he walked along he would sometimes disappear from sight below a ridge, and then appear again on the next. On this eventful day, just as he reached the top of a mound, what was his dismay to see a tiger right ahead of him, and not more than five or six hundred yards away! Before he could hide himself below the mound the tiger had caught sight of him, and began to bound along toward him at top speed. Having no means of defence, there was nothing for him to do but to start a race toward the nearest tree. The tiger, however, was by far the better runner of the two, and was visibly gaining on his competitor. The man realized that long before he could reach the goal, the tiger would be upon him. What was he to do? In sheer desperation he resolved upon a desperate scheme as his last and only resource. Just as he disappeared from the tiger's sight for an instant over a ridge, he halted, stretched out his legs at right angles, curled down his head between his legs, so as to look at the rear, and extended his arms upwards far and wide in a fantastic manner, like the

sails of a windmill. The tiger hove in sight in a few seconds. At that instant the face of this object assumed a most hideous grimace; a prolonged, unearthly yell was heard, such as had never before pierced the tympanum of a tiger, and the sails of the windmill began to revolve backwards and forwards as if a sudden whirlwind had burst upon the scene. The tiger recoiled—what was this? There stood a ferocious, star-shaped monster, gigantic against the sky. Its hideous head was situated in the most unprecedented manner, in the very centre of its body—nay, its vise-like jaws, between which those fiendish roars were issuing, were actually placed above its two fiery eyes! Its limbs were furiously clamoring for action against him. And the man whom he had been chasing, where was he? Had he been already devoured by this terrible beast?

At this thought the tiger wavered, then turned and fled. If his dinner had already been eaten up, then what was the use of engaging in an unprofitable and doubtful fight with this savage monster? At that instant a parting yell, which came rolling along like thunder, put a sudden end to the fleeing tiger's ratiocination.

Africa's National Game.....Good Words

The game of mancala may be said to be the national game of Africa. It is most closely associated with that continent. It is found among all the tribes, and is an evidence of the essential unity that underlies all the African races. Among the Abyssinians it is played by the nobles, from the king to the peasant. It is the favorite amusement of the negroes at Benin, on the west coast. It is well known among the natives of Bombay, in Java, in Ceylon, in the Maldiv Islands and in the Malay peninsula. In Syria and Palestine cup-marked stones used in this game are not infrequently found in old ruins. It is played by the Druses with holes made in a plank of wood; and this is the common form of the instrument in Jerusalem and throughout Syria, where it may be seen continually played in the cafés by the visitors. The children in Egypt Nubia and Syria play it in holes excavated in the ground; and when two travelers meet on the way they frequently rest and extemporize a board of holes dug in the hard path and proceed to play with the pebbles they gather on the spot.

In Palestine and Egypt shells are used in the game that are brought from the shores of the Red Sea; while in Damascus pebbles are employed which pilgrims collect in a certain valley on the way home from Mecca. Games of hazard are prohibited by the Mohammedan religion. But mancala is considered a game of fate or skill, and is therefore tolerated; and in all likelihood it is diffused by the pilgrimages from Mecca throughout the Mohammedan world to the utmost limits of Arab culture. It has even reached the new world. The negroes carried it to America from their old African abodes; and at this day it is a common amusement among the negroes of San Domingo. There is a little Syrian colony in Washington street, New York, among whom this game may be frequently seen played on a board with two rows of holes, with a handful of shells or pebbles, as a link with their distant homes.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA*

—Diamonds may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink and orange; but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethyst, there are sapphires, rubies and garnets of that color.

—The British Government are the owners of over 25,000 camels. Several thousands are used in India to carry stores and equipment when companies are changing quarters by line of march.

—According to Nilsson, the zoölogist, the weight of the Greenland whale is one hundred tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of eighty-eight elephants, or 440 bears.

—An organist says that a cow moos in a perfect fifth octave, or tenth; a dog barks in a fifth or fourth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave, and a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale.

—The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in twelve hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,300 notes.

—In Windsor Castle there is a carpet forty feet in breadth, and it contains 58,840,000 stitches. The weaving of it occupied twenty-eight men fourteen months.

—Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice, so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover which has been introduced into the colony.

—The phonograph is now used to teach foreign languages. With each phonograph the pupil receives a textbook and twenty loaded cylinders. Each lesson in the book is arranged in the form of questions and answers. The pupil, ready to begin, puts the cylinder of the first lesson in the machine, the tubes in his ears, and starts the phonograph.

—The Sultan of Turkey has just built at Mecca the biggest house in the world. It is intended for the accommodation of pilgrims, and is capable of sheltering 6,000 persons. The next biggest house in the world is in a suburb of Vienna. It accommodates 2,112 tenants. Next come the three Rowton Houses in London, with 800, 677, and 500 tenants respectively.

—Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant.

—The Tartarian alphabet contains 202 letters, being the longest in the world.

—According to the best authorities less than one thousand-millionth part of the sun's rays reaches the earth.

—If kept continuously running a watch will tick 160,144,000 times in a year.

—Since the birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle.

—A caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 600 times its own weight in food.

—There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters and 773,693 words.

—Scarlet flowers are said to stand drought better than any others.

—A horse will eat in a year nine times his own weight, a cow nine times, an ox six times, and a sheep six times.

—The oyster is one of the strongest of creatures, and the force required to open it is more than 1,300 times its own weight.

—Nearly 60,000 acres have been reclaimed in Ireland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

—In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 520; in the United States, one in 2,000, and in England, one in 5,000.

—A novel sort of window glass has been invented. Persons on the inside of the house can see through it, but it is opaque to those on the outside.

—According to computations the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

—The heart beats ten strokes a minute less when one is lying down than when in an upright posture.

—The atmosphere is so clear in Zululand that, it is said, objects can be seen by starlight at a distance of seven miles.

—The longest canal in the world is in Russia. It extends from St. Petersburg to the frontier of China, and measures nearly 4,500 miles.

—Two persons playing dominoes ten hours a day, and making four moves a minute, could continue 118,000,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total of which is 248,528,211,840.

—Glass bricks are gradually coming into use, and it is said that glass will soon be used for making statues for public squares, as it resists the corroding effect of the weather much better than marble or granite.

—Turkey and Greece are the only European countries into which the telephone has not yet been introduced. Sweden has the largest number of telephones per capita of any country in the world, having one to every 115 persons, and Switzerland comes next with one to every 129.

—The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutley, in British India. Its descent is 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

—Some scientists now hold that above the altitude of 12,000 feet from the sea level the temperature decreases about one degree for every rise of 350 feet.

—Lord Kelvin calculates that the number of molecules in a cubic inch of any gas is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, and in each of these molecules there are several atoms moving among themselves at the rate of seventy miles a minute.

—A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

—The largest proportion of single persons is found in Ireland and Scotland, and the smallest in the United States. In Ireland sixty-seven per cent., in Scotland sixty-five per cent., but in the United States only fifty-nine per cent. are in that condition.

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

SKITS ON MATRIMONY

COMPILED BY R. A. OAKES

—In the *Ephemerides* of Phialo, Glossen tells us that in some countries the bride is crowned by the matrons with a garland of prickles, and so delivered unto her husband that he might know he hath tied himself to a thorny pleasure.

—Stephens, in the *Plaine Country Bridegroom*, says that the bridegroom on his wedding day shows neere affinity between marriage and hanging; and in that purpose he provides a great nosegay, and shakes hands with every one he meets as if he were preparing for a condemned man's voyage.

—In the sixteenth century Sir John Davies wrote of matrimony:

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts where meet a public route,
Where those that are without would fain go in,
And those that are within would fain go out.

—When the Pope heard of the marriage of Father Hyacinth, he exclaimed: "The saints be praised! the renegade has taken his punishment into his own hands. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

—The old Greeks, according to Strobæus had a saying that marriage brings only two happy days—the day when the husband first clasps his wife to his breast, and the day he lays her in his tomb. Palladus, the Greek poet, also presents the idea as follows:

In marriage are two happy things allowed:
A wife in wedding garb and in a shroud.
Who then dares say that state can be accursed,
When the last day is happy as the first?

—In Rome it was a proverbial saying that a wife was only good "in thelamo vel in tumulo." There is an English proverb of like import: A dead wife is the best thing in a man's house. The Pasheto say a woman's place is in the house or the grave.

—Athenæus has gathered a handful of rhymes in dispraise of matrimony from the Greek poets. Xenarchus asks:

Are, then, the grasshoppers not happy, say you,
While they have wives who cannot speak a word?

Eubulus:

Him who weds once I will not blame too much,
For he knows little the ill he courted;
But well the widower has proved all
The ills which are in wedlock and in wives.

Aristophon:

A man who marries once may be excused,
Not knowing what misfortune he was seeking;
But he, who, once escaped, with his eyes open
Tries then another, seeks only misery.

—Cicero (*De Oratore* Lib. II.) tells us that one day Palentinus, calling his neighbors around him, burst into tears and exclaimed that he had now growing in his garden a tree on which three of his wives had in succession hanged themselves, and asked if he had not good reason to weep? Whereupon his neighbors all begged a sprout from the tree, and ever after it was the most sought-after of anything on his estate. The story is copied into

the *Gesta Romanorum*, and is told by Valerius Maximus.

—The Roman Metellus, as quoted by Aulus Gellius (B. I. C. V.), wrote: "If we could exist without a wife we should all avoid an affliction, but since nature ordained that we can neither be happy with a wife, nor exist without one, let us sacrifice our own comfort for the good of the country."

—Sir John More, father of the famous chancellor, compared matrimony to a bag of snakes, in which there was one eel. If a man should put his hand into this bag he may chance upon the eel, but it is a hundred to one that he shall be stung by a snake.

—Henry, Earl of Stafford, placed the following clause in his will: "I give to the worst of women who is guilty of all ills, the daughter of Mr. Grammont, a Frenchman, whom I have unfortunately married, five and forty brass half-pence which will buy her a pullet for supper."

—Colonel Nash bequeathed an annuity of £50 to the bell-ringers of Bath Abbey on the condition that they should muffle the clappers of the bells of the said abbey and ring them with doleful accentuation from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. on each anniversary of his wedding day, and during the same hours only with a merry peal on the anniversary of the day of his wife's death.

—In proverbial philosophy there are innumerable skits against matrimony. Lessing wrote: Of shrewish women in the world there's surely only one; A pity, though, that every man says: "She's the wife I own."

The Spanish have a variant: There is but one bad wife in all of Spain, and each man thinks he has her. The English have one of the same import. There are but two good wives in all England—one of whom is dead and the other lost. Among other English proverbs:

A man without a wife is without care.
All are good maids, but whence come the bad wives?
He that loseth his wife and a farthing hath a great loss of a farthing.

He that tells his wife news is but lately married.
Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.

Make not a toil of pleasures, as the man said when he buried his wife.

The Germans have the following:

Who takes a wife sells his peace.
The dead wife and the living sheep make a man rich.
The husband's mother is the wife's devil.
Marriage is heaven and hell.

When the wife dies and the mare foals prosperity increases.

Among French proverbs:

He that hath a wife is sure of strife.
In buying horses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.

Wedlock rides in the saddle and repentance on the crupper.

He who takes a wife takes a master.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

The Revenge, A Ballad of the Fleet.....Alfred Tennyson

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
away;

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no
coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that
day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the
land

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below;

For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,

And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniards came in
sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd; and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,

And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft

Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred
tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers
of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like
a cloud

Whence the thunderbolt would fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard
lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and
went

Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears

When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.

Ship after ship the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame.

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side of the
head,

And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea,

And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all
in a ring;

But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that
we still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maim'd for life

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent,

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said "Ay ay," but the seamen made reply:
 "We have children, we have wives,
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.
 We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, to let
 us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
 then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
 at last,
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
 grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
 and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and
 true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English
 few;

Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honor down into the deep.
 And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
 sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
 grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
 and their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
 navy of Spain,

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
 crags

To be lost evermore in the main.

The Song of the Camp.....Bayard Taylor

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
 "We storm the forts to-morrow:
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon;
 Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory;
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory,
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing;
 The bravest are the tenderest,
 The loving are the daring.

Call to Arms.....Mrs. Hemans

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
 Light up the beacon pyre!
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire!
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast,
 And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
 A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth!
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye—
 They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song and bound
 The falchion to his side;
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride!
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By earthly clarion spread!
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead?

A Sea Fight.....Walt Whitman

Only three guns are in use.
 One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's
 mainmast,
 Two well-served grape and canister silence his musketry
 and clear his decks.
 Tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially
 the main-top.
 They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.

Not a moment's cease.
 The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the
 powder magazine.
 One of the pumps has been shot away; it is generally
 thought we are sinking.
 Serene stands the little captain.
 He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low;
 His eyes give more light to us than the battle lanterns.
 Toward twelve there in the beams of the moon, they sur-
 render to us.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS *

Sympathetic Query.—Little Charlie, grandson of the late Admiral P——, displeased his mother, who reproved him rather severely; the child evidently thinking punishment was imminent, ran out of the house, his mother after him. He took refuge under the piazza, deaf to all her calls.

Later his father returned, and, hearing the facts in the case, said, "I will bring him out," and suiting the action to the word, crawled under the piazza, when the little culprit exclaimed:

"Is she after you, too?"

He Kept the Change.—Mr. N——, a struggling lawyer in a small town in Ohio, received a call from a farmer who wanted legal advice. He took down a much-used volume from his small bookcase and gave the required advice, for which he charged the modest sum of three dollars. His client handed him a five-dollar bill. Mr. N—— flushed as he passed his fingers nervously through his pockets, and his embarrassment increased as he continued his search among the papers on his desk. "Well," said he, taking the law book again, and turning over the pages, "I'll give you two more dollars' worth of advice."

Hayes and the Farmer.—It is told of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes that while attending school at Kenyon College, he was in the habit of taking daily walks into the country. These trips were shared by two intimate companions, who were of a fun-loving disposition, which frequently got them into trouble. On one occasion they more than met their match at repartee in an old farmer, whom they met on the highway. The long white beard of the farmer gave him a patriarchal appearance, and while he was approaching the students, they arranged to give him a "jollying," which eventually terminated in the discomfiture of the youths.

One of them doffed his hat with great reverence and respect as he said, "Good morning, Father Abraham!"

The second saluted the old farmer and said, "Good morning, Father Isaac!"

Mr. Hayes, not to be outdone in affability and politeness, extended his hand as he said, "Good morning, Father Jacob!"

Ignoring the outstretched hand of Mr. Hayes, the old farmer replied, "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in the man. I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul the son of Kish, who was sent out to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found them."

Why the Parson Was Popular.—An old comrade of the civil war, the "fighting parson," we called him, for he was brave as he was loyal, delighted in telling this good story about himself:

"When I entered the ministry," he said, "my good old Methodist mother was greatly rejoiced,

for the desire of her heart was fulfilled. Soon after my assignment to a charge in a small country district, an old woman of my congregation paid a visit to my native village. My mother forthwith called upon her and began eagerly inquiring as to my success in my profession.

"The old lady assured her delighted listener that I was doing finely, and got on amazingly well with everybody.

"Well, now," said my mother, triumphantly, 'I always knew John would make a good preacher.'

"Oh, preacher!" exclaimed the old lady, 'he ain't much of a preacher, but you'd ought to see him eat!'"

Making It Worth While.—An Irishman walking over a plank sidewalk, in counting some money accidentally dropped a nickel, which rolled down a crack between two of the boards. The Irishman was much put out by his loss, trifling though it was, and continued on his way swearing audibly.

Early the next day a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the Irishman in the act of deliberately dropping a dollar down the same crack through which he had lost his nickel. The friend was, of course, much astonished at what he saw, and, desiring to learn why Pat should deliberately, to all appearances, throw away money, inquired his reasons, and was fairly taken off his feet by the following lucid(?) explanation:

"It was this way," said Pat. "It's yesterday I was for passin' this way when I lost a nickel down that hole. Now I reasoned that it wasn't worth me while to pull up that sidewalk for a nickel, but last night a scheme struck me, and I am dropping down the dollar to make it worth me while."

The Bishop's Smoke.—We will call him Bishop Simmons. During the afternoon the younger ministers had listened to him with veneration and respect, and when their turn came they found him a dignified and careful listener.

The afternoon was delightful and the camp-meeting service was a long one. The good bishop was a keen lover of the weed, and, after the meeting had closed he strolled off for a smoke. At a little distance he found an abrupt ledge entirely out of the view of the camp-grounds, and going down around to the foot of this, he lit his cigar and prepared for a quiet half hour.

As it chanced, soon after one of the younger ministers took a walk from the grounds, and, finally came to the top of the same ledge, and, looking down, saw the bishop.

For the space of a moment or two he stood with a gleam in his eye, and then stooping down, he said, in a sort of triumphant tone:

"Ah, Father Simmons, I've caught you burning incense to the devil."

The bishop took out his cigar, and turned about till he had swung the speaker fully into view, and then added, slowly in a deep voice:

"But I didn't know he was so near."

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS *

—A Man of Family.—Borus—I hear you have taken a wife to yourself, Smithers; whom did you marry? Smithers (dejectedly)—Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts.

—Potterby's Mistake.—“What became of that Samuels girl that Potterby was flirting with last summer?” “You mean the girl that Potterby thought he was flirting with. She married him.”

—Unanimous Opposition.—Borus—So you did not marry Miss Moneybags after all. Sappy—No; her family all objected. Borus—But if the girl herself liked you— Sappy—Do not misunderstand me, Borus; she was as much opposed to it as any of them.

—Point of Resemblance.—“Don't you think baby is like mamma, George?” asked Mrs. Honeyton. “Very. He talks all the time and never says anything.”

—Pimply Youth—What makes you hate cigarettes so? They are not half so dangerous as people say. I've smoked 'em for years and they haven't killed me yet. Crusty Citizen—That's why I hate them.

—A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what air they were playing. “That is The Death of Nelson,” replied the bandmaster solemnly. “Ay, mon,” replied the weaver, “ye hae gi'en him an awfu' death.”

—Kansas City Notice of an Amateur Operatic Performance: “The worst is over. The Wichita amateurs accomplished their fiendish purpose and gave Il Trovatore last night.”

—A lady once consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. “Well,” said the saint, “some pious men condemn it, others see no harm in it. I hold a middle course—you may use it on one cheek.”

—Miss Scott—Yes; she has been saying all manner of wicked things about me. Friend—You should not heed her, dear. She merely repeats what other people say.

—After a row with his wife, who violently expressed a wish that he was dead, an Irishman said: “Oh, it's a widow you're wantin' to be, is it? Bedad, I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live.

—He—What a wretchedly bad play! I wonder the people don't hiss it. She—Well, they can't very well yawn and hiss at the same time!

—Customer—Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me? Photographer—I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir.

—He—Do you know, I think you are a most singular girl. She (coolly)—I assure you it isn't from choice.

—“That is a very old joke about the wife going through her husband's pockets for money.” “Yes, the joke is old, but there are always new wives and new husbands.”

—Governor of the Prison—What is the cause of this unseemly delay? Jailer—That expert heads-

man you engaged from the medical school is sterilizing the ax.

—Doctor—You ought to take that child into the country for several weeks every summer. Mother—Oh, doctor, I'm sorry to say we are not rich enough. Doctor—Well, then, have her sent by a fresh-air fund. Mother—But, doctor, we're not poor enough.

—“You are advertising quite early in the year,” said the summer-resort landlord's friend. “Yes, I always fix up my announcements at this time of year. You see, I am a thoroughly conscientious man, and I wish to be able to state that there are no mosquitoes.”

—How belittling a pun is! You can't respect a man, for example, who on his return from a fishing trip, upon being asked how many he has caught shufflingly replies: “A good eel.” You feel as much contempt for him as you do for the family man who went to market and bought two fish and found three when he got home—“two mackerel and one smelt.”

—“Shiftless as ever, Thomas?” said the wealthy uncle. “Still making a failure of life, as you always have done?” “I don't know that I'm such a terrible failure,” sulkily answered the poor relation. “Why, you have nobody but yourself to support, and you can't make both ends meet.” “Well, the rainbow has only itself to support, and it doesn't make both ends meet, either.”

—“Queer, isn't it?” “What's queer?” inquired another. “The night falls.” “Yes.” “But doesn't break.” “No.” “The day breaks.” “Yes.” “But it doesn't fall.” “No.” “Queer, isn't it?” And he was gone.

—Smithkins—Hello, Doc! What are you doing? Young Doctor—Trying to kill time. Smithkins—They why don't you prescribe for it?

—Suitor—So you will give your daughter \$25,000; that is a small sum. Rich Papa—Yes; but she will inherit the whole property at my death. Suitor (absently)—About what time will that be?

—Rev. Sandy Seventhly (to invalid deacon)—I'm sorry ye missed my sairmon on predestination last Sawbath, deacon. I spoke wi' great freedom twa hours and feefy meenutes. Deacon (sympathetically)—Eh, mon, but ye must hae been tired. Rev. Seventhly—Na, na, I was fresh as a rose; but ye suld hae seen the congregation.

—Professor Sellar, of Edinburgh University, was generally patient with dull students; but one day a blockhead exhibited such terrific stupidity in translating Horace that the professor at last exclaimed: “Sir, in translating that passage you have made more mistakes than the words admit of.”

—“There's Mrs. Smith, and her uncle was only buried yesterday.” “There is only one death in her family that would keep that woman at home.” “Whose?” “Her own.”

—Uncle—He was no greater than George Washington. The New Woman—George Washington? He was Martha Washington's husband, wasn't he?

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

COUNT FILGIATTI PROPOSES*

BY SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN

[The scene is Rome, the narrator a young Western American heiress, traveling with her parents.]

We were too late for the hotel "déjeuner," and had to order it, I remember "à la carte." That was why the Count was kept waiting. After luncheon mamma said she knew she was missing a great deal, but she really didn't feel equal to entertaining the Count; her back had given out completely. "You can apologize for us, daughter," said poppa, "and say something polite about our seeing him later."

I saw at once that the Count was annoyed. He was standing in the middle of the salon, fingering his sword-hilt in a manner which expressed the most absurd irritation.

"I don't know what you will think of us," I said as we shook hands. "How long have you been kind enough to wait, anyway?"

"Since a quarter of an hour—only," replied the Count, with a difficult smile, "but now that I see you it is forgotten all."

"That's very nice of you," I said. "I assure you mamma was quite worked up about keeping you waiting. It's rather trying to the American temperament to be obliged to order a hurried luncheon from the market gardener."

"So? In America you have him not—the market-garden? You are each his own vegetable. Yes? Ah, how much better than the poor Italian! But Mistra and Madame Wick, they have not, I hope, the indisposition?"

"Well, I'm afraid they have, Count—something like that. They said I was to ask you to excuse them. You see, they've been sight-seeing the whole morning, and that's something that can't be done by halves in your city. The stranger has to put his whole soul into it, hasn't he?"

"Ah, the whole soul! It is too fatiguing," Count Filgiatti assented. He glanced at me uncertainly, and rose. "Kindly may I ask that you give my deepest afflictions to Mistra and Madame Wick for their health?"

"Oh," I said, "if you *must*! But I'm here, you know." I put no hauteur into my tone, because I saw that it was a misunderstanding.

He still hesitated, and I remembered that the Filgiatti intelligence probably dated from the Middle Ages, and had undergone very little alteration since. "You have made such a short visit," I said. "I must be a very bad substitute for mamma and poppa."

A flash of comprehension illuminated my visitor's countenance. "I pray that you do not think such a wrong thing," he said impulsively. "If it is permitted, I again sit down."

"Do," said I, and he did. Anything else would have seemed perfectly unreasonable, and yet for the moment he twisted his mustache, apparently in the most foolish embarrassment. To put him at his ease, I told him how lovely I thought the foun-

tains. "That's one of your most ideal connections with ancient history, don't you think?" I said. "The fact that those old aqueducts of yours have been bringing down the water to sparkle and ripple in Roman streets ever since."

"Idealissimo! And the Trevi of Bernini—I hope you threw the soldi, so that you must come back to Rome."

"We weren't quite sure which it was," I responded, "so poppa threw soldi into all of them to make certain."

The Count reflected for a moment.

"Then you wish to return to Rome," he said softly; "you take interest here?"

"Why, yes," I said, "I'm not a barbarian. I'm from Illinois."

"Then why do you go away?"

"Our time is so limited."

"Ah, Mees Wick, you have all of your life." The Italians certainly have exquisite voices.

"That is true," I said thoughtfully.

"Many young American ladies now live always in Italy," pursued Count Filgiatti.

"Is that so?" I replied pleasantly. "They are domiciled here with their parents?"

"Y—yes. Sometimes it is like that. And sometimes—"

"Sometimes they are working in the studios. I know. A delightful life it must be."

The Count looked at the carpet. "Ah, signorina, you misunderstand my poor English," he said; "she means quite different."

It was not coquetry which induced me to cast down my eyes.

"The American young lady will sometimes contract alliance."

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; and if it is a good arrangement it is always quite, quite happy."

"We are said," I observed thoughtfully, "to be able, as a people, to accommodate ourselves to circumstances."

"You approve this idea, signorina; you are so amiable, it is heavenly!"

"I see no objection to it," I said. "It is entirely a matter of taste."

"And the American ladies have much taste," observed Count Filgiatti blandly.

"I'm afraid it isn't infallible," I said, "but it is charming to hear it approved."

"The American lady comes in Italy. She is young, beautiful, with a grace—ah! And perhaps there is a little income—a few dollar—but we do not speak of that—it is a trifle, only to make possible the arrangemento."

"I see," I said.

"The American lady is so perceiving—it is also a charm. The Italian gentleman has a dignity of his. He is perhaps from a family a little old. It is nothing—the matter is of the heart—but it makes possible the arrangemento."

"I have read of such things before," I said, "in the newspapers. It is most amusing to hear them

*A selected reading from *A Voyage of Consolation*, by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., publishers. 12mo., \$1.50.

corroborated on the spot. But that is one of the charms of travel, Count Filgiatti."

The Count hesitated and a shade of indecision crossed his swarthy little features. Then he added simply, "For me she has always been a vision, that American lady. It is for this that I study the English. I have thought, 'When I meet one of those so charming Americans I will do my possible.'"

To feel one's self a realized vision without any capacity for beneficence—worse in some respects than being obliged to be unkind to hopes with no financial basis! It made one feel somehow so mercenary. But before I could think of anything to say—it was such a difficult juncture—the Count went on.

"But in the Italian idea it is better first one thing to know—the agreement of the American signorina. If she will not, the Italian nobleman is too much disgrace. It is not good to offer the name and the title if the lady say no, I do not want—take that poor thing away!"

How artless it was! Yet my sympathy ebbed immediately. Not my curiosity, however. Perhaps at this or an earlier point I should have gone blushing away and forever pondered in secret the problem of Count Filgiatti's intentions. I confess that it didn't even occur to me—it was such a little Count and so far beyond the range of my emotions. Instead, I smiled in a non-committal way and said that Count Filgiatti's prudence was most unique.

"With a friend to previously discover then it is easy. But perhaps the lady will have no friends in Italy."

"You would have to be prepared for that," I said. "Certainly."

"Also she perhaps quickly go away. The Americans are so instantaneous. Maybe my vision fade like—like anything."

"In a perspective of tourists' coupons," I suggested.

For a moment there was silence, through which we could hear the scrubbing-brush of the chambermaid on the marble hall of the first floor. It seemed a final note of desolation.

"If I must speak of myself believe me it is not a nobody the Count Filgiatti," he went on at last. "Two Cardinals I have had in my family and one is second cousin to the Pope."

"Fancy the Pope's having relations!" I said, "but I suppose there is nothing to prevent it."

"Nothing at all. In my family I have had many ambassadors, but that was a little formerly. Once a Filgiatti married with a Medici—but these things are better for Mistra and Madame Wick to inquire."

"Poppa is very much interested in antiquities, but I'm afraid there will hardly be time, Count Filgiatti."

"Listen—I will say all! Always they have been much too large, the families Filgiatti. So now, perhaps, we are a little reduce. But there is still some things—ah—signorina, can you pardon that I speak these things, but the time is so small—there is fifteen hundred lire yearly revenue to my pocket."

"About three hundred dollars," I observed sympathetically. Count Filgiatti nodded with the smile of a conscious capitalist. "Then, of course," I said, "you won't marry for money." I'm afraid this was a little unkind, but I was quite sure the Count would

perceive no irony, and said it for my own amusement.

"Jamais!" In Italy you will find that never! The Italian gives always the heart before—before—"

"The *arrangimento*," I suggested softly.

"Indeed, yes. There is also the seat of the family."

"The seat of the family," I repeated. "Oh, the family seat. Of course, being a Count, you have a castle. They always go together. I had forgotten."

"A castle I cannot say; but for the country it is very well. It is not amusing there, in Tuscany. It is a little out of repairs. Twice a year I go to see my mother and all those brothers and sisters—it is enough! And the Countess, my mother, has said to me two hundred times, 'Marry with an American, Nicco—it is my command.' 'Nicco,' she calls me—it is what you call jackname."

The Count smiled deprecatingly, and looked at me with a great deal of sentiment, twisting his mustache. Another pause ensued. It's all very well to say I should have dismissed him long before this, but I should like to know on what grounds?

"I wish very much to write my mother that I have found the American lady for a new Countess Filgiatti," he said at last with emotion.

"Well," I said awkwardly, "I hope you will find her."

"Ah, Mees Wick," exclaimed the Count recklessly, "you are that American lady. When I saw you in the railway I said, 'It is my vision!' At once I desired to embrace the papa. And he was not cold with me—he told me of the soda. I had courage—I had hope. At first when I see you to-day I am a little derange. In the Italian way I speak first with the papa. Then came a little thought in my heart—no, it is propitious! In America the daughter make always her own *arrangimento*. So I am spoken."

At this I rose immediately. I would not have it on my conscience that I toyed with the matrimonial proposition of even an Italian Count.

"I think I understand you, Count Filgiatti," I said. There is something about the most insignificant proposal that makes one blush in a perfectly absurd way. I have never been able to get over it—"and I fear I must bring this interview to a close. I—"

"Ah, it is too embarrassing for you! It is experience very new, very strange."

"No," I said, regaining my composure, "not at all. But the fact is, Count Filgiatti, the transaction you propose doesn't appeal to me. It is too business-like to be sentimental, and too sentimental to be business-like. I'm sorry to seem disobliging, but I really couldn't make up my mind to marry a gentleman for his ancestors who are dead, even if he was willing to marry me for my income, which may disappear. Poppa is very speculative. But I know there's a certain percentage of Americans who think a count with a family seat is about the only thing worth bringing away from Europe, now that we manufacture so much for ourselves, and if I meet any of them I'll bear you in mind."

I mentioned the matter to my parents, thinking it might amuse them, and it did.

UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Sailors and the Moon.....Kansas City Times

A sailor on one of Uncle Sam's warships writes to a newspaper in his native city as follows:

"Whatever scientists say to the contrary, every sea captain knows that moonlight can twist a man's face out of shape if it shines on him while he sleeps. And that it will spoil food, too, much quicker than sunlight. Every seafaring man has seen how moonlight acts. Down in the South, where I've been a good deal, they say that if the moon shines on a new-born baby it will have green eyes. They say the same thing in France, too."

Superstition.....Ellen Brainerd Peck.....New York Home Journal

The lated peasant shunn'd the dell;
For superstition wont to tell
Of many a grisly sound and sight;
Scaring its path, at dead of night,

The power of superstition passed with the burning of the witches, but, despite this, there is a delightful perversity in the mental make-up, even of the wisest of the wise, and a love of the marvelous slyly gives countenance to the mind for giving sanctuary to some pet superstition. This partiality for fantasy is as old as mankind, and superstition in the province of religion is accountable for tragedies; but, portrayed in literature, how it lights up story into beauty by its vivid flame!

What English writer revels more in the world of fantasy than Shakespeare! Superstitions are woven throughout his works, like a brilliant thread. We shudder at the weird and dreadful witches in *Macbeth*! we are charmed with the ærial and delicate creation of fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and we feel the sombre terror at the apparition of the ghost in *Hamlet*. How perfectly, in *The Idyls of the King*, Tennyson shows us the legend recreated, where the tales of King Arthur and his round table, with their atmosphere of superstition, touched into exquisite loveliness, spring into a poetic renaissance. The poems and stories of Sir Walter Scott are pictures of the superstitions born of Scotland's lovely and majestic scenery. "Legends spring up readily, in a romantic land, amid time-honored wars and brigandism." Sprites and fairies, minstrels and soothsayers, spirits that haunt mountain and fell, all pass before us, in Scottish story, in weird and magic procession.

Our American authors have gladly seized upon all the legendry of a new country, which, at the best, is but scant; Washington Irving gives us some merry gnomes of our own.

The age that gave a folk-lore is no more; tradition, with its marvelous stories, is as much a thing of the past as the legends which are its composition; facts are facts now, and will remain unadorned by fancy, for, as the years go by, they will grow into accurate and authentic history.

But legend literature has bequeathed a small legacy of superstition to this age, which, though in this regard it is not creative, is somewhat receptive, for in the banishment of superstition from present thought the fallacy in human thinking is often apparent. Each sensible and steady-going mind must have some by-way of thought, where imagina-

tion may sport at will, whence sober logic is exiled, where shadowy substances and dreams may have a meaning, and exuberant fancy sway without rhyme or reason.

There are some people, not altogether unlike their superstitious ancestry, who vouch for the potency of sign or omen to-day. So, though the auguries and omens that once guided the fate of nations are no longer regarded, this incomprehensible tendency, contradictory to present thought, survives in a sort of unbelieving faith in signs.

Unconscious of such a faith, we throw a pinch of the spilled salt over our left shoulder to avoid ill-luck. Such a habit, perhaps, influenced the great Dr. Johnson, when he touched every post as he lumbered along. At every turn people are to be met who consider Friday ill-fated, and shun the number thirteen, but experience a comfortable sensation at the number seven. There are people whom a dream may influence, just as a dream influenced Brutus before the battle of Pharsalia. Superstition has clung about the moon since the days when Diana began to sail the purple sea in her silver boat, for it has even had to do with "love and lovers dear"; and Juliet begs Romeo "swear not by the inconstant moon," while the present Juliets prefer to see the "goddess excellently bright" in a clear sky over the right shoulder.

Lucky stones and charms against ill luck are carried by sensible folk, as they were in the days of the Pharaohs, and death-signs are numerous. There is the banshee in Irish families, the lonely tick of the death-watch in the night, the broken mirror, and many other family traditions.

There are old English customs, still widely observed, which survive in ceremonies, such as those of *Hallow-e'en*; and happy the maiden to-day who has the token of good fortune fall to her lot on that night, when fates are propitious and portents significant. The superstitions of the Southern negro are still a powerful element in his life; and these superstitions are not confined to the dark race alone, but have gradually become widely known.

There are multitudes of small signs and superstitions in household life, many in the kitchen and some in the parlor, and although folk-lore survives only as a historic and literary treasure, yet, family traditions of singular and mysterious events are by no means uncommon. To such tales the listener, wishing to believe, delights to harken, but the wide-eyed, credulous wonder can no longer be aroused.

The tradition that we cherish from the past lives because it has a vital interest, and expresses the national and unique traits of its country. People are growing farther and farther from the child-like and credulous; practical life presents all facts in the light of reason. Simple romance no longer finds so cordial a reception as was its wont, and gradually the fairies, too, are being dethroned.

The vanishing of superstition is best, but it should be regretted, if the appreciation of its beauty in the world of dreams ever fades.

Now that the lay of the last minstrel is silent

and the glories of ancient houses are unsung, we must not forget the songs of the past. As an echo in a deserted hall, let the "to-days" sound with the wonder-tales of those legends that lived when all nature spoke the language of romance.

Superstitions of Celebrities.....Chicago Times

It surprises no one that dreamers and poets, or even philosophers, should be influenced by dreams and presentiments, but when men of practical minds, who are capable of directing the affairs of a nation, such men as Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon I., give heed to the signs of superstition lesser men wonder and speculate and advance theories of their own to account for the phenomena.

The Bonapartes always were superstitious, especially the mother of Napoleon. She always had a presentiment that the rise and fall of her family would occur in the same century, that the glory which was prophesied for them would be followed by disaster. And the prediction was verified. She died in her eighty-seventh year, having lived long enough to see the downfall of all her children.

Napoleon I. always feared December 2 as an unlucky day, and it is related of him that before every important battle he would throw dice to ascertain if he were to lose or win. The "red men" whom he always saw going to battle with him was a delusion that caused him much suffering.

Among crowned heads Louis XI. of France was one of the firmest believers in superstition. He it was who had an unfortunate astrologer brought before him who told him that a beautiful woman, a friend of the King's, would die, and Louis, enraged at the verification of the prediction, sent for the astrologer, and when he was brought before him ordered his courtiers to throw him out of a window of the palace. Before the order was obeyed he asked the astrologer with a sneer if he could tell him (the King) the hour of his own death.

"Sire," replied the quick-witted astrologer, bowing low, "I shall have the honor of dying just three days before your Majesty."

Not only did the astrologer save his life then, but he was treated with the greatest care that his valuable life might be indefinitely prolonged.

Like Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln always believed he was a man of destiny. He thought he would rise to some lofty station in life, but that he would have a sudden fall. He was pleased, yet alarmed, at what he looked upon as a rent in the veil which hides the future from mortal sight, for the vision he saw was one of glory and of blood.

Lincoln's friends never willingly allowed him to dwell on his faith in occult influences, and not until the dark shadow he anticipated had fallen did they see a strange fatality in his recurring visions. The one that most impressed him happened in Springfield in 1860. He was lying on a lounge in his own chamber when, glancing into a mirror that hung near him he saw a double image of himself reflected there. At that time Lincoln was in the full glow of health and hope, but in the mirror the face showed a mortal paleness. Again and again he tried the experiment, and always with the same ghastly result. Afterward he tried it in the Executive Mansion, but there it failed.

He did not attach so much importance to this vision or illusion until 1864, on the day of his renomination at Baltimore. On that day Lincoln was at the War Department in telegraphic communication with General Grant, who was at Richmond.

A telegram arrived at the White House informing Lincoln of his renomination as President, but, though he went home for a hasty lunch he did not stop to read the telegram.

On returning to the War Department immediately a dispatch was handed to him telling him of the nomination of Andrew Johnson for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Lincoln was surprised and said:

"I thought it was customary to nominate the President first."

On being told of the first telegram he said, mournfully recalling the double image in the mirror:

"I'll never live through my second term. That belongs to Johnson—at least, the best part of it."

Shortly before his assassination Lincoln had a strange dream, which he related to his wife and Mr. Lamon, his former law partner.

"I retired late, for I had waited up for important dispatches, and I soon fell into a light slumber. I dreamed there was a death-like stillness about me, but still I could hear the subdued sobs of a number of people. I left my room, went all through the house in my dream, everywhere the same weeping and wailing, but I could see nobody. Finally I went into the east room, and there I saw a coffin with many soldiers as guard.

"Who is dead in the White House?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know," said one of the soldiers, "the President has been assassinated." Then a loud burst of grief came from the crowd, and with that I awoke."

Mrs. Lincoln remembered the dream on the fatal night of his death, and cried out:

"His dream was prophetic!"

Lincoln had one fortunate dream, which he often dreamed, and which he said was always welcome, as it invariably preceded a great Union victory.

He said he dreamed it before the battle of Antietam and again before that of Gettysburg and several other engagements. He dreamed that he saw a badly damaged ship sailing away rapidly, while pursuing vessels overtook and demolished the wreck.

This dream always comforted him.

When Mr. Lincoln would be called to task by his friends for his belief in dreams he would invariably quote the Bible for his authority. After his most important dream he said:

"In the morning, when I took up my Bible, the first chapter I opened at was the twenty-eighth of Genesis, relating Jacob's wonderful dream. I looked through the Bible and everywhere I seemed to find the same lesson. Sixteen chapters in the Old Testament and four or five in the New Testament reveal God's meaning in dreams."

His former partner, Mr. Lamon, says:

"The more intense the light which is poured on what may be Mr. Lincoln's weakest point the greater and grander will his character appear."

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

The last volume to come from the Kelmscott press, made famous by its founder, the late William Morris, was his *Love Is Enough*, with illustrations by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, which was issued March 24, Morris' birthday.

Henrik Ibsen's seventieth birthday was celebrated in Berlin March 20 by the publication of a complete edition of his writings translated into German.

A London house announces a new story by Miss Emma Brooke as "Author of *A Superfluous Woman*." This, we suppose, settles the question of identity of the hitherto anonymous author of this popular book.

A second edition of the graceful *Colonial Verses* of Miss Ruth Lawrence, from which we quoted in these pages in our January issue, was announced by Brentano's as early as March 1.

It is said that the late Charles A. Dana received \$10,000 for his *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, now running in McClure's magazine.

John Kendrick Bangs and Edward S. Van Zile gave a reading from their books at the St. Andrew's Hotel, New York, on April 14.

John Oliver Hobbes has taken up her abode in the Convent of the Assumption in London, and announces her intention of staying there for two years. She has a pretty room at the top of the house, which she has beautified by all sorts of artistic trinkets from the "outside world."

Judge Albert Boynton, who died the other day at the Alma (Mich.) Sanitarium, was for 25 years the political editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, purchasing an interest in the paper in 1872. He was a descendant, through his mother, of John Alden.

The following amusing recognition of the remarkable popularity in this country of Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis* the past twelve months, appeared in a recent issue of the *London Academy*:

COLUMBUS SIENKIEWICZ.

Let Peary seek his Arctic goal;
His countrymen prefer a Pole
Less brumal and uncertain;
And Roe and Howells the prolix
Must bow to Henry Sienkiewicz,
Democratized by Curtin.

Of all that Sienkiewicz has writ
Quo Vadis is the favorite.
From ocean unto ocean;
And Trilby's antics, once the rage,
Are tame beside this crowded page
Of Christian emotion.

In Michigan they will not look
At aught but Sienkiewicz's book,
Nor gentlemen nor ladies;
In Illinois and Maryland
No reader will extend a hand
Except to reach *Quo Vadis*.

Ohio, Massachusetts, Penn-
sylvania, Mississippi, Ten-
nessee, Louisiana,
Wisconsin, Texas, Washington,
North Carolina, Oregon,
Virginia, Montana.

And Delaware, and Idaho,
Columbia, New Mexico,
Nebraska, Maine, Missouri,
Rhode Island, California,
Connecticut and Florida
All share the Polish fury.

A jury in the United States Circuit Court has awarded to Robert Barr, the novelist, a verdict of \$1,000 damages in his libel suit against the *New York Sun*. The court refused to let the jury award punitive damages. The libel is well known. The *Sun* stated in a London letter that Mr. Barr had been removed to an asylum for inebriates at Twickenham, and that his family were in destitute circumstances, in consequence of his bibulous habits. The statement was never retracted, though every opportunity was offered The *Sun* to retract it, and it was shown that another man of the same name was the inebriate in the case; hence the suit for damages resulting. It is said that since he came to America to press his suit, Mr. Barr has sold \$2,400 worth of short stories.

A curious literary discovery has been made by a London paper, says *Literature*. The following letter from Tennyson to Miss Marie Corelli is quoted in the *Ladies' Realm*:

ALDWORTH, Haslemere, Surrey.

DEAR MADAM—I thank you very heartily for your kind letter and your gift of *Ardath*, a remarkable work and a truly powerful creation. You do well, in my opinion, not to care for fame. Modern fame is too often a crown of thorns, and brings all the coarseness and vulgarity of the world upon you. I sometimes wish I had never written a line. Yours,

TENNYSON.

In the second edition of *The Silver Domino*, which is often spoken of as the work of Miss Marie Corelli, though she herself has denied it, the author gives the following letter as received from the late poet laureate:

ALDWORTH, Haslemere, Surrey.

MY DEAR —, I thank you heartily for your kind letter and welcome gift. You do well not to care for fame. Modern fame is too often a mere crown of thorns, and brings all the vulgarity of the world upon you. I sometimes wish I had never written a line. Your friend,

TENNYSON.

Our contemporary points out that it is curious to find Lord Tennyson expressing his sympathy with his author friends in "a circular form masquerading as an intimate note." "Or," it adds, "is there something wrong with our deductions?"

In the comments now making in England on Moses Coit Tyler's book, *The Literary History of the American Revolution*, from which *Current Literature* has twice quoted, one may see a rather sharp contrast of opinion as to the main question therein considered. Thus, *The Guardian* newspaper blames the author for overrating the importance of the American Revolution, and for writing about it, "as though it were of the same order with the French Revolution or the Reformation." "It was nothing of the sort. With all its momentous

results, it was a purely political event." "The fabric of society was not broken up, the system of belief was not shaken." "Great nations like to believe that they owe their origin to great events." Apparently, according to *The Guardian*, this is a proud satisfaction to which the American people have no just claim,—since their Revolution appears to have been a very commonplace and mediocre affair. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone seems to see in that event something of larger historic value; for, with this same book of Professor Tyler's before him, he says of its subject: "For more than half a century, I have been an admiring student of the American Revolution, and I believe myself to owe to it an appreciable part of my own political education."

An autograph letter of Stevenson recently sold at auction in London contained the following passage: "The best of the present French novelists seems to me incomparably Daudet. I would not give a chapter of old Dumas for the whole writing of the Zolas."

The proposal to establish an English Academy does not please Mr. Swinburne, who writes as follows to the *London Times*: "In this decadent month, after the great sea-serpent has usually risen once more to the surface of the press—only, perhaps, to be choked in a far from unseasonable effort to emulate the digestion of other contributors by swallowing the gigantic gooseberry—no sensible man will feel, and no honest man will affect surprise at the resurrection of a more 'ridiculous monster' than these. The notion of an English Academy is too seriously stupid for farce and too essentially vulgar for comedy. But that a man whose outspoken derision of the academic ideal or idea has stood on record for more than a few years, and given deep offense to nameless, if high-minded, censors by the frank expression of its contempt and the unqualified vehemence of its ridicule, should enjoy the unsolicited honor of nomination to a prominent place in so unimaginable a gathering—'colluvies literarum' it probably would turn out to be, if ever it slunk into shape and writhed into existence—well, it seems to me that the full and proper definition of so preposterous an impertinence must be left to others than the bearer of the name selected for the adulation of such insult."

Few names are better known in the journalism of the Pacific coast than that of A. J. Waterhouse, the California humorist. The reading public of his own State would unhesitatingly speak his name as the cleverest writer in California of inimitable, wholesome humor, and it is doubtful if he has an equal on the Pacific Coast, where his work has been more widely copied than that of any other writer of humorous verse and prose. Mr. Waterhouse was born in Wisconsin; he studied law, and was at one time District-Attorney in South Dakota, where he resided for a time. Later he went to Southern California and began his newspaper career. He established the *Santa Ana Blade*, a daily paper at Santa Ana, Cal., and has been in the newspaper business ever since, having been connected with the *Stockton Mail* for several years, and later the *Fresno Republican*. Recently he accepted an editorial position on the *San Francisco Examiner*. In humorous verse and story he is inimitable, and it is

safe to say that in the journalistic world there is not a more popular man in the State. He is a jolly, genial, big-hearted man, of sterling character.

William C. Morrow, whose book, *The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People*, has been more widely reviewed than any recent book by a California writer, resides in San Francisco. His short stories, if collected, would fill several volumes. As a short story writer he has but few equals on the coast. He is an Alabamian, and went to California nineteen years ago. From that time until recently he has been an active newspaper man, and has been connected editorially with the *News Letter*, *Examiner* and other principal dailies of San Francisco. His stories were produced under the disadvantages of the constant grind of journalistic work. Mr. Morrow is an exceedingly modest man, and attaches no great importance to his stories, which are, nevertheless, of such a high order of merit, of so unusual a character, and possess a finish so exquisitely fine that it is little wonder that the literary world does not agree with him in regard to their worth. His home in San Francisco is a very delightful one. He has no family save a charming, petite lady, who is his wife, and constitutes one of the host of his ardent admirers. Mr. Morrow is a typical Southern gentleman, with all the gentle courtliness of manner that term implies.

Mr. T. B. Bishop, who wrote *John Brown's Body*, the great war song of the Union soldiers in the American civil war, has written a song for the Spanish war. Its title is: *It Takes a Man to be a Soldier*.

Southern California has one man who has made a national reputation as a short-story writer. The clever stories which appeared regularly in the *Argonaut* for the space of two years under different nom-de-plumes, and frequently under the real name of the writer, Charles Dwight Willard, attracted widespread attention, both in the East and England, where they were widely copied. There are many clever writers of the short story, but only a few artists. Mr. Willard is one of the artists, and one of the best-known and most successful in the State. Mr. Willard's genius in this line is of a high and unique order, and has brought him warm recognition from such writers as Jerome K. Jerome, and others of like celebrity. His style is irreproachable, as finished as it is brilliant. His plots are unusual and striking, and while he likes to portray the weird and strange, he is equally successful in humorous stories. His humor is the most delicious thing imaginable, and like all else that he writes is characterized by the unique. He is a Californian by adoption, and his home is in Los Angeles, where for six years he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, during which time some of his most successful stories were written. He has had a wide experience in journalism, and at present he is the managing editor of one of the leading dailies of his city, and his stories, when he has time to write them, appear in the best publications. He is a slight young man, with a serious face, and a somewhat reserved manner.

Nathan Haskell Dole has received a firman from the Shah of Persia, awarding him a medal in recognition of his variorum edition of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám.

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NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Cut it Short.....Joe Lincoln.....L. A. W. Bulletin

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down.
Make it short, and crisp, and snappy—
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
Boil it down.
Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain; express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down.
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings—
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence into,
Send it on, and *we'll* begin to
Boil it down.

With the Hounds.....A. C. D.....London Speaker

The horse is bedded down
Where the straw lies deep.
The hound is in the kennel;
Let the poor hound sleep!
And the fox is in the spinney
By the run which he is haunting,
And I'll lay an even guinea
That a goose or two is wanting
When the Farmer comes to count them in the morning.

The horse is up and saddled;
Girth the old horse tight.
The hounds are out and casting
In the winter light.
Now it's "Yoick!" among the heather
And it's "Yoick!" across the clover,
And it's "To him, all together!"
"Hyke a Bertha! Hyke a Rover!"
And the woodlands smell so sweetly in the morning.

"There's Termagant a-whimpering;
She whimpers so."
"There's a young hound yapping!"
Let the young hound go!
But the old hound is cunning,
And it's him we mean to follow,
"They are running! They are running!"
And it's forrard to the hollo,
For the scent is lying strongly in the morning.

"Who's the fool that heads him?"
Hold hard, and let him pass!
He's out among the oziars
He's clear upon the grass.
You grip his flanks and settle,
For the horse is stretched and straining,
Here's the game to test your mettle,
Here's the sport to try your training,
When the pack of hounds are running in the morning.

We're up by the Coppice
And we're down by the Mill,
We're out upon the Common,
And the hounds are running still.

You must tighten on the leather,
For we blunder through the bracken;
Though you're over hocks in heather
Still the pace must never slacken
As we race through Thursley Common in the morning.

Now we break from the tangle,
We are out on the green,
There's a bank and a rail
With a quickset between.
You must steady him and try it,
You are over with a scramble.
Here's a wattle! You must fly it,
And you land among the bramble,
And we hear the shrill whoo-ooing in the morning.

There's a bog by the Grove
And you pound through the slush.
See the whip! See the huntsman!
We are close upon his brush.
'Ware the root that lies before you!
It will trip you if you blunder,
'Ware the branch that's drooping o'er you!
You must dip and swerve from under
As you gallop through the woodlands in the morning.

Fifty at the find,
And forty at the mill,
Twenty on the heath,
And ten are going still.
Some are pounded, some are shirking,
And they dwindle and diminish
Till a weary pair are working,
Spent and blowing, to the finish,
And we hear the shrill whoo-ooing in the morning

The horse is bedded down
Where the straw lies deep,
The hound is in the kennel,
He is yapping in his sleep.
But the fox is in the spinney
Lying snug in earth and burrow.
And I'll lay an even guinea
We could find again to-morrow,
If we chose to go a-hunting in the morning.

What's the Difference?.....Indianapolis Journal

Pat Flynn had sixty-seven hats,
And wanted sixty more;
It was an odd, strange whim of Pat's
For only one he wore;
But he would toil by night or day
To get a hat to lay away.
'Twas "Hats" the first thing in the morn,
And "Hats" at noon and night;
The neighbors laughed the man to scorn,
And said it was but right
To send such crazy cranks as he
To spend their days at Kankakee.
A million dollars Peter Doyle
Had laid away in store,
Yet late and early did he toil
To get a million more.
He could not use the half he had,
And yet he wanted "more," bedad.
His neighbors praised him to the skies,
Wherever he might go;
They called him great and good and wise,
And bowed before him low.
Is there such difference as that
Between a dollar and a hat?

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

407. Under the head of "Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents," will you please tell me who the author is of Odo, and where published; also the author of Geraldine, and where published?—T. Carroll Neal, Sistersville, W. Va.

[We regret that we are unable to answer the first of your questions. As to the second, though Geraldine was first published anonymously, it is now known that Alexander Hopkins was the author. It was originally brought out by Ticknor & Fields. We do not know whether there have been other editions subsequent to the retirement of the old firm.]

408. *The Anang Avanga*: In your next issue would you inform me what class of literature the Anang Avanga belongs to, and where it can be obtained, and oblige.—J. A. Charles, Pittsburg, Pa.

409. *The Vampire*: Will you please publish in your Open Questions the poem in which Kipling says,

"A rag, a bone, a wisp of hair
The fool called her his lady fair,
(Even as you and I.)"

—A. F. R., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Will you kindly inform me, at your early convenience, whether Kipling's verses entitled *The Vampire* have ever appeared in your magazine? I have been referred to you by Mr. F. M. Doubleday, of Doubleday & McClure Co., who thought you might likely have published them. I should like to purchase a copy of the verses if possible.—Henderson Weir, Wilmington, Del.

[Both of these queries relate to the same verse selection, *The Vampire*, by Rudyard Kipling, which has never been published by Current Literature, but may be obtained from The Critic Company, New York (Critic Leaflet, No. 4, 10 cents), and Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., 15 cents.]

410. *John Frost*: Might I ask you to publish a little Scotch gem entitled *John Frost*, the first line being, "O! mither, John Frost cam yestreen," and oblige.—A. F. Angus, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

411. *Drummer of Co. K.*: Will you inform me where I can get the poems *Down in Tennessee* and *The Drummer of Co. K.*, by Fred H. Yapple? Has he any publications that you know of?—Dramatic Reader, Indianapolis, Ind.

[Can any of our readers help us out with either of the above selections?]

412. *Romance of the St. Clair Flats*: Will you please inform me, through your Open Letter Department, where I can find an article or story called *The Romance of the St. Clair Flats*? I am not sure that there is a complete story under that title, but a recitation entitled as above was delivered not long ago, and I wish to know what it was taken from and where to procure it. If you do not know, will you not insert this letter in your Open Letter columns? I will be greatly obliged.—H. B., Galesburg, Ill.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

393. Your correspondents who have replied to question 393 have misquoted the lines inquired about with remarkable persistence. The scene on the Tabor Grand drop curtain represents a magnificent old ruin, and underneath are the lines:

"So fleet the works of men back to the earth again,
Ancient and holy things fade like a dream."

Not "ancient and modern," as W. H. H. has it.—J. R. B., Prescott, Ariz.

[The following reply is also received from Miss Jennie O. Starkey, editor of the Letter Box, in the Detroit Free Press, who courteously encloses a copy of the poem in question. In connection with J. R. B.'s remark about the persistent misquotation of this poem, it is amusing to note that an error of one word still lies somewhere between these two latest correspondents.]

In answer to the above, would say the lines are from a poem, *Old and New*, written by Charles Kingsley, and published in a volume entitled *The Scouring of the White Horse*. As this poem is short, I give it in full.—Jennie O. Starkey, Detroit, Mich.

OLD AND NEW.

See how the autumn leaves float by, decaying,
Down the wild swirls of the rain-swollen stream,
So fleet the works of men back to their earth again,
Ancient and holy things fade like a dream.
Nay, see the young blossoms steal forth a-maying,
Clothing with tenderness orchard and glen.
So, though old forms pass by, ne'er shall their spirit die.
Look! England's bare boughs show green leaves again.

394. *Arius the Lybian*:

[Letters concerning this query, which was made in the April and answered in our May number, have been received from Anne C. Granger, Librarian South Side Branch of the Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library, and other correspondents. Thanks.]

400. J. Barlowe, of Los Angeles, Cal., inquires in May Current Literature for poem beginning,

"Heed not each false accusing tongue."

The poem commences "Believe not," etc. The author is Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—T. J. McAvoy, Professor Elocution in B. University, Indianapolis, Ind.

402. *Philanthropist and Knife Grinder*: Your querist of No. 402, Open Questions, May number, will find the poem, *The Philanthropist and the Knife Grinder*, in Dana's Household Book of Poetry. The line given is not quite correct; it should read, "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." The author is George Canning, a well-known English writer.—Katherine Murray, New York City.

[J. W. Monser, Columbia, Mo., also answers this question, giving the title as *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder*, and the reference to Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, second volume, page 295 (old edition).]

405. *For Love's Sweet Sake*: One of your correspondents in the May number, W. E. Maynard, of Washington C. H., Ohio, wants to know who wrote the short poem, *For Love's Sweet Sake*. A short poem published in the Boston Globe some few months ago, and written by me, bore that title. It may or may not be the one referred to, as no doubt there are many with that same title.—D. A. McCarthy, Boston, Mass.

(For Volume Index, Correspondence Department, etc., see Advertising Pages.)

In this Number: } Letters of an Army Nurse, . Katharine Prescott Wormeley
 } Captain Joe's Creed, F. Hopkinson Smith
 } More War Poems, Compiled

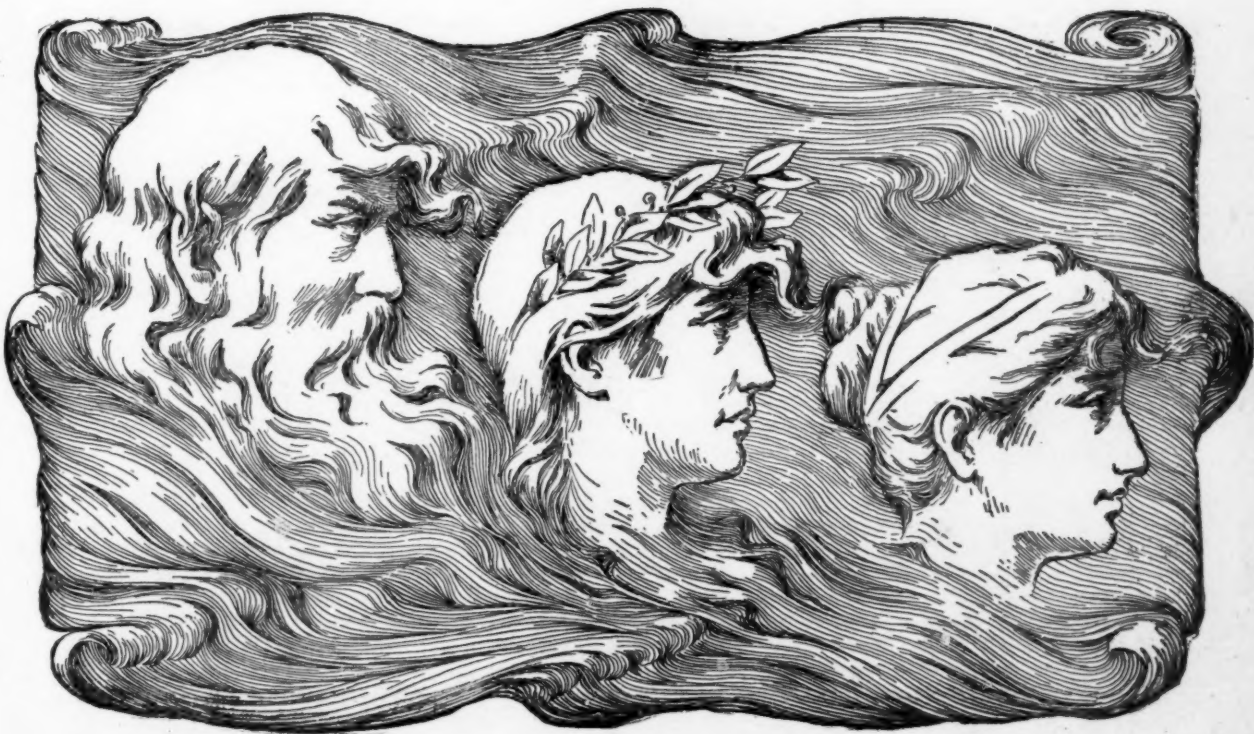
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Care CURRENT LITERATURE, 55 Liberty Street, N. Y.

The H. Parmalee Library Company at Chicago has been incorporated for \$50,000 by L. E. Dow, G. B. Smith and J. W. Burch.

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Imperial Library of Russia, established by Peter the Great in 1714, is the third among the world's great libraries. It contains about 1,200,000 volumes, and about 26,000 manuscripts. It attained a place in the front rank of European libraries by the acquisition of the celebrated Zaluski collection; Count Zaluski had collected about 260,000 volumes, and 10,000 MSS. On the suppression of the Jesuit Order in Russia, the collection of the books in their possession was taken in charge by Prince Italinski, and, among other libraries, the Prince transferred the Zaluski collection from the Jesuit College at Warsaw to St. Petersburg. The most important of the manuscripts in this library is the "Codex Sinaiticus" of the Greek Bible, brought from the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai by Professor Tischendorf, in 1859.

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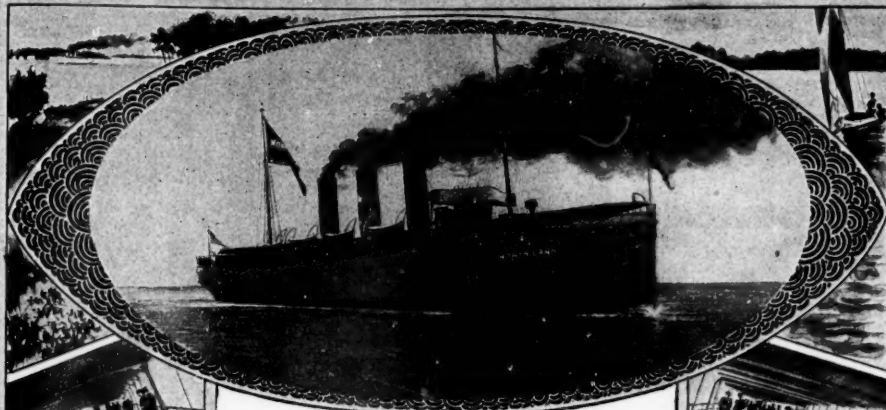
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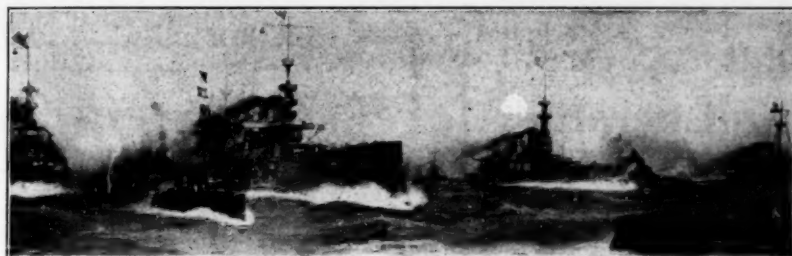
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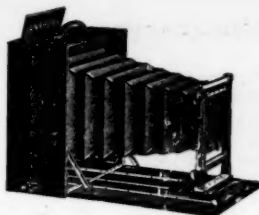
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CORRESPONDENCE.

Curtin's Translations of the Polish.

To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

A copy of With Fire and Sword in Polish came into my hands a few days ago, giving me a long-desired opportunity of satisfying the curiosity which every reader of Mr. Curtin's translations of Sienkiewicz must have felt, as to how much credit for those remarkable novels belongs to the author and how much to the translator. I had no time to make any very thorough investigation, but am glad to offer you a few observations which I made, and which might be of interest to other readers.

I found no reason for thinking that Mr. Curtin has put anything of his own into the books whatever. The translation is more nearly literal than I had supposed possible, seeing what very good English it is and what a very foreign language the Polish is. He has, however, put into it something of his own literary style, and in this case, however it may be with his previous translations from the Irish, I think he has acted fortunately. One who had not this art could hardly have recommended these books to the English-reading public as he has done, as the Polish author's style seems somewhat abrupt and startling. To illustrate—he bristles with exclamation points, as his fellow-Slavs do in conversation; the most of these Mr. Curtin has suppressed.

We have, it seems to me, to thank the Pole for some of the most notable of novels, and the American for a masterly translation, such as it is said are rare in our language.

It is a surprise to find that there has been a good deal of careless proof-reading. I took for comparison the duel with Bogun (who is Bohun in the original) and noticed the following variations:

It is Voladyovski who says, "If he gives up the princess, then let the devil take him." In the translation this appears as continuous with Zagloba's speech. The paragraph following thus falls to Zagloba, with whom it sounds better.

When Voladyovski pulls off his vest, he says: "It is cold, but we will warm ourselves up." This is omitted in the translation.

Zagloba, taking heart during the fight, opens not his eyes, but his eye: "oko," not "oczy."

On this page a remark of Kharlamp's is given to Kushel, and a similar substitution of names occurs a little further on. Mistakes like these puzzle the reader, and it is unfair to have so many when neither the author nor the translator is to blame.

It may be remarked that Sienkiewicz seems to be fond of using a certain class of words which are not of Polish origin, and which remind one of the French-like forms which disfigure certain German and Danish writers. On every page you find such words as prezencye, relacyi, moderaci, reputacyi, fortuny, fantazy, ordynanse, respons, and so on, for which it may be supposed that adequate Slavonic equivalents might have been found.

It appears from the spelling of the Polish form that Pan Michael's name is pronounced Volady-ovski and not Volo-dyovski.

Another good friend of ours is called Pan Longinus in the original.

Since the Ben-Hur public have taken up Sienkiewicz, various directions for pronouncing his name have appeared in the papers. The right pronunciation appears to be Sin-kyay-vitch, with the accent on the kyay.

His works as listed by his Warsaw publishers consisted in 1894 of 26 volumes including a five-act drama.

A. T. RICHARDSON.

Nebraska City, Neb.

Was Washington Paris's Prototype?

To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

Apropos of your question in the editorial department of Current Literature for March, I have often been told, with how much truth I cannot say, that the plan of Washington, D. C., furnished suggestions to Napoleon III. and Baron Hausmann.

E. M. H.

Pittsfield, Mass.

Oddities in Figures.

To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

Referring to an article in the January number of Current Literature on the "curious nine," I would like to submit another peculiarity of the same figure which will no doubt interest some of your readers:

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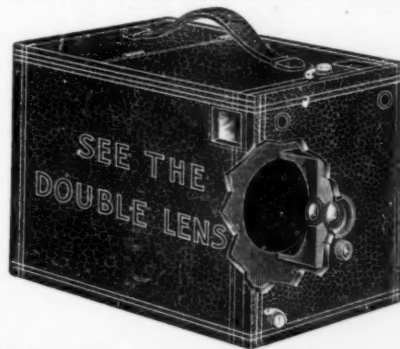
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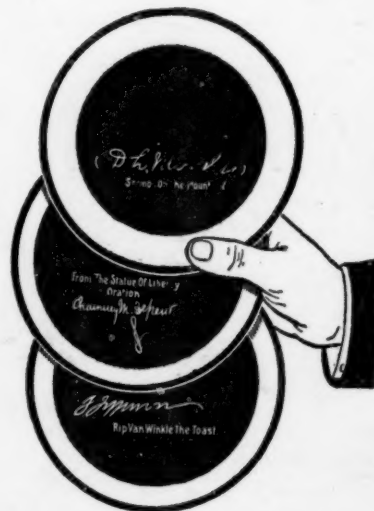


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